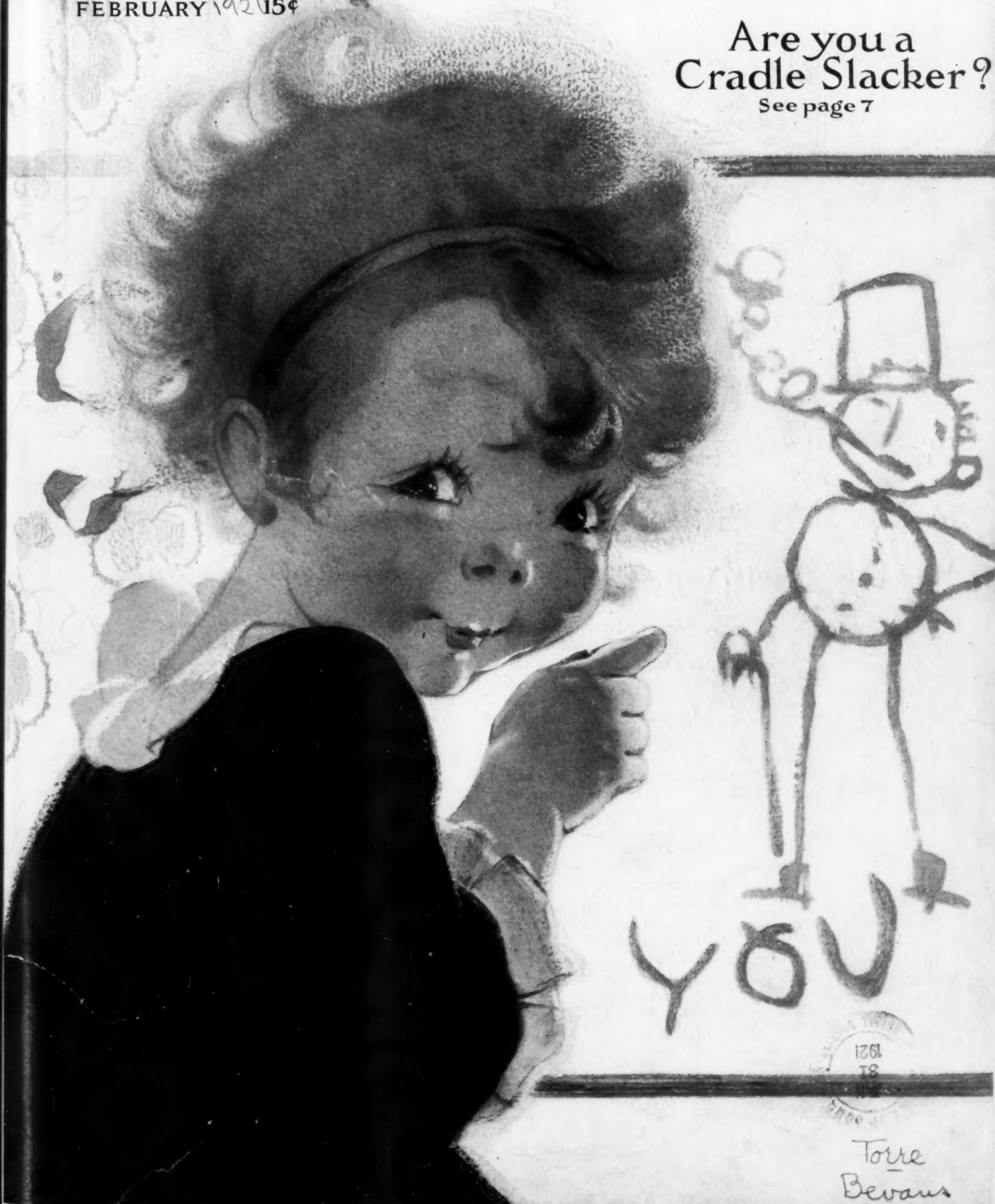


# MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE  
FEBRUARY 1921 15¢

Are you a  
Cradle Slacker?  
See page 7



Torre  
Bevans

Brilliant Fiction  
and Features by

Dorothy Canfield  
Sarah Bernhardt

Heywood Brown  
Lucian Cary



## Laundry your silk underwear this gentle way—it will wear twice as long

**I**T was putting that georgette and satin camisole away without laundering, or laundering it the wrong way, that made it go so fast.

The acids in perspiration attack the fine silk threads and make them tender. Leaving a vest slightly soiled even a single day will injure it—make it wear out quickly.

Your fine silk things must be laundered immediately and in the very gentlest way, if you want them to last. As soon as you take off your crêpe de Chine chemise drop it into a bowlful of pure Lux suds.

There is no harsh rubbing of cake soap on the fine fabric—there is not one particle of undissolved soap to lodge in the delicate threads to weaken or yellow them.

### *Cannot injure the most delicate fabrics*

Lux is as delicate as the most fragile fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

That jade bed jacket of charmeuse will come back from repeated Lux tubbings without the slightest fuzzy

look. There is no rubbing to split or break the threads in your sheerest stockings. The careful Lux launderings will lengthen the life of your silk underthings so that they actually wear twice as long.

Wash your most cherished possessions the Lux way. They are too important—too expensive—for you to take chances. Lux keeps their sheen, their soft, fine texture, after innumerable launderings. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### *A few helps for silks*

Silks should be pressed on the wrong side while they are still damp. Sprinkling a silk will make it look spotty, and this appearance can only be overcome by re-laundering.

A hot iron should never be used on silks. It makes them stiff and papery, and will also yellow them.

Never wring silk stockings. Wringing injures the fibre. Squeeze the water out gently.

### *To launder your fragile silk underthings*

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds again and again through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel—when nearly dry, press with a warm iron, never a hot one. Jersey silk and georgette crepe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry, and should also be shaped as you iron. Silk stockings last longer if not ironed.

**Colored silks.** Lux won't cause the color to run if pure water won't.

If you are not sure a color is fast, try to set it this way: Use half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water, and soak for two hours. Colors must be set before each laundering.



# LUX

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# McCALL'S

MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1921

BESSIE BEATTY  
EDITOR



## THE RISK OF BEING BORN

**A**LL new babies should be decorated for bravery. The only people more courageous are the mothers who bring new babies into this perilous world. Perhaps you have never thought much about the hazards over which they leap, because babies and mothers are so numerous, so taken-for-granted. Mother is the pillar of home; the baby is king of the baby-carriage, and that's that!

That is not enough today. This America—proud if heedless nation—is a prodigious waster of mothers and babies. The wiser, if more tired, peoples of Europe are more careful of their racial seed than these impudently youthful United States.

Let me tell you the truth about careless America. In 1918, the year for which the last recorded figures are available, some 23,000 mothers died at childbirth; some quarter of a million babies—almost 250,000—died before the end of their first year.

These deaths, with a few exceptions, were PREVENTABLE—the doctors and the health authorities who are trying to enact legislation to protect maternity tell us that.

Most of these 23,000 mothers and 250,000 babies were cheated out of their share of life by some accidental, preventable circumstance attendant upon childbirth.

The large proportion of these mothers died because they did not receive proper instruction in the hygiene of pregnancy, because they did not get adequate medical care at confinement. And these lost babies died because they were weak, or neglected, or ill-nourished by an ailing mother.

**H**AVING a baby today, and bringing it safely to childhood, is no longer the simple process that it was back in primitive society. Mother, today, is a complex creature; society has put a thousand small strains upon her; if she is poor, she must—harassed by innumerable daily cares—go on working, up to the day of her confinement and almost immediately afterward.

The new babies of America—so many of them—are born into overcrowded homes; their mothers, unskilled in the fine art of motherhood, are too poor to obtain for themselves the necessary prenatal care.

The State must step in to help mothers and babies. There can be saved to America, every year, most of these 23,000 mothers, 100,000 of the quarter of a million babies. There can be prevented, if you but care hard enough, the sort of tragedy that came to my friends, John and Nora Clark. I shall call them that because that is not their name. They were the parents of two small children. He was a skilled workman; she had been a stenographer before her marriage. They lived out in one of the suburbs of a great city, in a small house, to pay for which they were putting aside their savings.

They had, as the phrase goes, everything to live for: each other, children and a home. A third child was expected, but Nora had too many things to do to think much about its coming. Late one night her husband called me suddenly on the telephone. The baby had been born. The neighborhood doctor had come in; and when I went down to see Nora, I found a neighbor woman looking after her and the house. Nora was wan and smiling. Two weeks later, John's excited voice demanded me over the telephone. I went to the house, where I found Nora dead and a desolate man alone with his three children.

**N**ORA had got up too soon, overstrained herself, and suddenly collapsed. The doctor, after her childbirth, had warned her against a weak heart. "She hadn't known about it before," said her husband.

A typical case, say the doctors. Nora's death is pure waste. Dead loss to her husband, to her children, to the community which will have to step in to bolster up this shattered home. Some guiding, instructive voice should have warned her of her weak heart, should have lightened her tasks through the critical after-days of confinement.

The United States is about to do this—if the program of maternity care and infant protection, as provided for in the Sheppard-Towner Bill recently before Congress, is ratified by the separate states. The clauses of that bill will save for the future a gradually increasing proportion of those mothers and children who die each year because of improper care and neglect at birth.

Through the Sheppard-Towner Bill, the Federal Government, cooperating with the individual state, will provide a program of maternity care. It will provide for instruction in the hygiene of maternity and infancy through health nurses, public clinics, consultation centers; the provision of nursing centers for mothers and children at home or in hospitals, and particularly hospital care for mothers from remote rural neighborhoods, where the death rate from maternity is abnormal.

The government you say, is venturing into state parenthood. Surely the safeguarding of maternity is as much the government's job as the abolition of Child Labor. Every provision in the act has been attested and worked out in various individual states, where groups of men and women have found that remedial prevention has reduced the mortality of babies and mothers in a surprisingly short time.

Maternity care is only the beginning of a nation's duty toward its mothers and its babies. But it is a hopeful sign. America is asked only to guarantee to every baby a fair chance of life; and an assurance to each mother that the state, to which she is life-giver, will lessen for her the preventable perils of maternity.

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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## McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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# UNCROWNED QUEENS



Interesting and exotic, this Spanish type, with its devastating, slant, black eyes

Charlotte Fairchild



Charlotte Fairchild

Not the flapper type, this Belgian girl, with her high, molded forehead, her fine features, and her exquisite hands



Bachrach

Why do they make them so beautiful—these American girls? The types dazzle—the tall blonde and the small brunette, the olive-skinned, and the snub-nosed Titian. Do you marvel that the judges of beauty contests go mad? We nominate for instant attention Exhibit A—Americana—Type, slender, winsome, dark and pensive



Charlotte Fairchild  
This lovely girl, in the garden hat, is the perfect English type



Charlotte Fairchild

Not all the beautiful Americans are north of Mexico; when this lovely Chilean steps out, the Pacific pales



Charlotte Fairchild  
Out of Armenia comes a fierce and savage beauty

BEING a beauty is the world's most dangerous occupation. Ever since the Tower of Babel, men have been arguing about the merits of this or that national type.

The home-grown face is not the all of Beauty. If you were introduced to Cleopatra today, you would probably say, *Who is that queer-looking foreigner?* Lest you make such an error, study these exhibits from the International Beauty Show now going on, up and down the expressive face of old Mother Earth.



Arnold Genthe  
The Scandinavians bathe in snow and eat icebergs, but this Swedish beauty is as warming as the Gulf Stream



Stedman  
The Prince of Wales, they say, lost his heart to the dark beauty of the Princess Yolanda of Italy. Do you blame His Royal Highness?



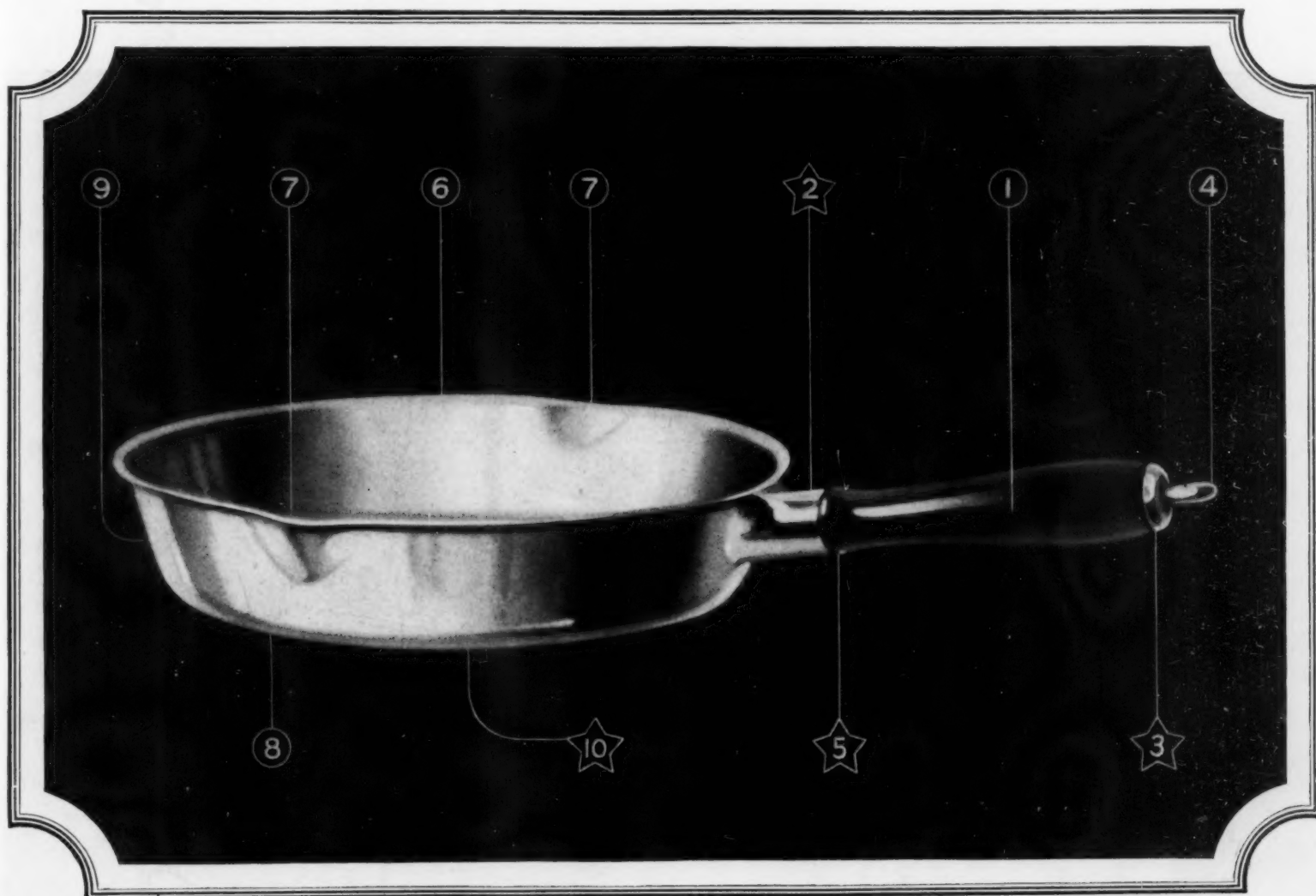
Charlotte Fairchild

Not only beautiful, but poised. If you had the perfect profile of this Polish girl would you not, too, turn away and thereby uplift man?



Charlotte Fairchild  
The Open Door and the Twentieth Century have done surprising things to the Chinese girl. No doubt she fox-trots and believes in suffrage





## Mirro Utensils Mean Better Cooking

A savory and tempting dish! Or the other kind!

Often, the difference lies not in cooks, but in the utensil used.

This thick, substantial Mirro Fry Pan, for instance, is a perfect utensil for its purpose. Its use assures better fried foods. It takes heat quickly, distributes heat evenly, and requires a minimum of grease.

Like all Mirro utensils, it is made of pure sheet aluminum rolled repeatedly under heavy pressure to insure durability and freedom from defect. It will last a lifetime.

Note these ten features of convenience:

- (1) The ebonized wood handle is replaceable, so the durability of the article is not measured by that of the handle alone.
- \*(2) Handle socket is welded on—no wobbling—an exclusive Mirro feature.
- \*(3) Handle has metal cap to prevent splitting—exclusive Mirro feature.
- (4) Bolt

with eye for hanging. \*(5) Prongs built into socket to prevent handle from turning—exclusive Mirro feature. Handle cannot slip or give.

(6) Smooth, flaring edge is wear-resisting and easy to clean. (7) Fry pan is double-lipped for easy pouring with either hand. (8) Smooth, round edges easily cleaned. (9) Famous Mirro finish. \*(10) Famous Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

The full significance of this guarantee is best appreciated by those who know that back of it is the world's foremost manufacturer of aluminum utensils—a manufacturer with nearly thirty years' experience in the making of better aluminum ware.

You will find Mirro Aluminum at the leading stores everywhere.

Send for miniature Mirro catalog.

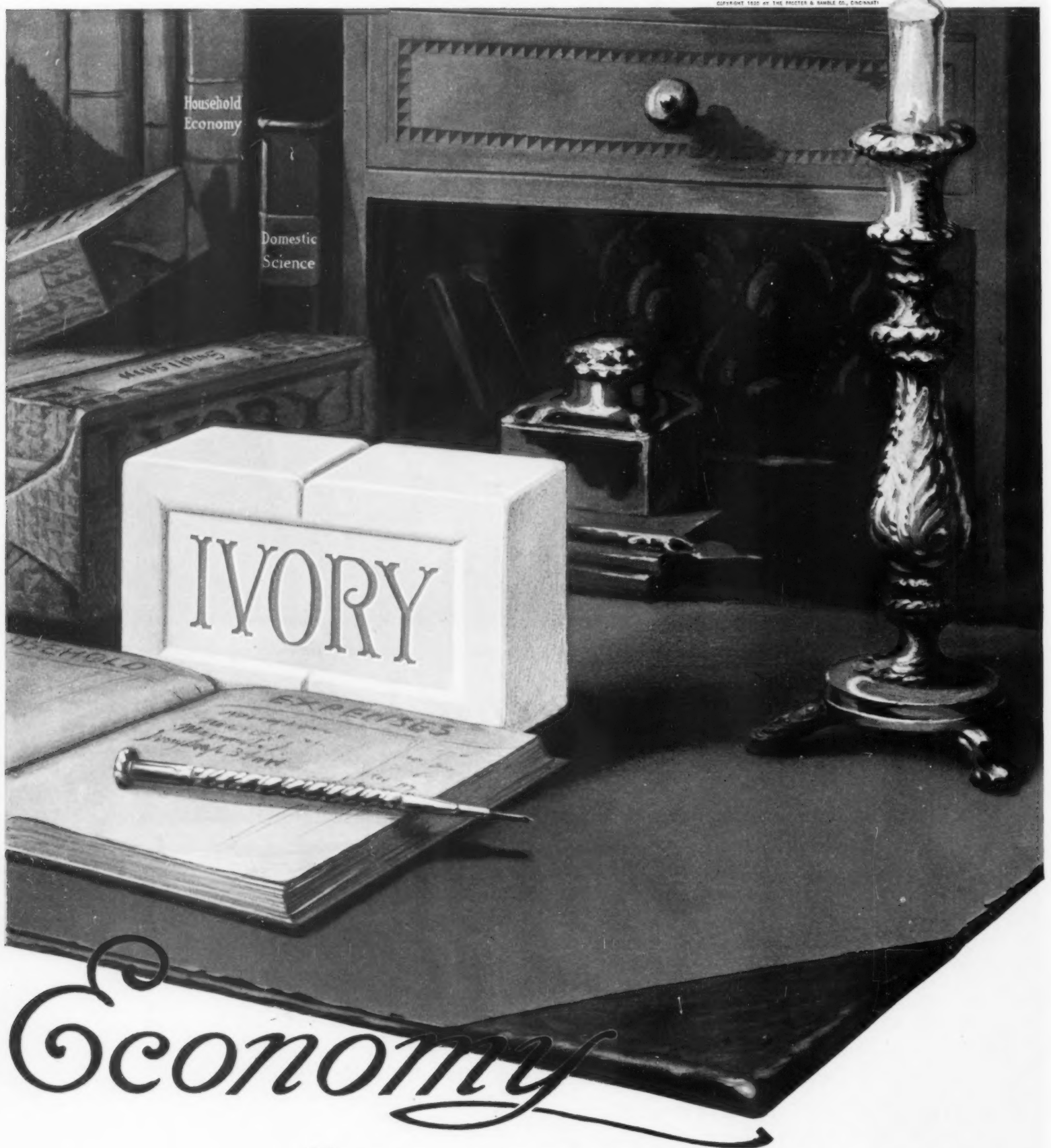


Every Mirro utensil bears this imprint

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# MIRRO ALUMINUM

Reflects Good Housekeeping



# Economy

## IVORY SOAP



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FROM every standpoint Ivory Soap is economical.

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It is economical in that it floats. You are reminded to take it out of the water instead of having it sink out of sight and waste away.

The use of Ivory Soap is true economy because it gives you everything you want at the lowest price for which all these essentials can be obtained.

*Do you know the SAFE way to wash silks and other fine fabrics?*

Send for free Sample package of Ivory Soap Flakes. Try it on any delicate garment and you will know that you finally have found a safe way to wash your loveliest clothes. Address The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 14-B, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The manufacturers of Ivory Soap and Ivory Soap Flakes also make the following general household soaps: P and G The White Naphtha Soap, Star Soap, and Star Naphtha Washing Powder, thus enabling the housekeeper to use a Procter & Gamble high quality soap for every purpose.





# MILLY OF LANGMORE STREET

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

**M**ILLY BAIRD was born and brought up in Monroe—which is the home of the state university—without ever having known a college student.

Milly thought her parents were the most particular people in the world. They probably were the most particular people in Langmore Street. They disapproved of coeducation, high-school dances, and Junior Prom house-parties. Milly went East to the exceedingly correct school of the Misses Cholmondeley on the Hudson. Milly spent her summers in the Berkshires with the family, acquiring a free swing with a driver—the only kind of free swing she had ever been permitted.

It was Mr. and Mrs. Baird's idea that Milly was a great responsibility. She was their daughter, and even quite ordinary parents feel that way about quite ordinary daughters. But Milly was no more an ordinary daughter than they were ordinary parents. Milly was about to become a tearing beauty. Milly's mother had no intention of permitting her to be carried off by some irresponsible young man of little family and less income. She intended that Milly shouldn't marry for a long time, but, with characteristic foresight, she had already chosen the man who might marry her. He would be from Boston, preferably (Mrs. Baird had herself come from Boston); in any case from Massachusetts—an impeccable person of solid attainments. No Middle-western youth could possibly possess the antecedents, or the accent, or the solidity that Milly's mother would require.

Milly finished the Misses Cholmondeley's school and came home to the house in Langmore Street at nineteen, when she was just ceasing to be pretty and becoming beautiful. She had charming manners, some knowledge of French irregular verbs, and that incredible ignorance of life, as it is lived on the North American continent, which it is the special mission of the Misses Cholmondeley to accomplish.

The Bairds surveyed her with pleasure and decided that she might be permitted to attend the small dance that Mrs. Martin was giving on Thursday.

"She is more of a problem than Kate was," said Mrs. Baird.

"She is so very good-looking," said Mr. Baird anxiously.

"But she isn't in the least flirtatious," said Mrs. Baird.

"I should think not," said Mr. Baird.

"She has had four years at the Misses Cholmondeley's."

"She is a perfect child."

"That's just the point," said Mr. Baird.

"She has never learned to do anything for herself. For the rest—we can guard her."

"And guide her," said Mrs. Baird.

So, in company with her father and her mother and her sister Kate and her sister Kate's husband, Peter Maple, Milly went on Thursday to Mrs. Martin's little dance, and had a most innocuous evening until half-past eleven, when Eric Bullen came to claim the dance he had secured, two hours earlier.

**M**R. BULLEN was a tall young man who, during his four years at the university, had been rather the life of the party. He hadn't played football and he hadn't taken academic honors, but he was possibly the most popular man in his class.

Mr. Bullen was not, ordinarily, a diffident person. But on the occasion of Mrs. Martin's dance, he was struck dumb by the sight of Milly Baird. He recovered sufficiently to pursue an introduction and ask for three dances. And then he retired to a corner to watch Milly and to wait for the one dance she had given him.

When the time came, Mr. Bullen had so far lost his usual assurance that he scarcely dared put his arm around Milly to dance with her.

"Let's sit this out," Milly suggested, as he hesitated. "It's awfully hot."

"Let's," said the infatuated Eric.

The veranda of Mrs. Martin's house looks on a garden, and the garden slopes down to the lake, and on the very shore of the lake is a summer-house. Milly and Eric walked down the garden path to the summer-house, sat down, and gazed at the path of the moon on the water.

"It's very lovely," said Milly.

Eric was momentarily incapable of speech. He stirred uneasily and, stirring, his hand touched hers and he held his breath.

"Isn't it!" he said, and in his madness he clasped Milly's hand in his. It was what he wished to do, of course, but it was not what he intended to do. And, having taken her hand, he did not know how to let go of it, but sat there tremulous and abashed.

Milly reflected rapidly on the teachings of the Misses Cholmondeley, but she could think of nothing that applied to this particular situation. So she let Eric hold her hand and they sat there until the music ceased.

"I have the next dance with Mr. Walters," Milly said.

"It's his job to find you," said Eric.

Milly cast rapidly back over the teachings of the Misses Cholmondeley. "So it is," she said.

"You see," said Eric, "on Monday I go to work for the Bullen Gear Company of Higginsville, Indiana. I have very little time. May I call tomorrow?"

"You may," said Milly.

They walked slowly back to the veranda, and more slowly into the brightly lighted dancing-room, and nobody noticed, except Mr. Walters and he apologized abjectly.

**T**HE next afternoon Eric called in Langmore Street, formally. Milly had learned how to receive a formal call, and she knew precisely how to say good-by when, after twenty minutes, a man arose to go. But after ten minutes in the Baird's drawing-room, Eric told Milly to go put on her hat, and after twenty minutes, they were out on the lake in a canoe.

On Saturday there occurred one of those coincidences that are so common nowadays. Eric Bullen reached the country club at two o'clock. Milly wasn't there. At two-fifteen, Eric refused a pressing invitation from three of his oldest friends to join them in a foursome. At the end of the next half-hour Milly miraculously appeared—alone. They drove off at three o'clock precisely. But after the first four holes, they sat down under a friendly maple tree to talk. At six o'clock, when Kate, who had agreed to call for Milly at the club at half-past five, found them, they were still talking.

On Sunday Kate took Milly aside. Kate was often the means of communicating the wishes of Milly's parents to Milly.

"Look here, my dear," said Kate, "don't you think you're seeing a lot of young Mr. Bullen?" Kate hesitated. She did not wish to hurt Milly's feelings.

"Why," Milly cried. "I've only seen him three times."

Kate laughed.

"What's so funny?" Milly asked.

"When did you meet him?" Kate asked.

"I met him at Mrs. Martin's dance," said Milly.

"And this is Sunday morning," Kate said, meaningly.

"Well?" said Milly.

Kate laughed again.

"Perhaps," Milly said, "perhaps when you get through laughing you'll tell me what's so funny."

"I'm sorry," Kate said. "I didn't mean to laugh. But you're so perfectly innocent and Mother is so perfectly upset that it's funny, that's all."

"What's funny?" Milly asked.

"Don't you think it's unusual for a girl to see a man she's just met, three days in succession?"

Milly flushed. "What—what should I have done?"

"You shouldn't have encouraged him," Kate said firmly.

Milly looked at Kate with wide eyes. "I didn't encourage him."

"Didn't encourage him!"

"No," Milly said simply. "I tried to discourage him."

"You must have," Kate said. "What do you suppose he would have done if you had been nice to him? Called twice every day?"

Milly did not answer. Kate came over and put her hand on her head and spoke gently.

"Don't you see, Milly, dear? You can't let a man call every day, without attracting attention."

"What am I to do?" Milly asked.

"Tell him he can't come any more."

"Just like that?"

"Why not?"

"It seems awfully rude. And—and—besides, I told him yesterday that he could come—today."

"You did!" Kate cried.

"Yes."

**K**ATE got up and walked back and forth across the room in quite the fashion of Milly's father. "I suppose I ought to tell him you're not at home when he calls."

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't, Kate," Milly cried.

"Will you tell him he mustn't come for a week?"

"Yes," Milly said—"I'll tell him."

"Very well," Kate agreed. "I'll explain to Father and Mother that this is the last time."

"He's going to bring his car,"

Milly said. "I suppose I had better go out with him for a little and tell him and come home."

Kate looked sharply at Milly.

"I suppose you had," Kate admitted. "But for heaven's sake, hurry back."

## II

Eric's car proved to be a powerful speedster, without top or windshield. Eric tucked Milly in and started off as if he wished to leave Langmore Street as far behind as he could. Milly clung to her hat and endeavored to command the phrases in which she would tell Eric that this was their last ride together. But the problem was one she had never met before. She wondered what the elder Miss Cholmondeley would say in answer to the question: How is a young lady, going forty miles an hour in a young man's car, to tell the young man that he must not call on her?

Milly was still wondering half an hour later, when Monroe was far behind them, and Eric dropped to fifteen miles an hour and swung into a rough dirt track, that branched off the hard road into the woods. It wasn't the kind of going that encourages conversation. Eric drove on for a mile and then they came out on a high bluff, overlooking the lake. They were quite alone, with three miles of blue water in front of them and the wood behind them. This, Milly realized, was her chance. She braced herself to say, "I must tell you." But Eric spoke first.

"I've got to tell you something," Eric said.

Milly did not look at him; she could not look at him; she did not know why she could not look at him, but she couldn't.

"I love you," Eric said.

Instantly Milly knew why she could not look at him. It was because she knew that he was going to say that. Worse, it was because she wanted him to say that. And now he had said it, her heart came up in her throat and she could not move or speak or breathe—she could only feel Eric's shoulder against hers.

Milly took a breath somehow and turned her head ever so slightly, and then Eric kissed her. It was something that had never happened to her before;

[Continued on page 21]



"MY DEAR," SAID MILLY'S MOTHER. "HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND AS WELL AS YOUR HAT?" MILLY WANTED TO CRY. BUT SHE WOULD NOT CRY BEFORE THEM. SHE SHUT HER TEETH

Women are all queer, but not one ever lived who could hold a candle to—

# DAINTY MARIE

By Stuart Gibson

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

**S**PEAKIN' of women," said O'Rourke, expectorating ruminatively from the ticket-wagon window—"I hardly ever think of 'em without thinkin' of Dainty Marie. They're all queer creatures, but not a one that ever lived could hold a candle to her—because I'll tell you the reason why."

Over in the side-show tent the drum was thumping steadily, and from the "big top" came more faintly the sound of the concert band. An hour at least remained to us as Spike O'Rourke, ticket chopper for Quiggins' World's Greatest Shows, waited for encouragement in his narrative. I supplied the necessary question, and he began:

**I**T'S a good while ago, now, and by this time Marie's fat, I guess, and sloppy in her looks; but them days, she had every man in the show in love with her and two-thirds of 'em proposin' reg'lar, once a week or oftener—and the only reason the other third didn't was because their wives would 'ave raised a rumpus and Marie'd 'ave bawled 'em to a standstill if they had. She was only eighteen then, but the "big top" in them days was just as straight as it is now—and any married man would 'ave got a call if he'd fooled around Marie.

By the memory of Jumbo, that girl was as graceful and as shapely as a fairy-queen! Ask any of the old-timers if they remember Dainty Marie and watch 'em come right back with a grin. Why when it come to bouncin' around on a wire and wearin' pretty clothes and breakin' hearts, Marie could give cards and spades to 'em all!

But she didn't take no stock in none of the men. She just uster laugh at 'em and kid 'em along. She was too busy learnin' more about her profession and 'tendin' to bein' a good daughter to her dad—he done a high trapeze act—to pay any heed to any such things as love. But she uster be nice to everybody and sort of played no favorites. Why, she even treated me nice as could be. Sometimes she'd slip her little hand through my arm and take a walk with me after the afternoon show. Proud? You bet—even though I was old enough to be her daddy. Them was the days afore my foot got poorly, and them was the days when a circus with more'n one clown wouldn't 'ave been one circus but two of 'em; and I'd been clownin' for Quiggins' Shows for ten years.

That's one reason why I could see so much of what was goin' on and how I come to know what happened, in the first place. Old Joe Devlin, Marie's dad, was as fine a friend as ever a man had, and I saw his little Marie learn most of her stunts, practisin' on his apparatus in the mornin's and between shows. I was sort of like an uncle to her from the first, and when I spotted what the trouble was, it hadn't been showin' itself for more'n two weeks.

"Marie, me child," I says to her one evenin' after we'd had our cakes and was knockin' around waitin' to dress—"there's somethin' troublin' you. What is it?"

"There ain't a thing, Spike," she says back; but she wasn't lookin' at me when she says it, and that told me I'd hit fair.

"There is, too," I says—"but you don't like to admit it. But I can tell you what it is, Marie Devlin. You're in love."

"Oh, Spike!" she says. "Ain't you terrible? What would I be doin' in love?"

"Well, you are, just the same," I tells her, "and there's no use arguin' with me about it, 'cause I can see it stickin' out all over you. Fu'thermore," I says—"I'll guarantee inside of a fortnight to tell who's the lucky man."

**Y**OU'RE a silly old thing, Spike," she says, and with that tantalizing little laugh of hers, she runs away from me.

But it was in the golden days before good women bought their complexions at the drug store; and the color mounted high to her blue eyes when I spoke of pickin' the man.

Well, I made up my mind right then that my jokin' had hit the spot, and I decided I'd better look around and see if I really could pick out the feller she'd fallen for—because I'll tell you the reason why. Old Joe Devlin—God rest his soul—was a good father in a way, but when it come to thinkin' about her fallin' in love, he'd never give it a thought. He just uster laugh about the poor chaps and say Marie was naught but a kid, an' that let it out.

So I says to myself, "Spike, it's up to you to decide about this here chap and whether Marie's affections is bein' wasted on him." Y' see, if I hadn't of been old enough to be her father, I might 'a' joined the ranks of the lovers myself—you know how it is.

Well, I didn't have no time to think much durin' the evenin'—what with dressin' and doin' my work and all—and

to tell the truth, Marie kinda slipped out of my mind till the show was most over. But when she come back into it, she come back sudden, and right there I figgered out about who the feller was she was interested in.

It happened this way: I was standin' in the alley, just outside the entrance, gettin' a bit of breath. Over on the other side was Dainty Marie, all ready for her turn, watchin' the acts in the top, same as me. And there was young Steve Daley standin' beside her, chattin' pleasant—but you could see she was a blame sight more careful to see all that was goin' on out under the top than to hear all he was sayin'.

**D**ALEY'S turn was comin' next, and he was waitin' for the whistle, with his big ape standin' beside him reachin' for fleas—the way them things do. Highly ejjicated, that ape was, but I never could see nothin' about him, 'cept that he could do most anything he'd ever seen anybody else do; but young Daley thought Hamlet—that was the name he'd give the ape 'cause he was so sad-lookin'—was the most wonderful thing in the world, judgin' from the way he boasted about the nasty beast.

I could see Daley noticed the way Marie's thoughts was goin', same as me, 'cause he was lookin' kinda mad—because I'll tell you the reason why. Animal acts somehow hates each other like poison, if you know what I mean. Why they should, I don't know, but it seems to me like there's more profes'n'l jealousy where animal acts is concerned than anywhere else. And this here act that Marie was watchin' was a animal act—Professor Boris Bludenoff, he called hisself, and his Aggergation of Trained Wild Bears.

This Bloody, as the boys called him, was a dark-complected guy, and he looked more like a Eyetalian than anything else. I never knowed what his real name was, but he was no more Russian than Dainty Marie. A great kidder he was, awful stuck on hisself, I always thought; and he had just as high an opinion of them bears of his as Daley had of Hamlet. He always wore a spangled uniform in the top and I mus' say he made a han'some picture; and it was him that Dainty Marie was lookin' at, while she paid no heed to young Daley, chinnin' beside her.

And I knew there was bad blood between them two fellers already, you see—'cause I'll tell you the reason why.

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"OH, MY DARLIN' ARE YOU DEAD?" JUST LIKE THAT SHE SAYS IT, AND I WISH I MAY NOT CHOP ANOTHER TICKET FOR QUIGGINS IF IT WASN'T DAINTY MARIE!



Father builds bridges and railroads, yet he is afraid to wash baby's face . . .

# CRADLE SLACKERS

By Heywood Broun

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB ROTH



**W**HEN Adam delved and Eve span, the fiction that man is incapable of housework was first established. It would be interesting to figure out just how many foot-pounds of energy men have saved themselves, since the creation of the world, by keeping up the pretense that a special knack is required for washing dishes and dusting, and that the knack is wholly feminine. The pretense of incapacity is impudent in its audacity, and yet it works.

Men build bridges and throw railroads across deserts, and yet they contend successfully that the job of sewing on a button is beyond them. Accordingly, they don't have to sew buttons.

It might be said, of course, that the safety of suspension bridges is so much more important than that of suspenders that the division of labor is only fair, but there are many of us who have never thrown a railroad in our lives, and yet swagger in all the glory of masculine achievement without undertaking any of the drudgery of odd jobs.

Probably men alone could never have maintained the fallacy of masculine incapacity without the aid of women. As soon as that rather limited sphere, once known as woman's place, was established, women began to glorify and exaggerate its importance, by the pretense that it was all so special and difficult that no other sex could possibly begin to accomplish the tasks entailed. To this declaration men gave immediate and eager assent and they have kept it up. The most casual examination will reveal the fact that all the jokes about the horrible results of masculine cooking and sewing are written by men. It is all part of a great scheme of sex propaganda.

Naturally there are other factors. Biology has been unscrupulous enough to discriminate markedly against women, and men have seized upon this advantage to press the belief that, since the bearing of children is exclusively the province of women, it must be that all the caring for them belongs properly to the same sex. Yet how ridiculous this is.

Most things which have to be done for children are of the simplest sort. They should tax the intelligence of no one. Men profess a total lack of ability to wash baby's face simply because they believe there's no great fun in the business, at either end of the sponge. Protectively, man must go the whole distance and pretend that there is not one single thing which he can do for baby. He must even maintain that he doesn't know how to hold one. From this pretense has grown the shockingly transparent fallacy that holding a baby correctly is one of the fine arts; or, perhaps even more fearsome than that, a wonderful intuition, which has come down after centuries of effort to women only.

"The thing that surprised Richard most," says a recent woman novelist, "was the ease and the efficiency with which Eleanor handled Annabel. . . . She seemed to know by instinct, things that Richard could not understand and that he could not understand how she came by. If she reached out her hands to take Annabel, her fingers seemed, of themselves, to curve into the places where they would fit the spineless bundle and give it support."

At this point, interruption is inevitable. Places indeed! There are one hundred and fifty-two distinctly different ways of holding a baby—and all are right! At least all will do. There is no need of seeking out special places for the hands. A baby is so soft that anybody with a firm grip can make places for an effective hold wherever he chooses. But to return to our quotation: "If Richard tried to take up the bundle, his fingers fell away like the legs of the brittle crab and the bundle collapsed, incalculable and helpless. 'How do you do it?' he would say. And he would right Annabel and try to still her protests. And Eleanor would only smile gently and send him on some masculine errand, while she soothed Annabel's feelings in the proper way."

You may depend upon it that Richard also smiled as soon as he was safely out of the house and embarked upon some masculine errand, such as playing eighteen holes of golf. Probably, by the time he reached the tenth green, he was too intent upon his game to remember how guile had won him freedom. Otherwise, he would have laughed again, when he freed a twenty-foot putt over a rolling green and recollected that he had escaped an afternoon of carrying Annabel because he was too awkward. I once knew the

wife of the greatest billiard player in the world, and she informed me with much pride that her husband was incapable of carrying the baby. "He doesn't seem to have the proper touch," she explained.

As a matter of fact, even if men in general were as awkward as they pretend to be at home, there would still be small reason for their shirking the task of carrying a baby. Except that right side up is best, there is not much to learn. As I ventured to suggest before, almost any firm grip will do. Of course the child may cry, but that is simply because he has become over-particular through too much coddling. Nature herself is cavalier. Young rabbits don't even whimper when picked up by the ears, and kittens are quite contented to be lifted by the scruff of the neck.

This same Nature has been used as the principal argument for woman's exclusive ability to take care of the young. It is pretty generally held that all a woman needs to do to know all about children is to have some. This wisdom is attributed to instinct. Again and again we have been told by rapturous grandmothers that: "It isn't something which can be read in a book or taught in a school. Nature is the great teacher." This simply isn't true. There are many mothers in America who have learned far more from the manuals of Dr. Holt than instinct ever taught them—and Dr. Holt is a man. I have seen mothers give beer and spaghetti and neapolitan ice-cream to children in arms; and, if they got that from instinct, the only conclusion possible is that instinct did not know what it was talking about. Instinct is not what it used to be.

In primitive days it may have been strong and wise and thoroughly reliable, but instinct is a difficult thing to domesticate. When steam heat and electricity come into the house, instinct is pretty apt to fly out of the window. W. H. Hudson, the famous British naturalist, has something pertinent to say about this in his autobiographical study called *Far Away and Long Ago*.

"I remember with gratitude," he writes, "that our parents seldom or never punished

woman—the artificial product of our self-imposed conditions—cannot have the same relation to her offspring as the uncivilized woman really has to hers. The comparison, therefore, holds good—the mother with us being practically step-mother to children of another race; and, if she is sensible, and amenable to Nature's teachings, she will attribute their seemingly unsuitable ways and appetites to the right cause, and not to a hypothetical perversity or inherent depravity of heart, about which many authors will have spoken to her in many books:

*But though they wrote it all by rote  
They did not write it right.*

If W. H. Hudson's opinions are accepted as authoritative, it is possible to deflate a little the conventional point of view that the mother is such an all-wise person that she alone should govern the life of the young child. Still, Mr. Hudson says nothing about the wisdom of fathers. Probably they haven't any. The best that can be said is that since both parents stand on a common level of ignorance concerning the young, each is equally qualified to do his bit. Even though faith in Hudson is complete, certain supervision—not unlike that exercised by a collier over a flock of sheep—is necessary for little persons who are still fleecy and new to the world.

It may be that Nature has made children wiser than their parents in some respects, since subways and steam-heat and electric lights have done much to impair the natural instincts of those of us who have lived long in the world. Children are closer to old race memories, but that is not enough. There is no instinct to protect the child against hot steam pipes, sulphur matches, and safety-razor blades. None of these things were within the plan of Nature. Since children are going to live in our world, we must stand by and make an introduction or two to help them on their way.

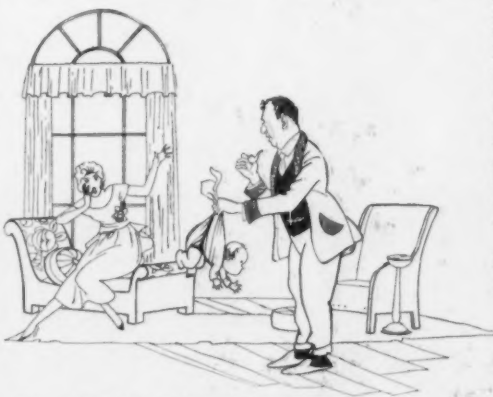
I have no feeling of being a traitor to my sex, when I say that I believe in at least a rough equality of parenthood. In shirking all the business of caring for children we have escaped much hard labor. It has been convenient. Perhaps it has been too convenient. If we have avoided arduous tasks, we have also missed much fun of a very special kind. Like children in a toy shop, we have chosen to live with the most amusing of talking-and-walking dolls, without ever attempting to tear down the sign which says "Do not touch." In fact we have helped to set it in place. That is a pity.

Children mean nothing at long range. For our own sake we ought to throw off the pretense of incapacity and ask that we be given a half share in them. I hope that this can be done without its being necessary for us to share the responsibility of dishes also. I don't think there are any concealed joys in washing dishes. Washing children is quite a different matter. After you have washed somebody else's face you feel that you know him better. This may be the reason why so many trained nurses marry their patients—but that is another story. A dish is an unresponsive thing. It gives back nothing. A child's face offers competitive possibilities. It is interesting to see just how high a polish can be achieved without making it cry.

There is also a distinct sense of elation in doing trifling practical things for children. They are so small and so helpless that they contribute vastly to a comforting glow in the ego of the grown-up. When you have completed the rather difficult task of preparing a child for bed and actually getting him there, you have a sense of importance almost divine in its extent. This is to feel at one with Fate, to be the master of another's destiny, of his waking and his sleeping and his going out into the world. It is a brand-new world for the child. He is a veritable Adam and you loom up in his life as more than mortal. Golf is well enough for a Sunday sport, but it is a trifling thing beside the privilege of taking a small son to the zoo and letting him see his first lion, his first tiger and, best of all, his first elephant. Probably he will think that they are part of your own handiwork turned out for his pleasure.

To a child, at least, even the meanest of us may seem glamorous with magic and wisdom. It seems a pity not to take the fullest advantage of this chance before the opportunity is lost. There must come a day when even the most nimble-witted father has to reply, "I don't know." On that day the child comes out of Eden and you are only a man again.

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THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT WAYS OF HOLDING A BABY—AND ALL ARE RIGHT



A TRADITION WHICH FREES A MAN FOR THE JOYOUS PURSUIT OF GOLF IS ONE TO BE ENCOURAGED

us; and never, unless we went too far in our domestic dissensions or tricks, even chided us." This I am convinced is the right attitude for parents to observe: modestly to admit that Nature is wiser than they are, and to let the little ones follow, as far as possible, the bent of their own minds. It is the attitude of the sensible hen toward her ducklings, when she has had frequent experience of their incongruous ways, and is satisfied that they know best what is good for them; though, of course, their ways seem peculiar to her and she can never entirely sympathize with their fancy for going into water.

I need not be told that the hen is, after all, only step-mother to her ducklings, since I am contending that civilized



WASHING CHILDREN IS MORE INTERESTING THAN WASHING DISHES—IT GIVES YOU A SENSE OF IMPORTANCE ALMOST DIVINE



# IN THE FIELDS OF BOAZ

By Floy Tolbert Barnard

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

IT was half-past eight on a lovely autumn morning, and the girl—her name was really Ruth—was protesting insistently to her hostess.

"The man doesn't even know I exist. So how can he possibly miss me? If you didn't have the other girls—and they three adorable buds instead of an ancient of days like me—I would stay, truly I would. But you have. So I positively refuse to waste this heavenly day indoors and on a strange man."

"But, Ruth! His people know you are here, if he doesn't. What shall I say when they ask about you?"

"You might say—" said Ruth slowly, in a very low voice, "you might say I was too big a coward to—to talk to a British uniform. Especially one that is—just back from down Palestine way. But I suppose you'd better say—oh, that I am up in my room with a headache. White lies are so much more usual than the truth!"

And then Ruth smiled, a little too brightly, and it was Helen Waring's eyes that filled with tears. "If that is it—run along, dear," she said. "Only—" and stopped, knowing the futility of offering advice.

"I know!" admitted Ruth. "It is selfish of me. Tomorrow I dare say I shall be sensible"—she gave the word a whimsically derisive inflection—"but today, if he should say one little word about the—pity of it all, I should go to pieces. Let me take a lunch and the two dogs and *Walden*, and go play over in Hal's corn field. The corn is in rows and rows of nice shocks, just the way I love it! And maybe, for a reward, I will leave you my jade beads when I go home. You have hinted so shamelessly for them!"

"Oh, go!" laughed Helen.

"Before you change your mind! But what you see in a bumpy corn field to be so enthusiastic about is beyond me."

And then, because Ruth went off to the kitchen humming a little tune to herself, Helen's eyes brimmed a second time with tears. A little later, she heard Ruth whistle to the dogs, and watched her set out with her basket and her book and disappear beyond the wind-break of tall poplars on her way to where the corn was in shock—just the way she liked it.

ON that same morning, also at half-past eight, the man—whose name was not Boaz at all, but Stephen Lindley—was saying to his hostess, who was also his sister-in-law. "Nothing doing! Make some decent excuse for me, or tell 'em the truth, if you have the courage!"

"What is the truth?" inquired the pretty and exasperated lady.

Stephen's lips twitched in a way that was a bit unruly. "The truth, dear Pilate," he said, "is several things. For one thing, I've made my last appearance as a soj'er, and that confounded tailor hasn't sent on my mufti."

"But, Stephen! You are so handsome in uniform! You are simply irresistible in your shiny British buttons! You—" "Foul play—flattery, sister!" he reproached her. "When I'm so susceptible to it, too! For another thing, I'm tired. Really! Oh, not physically. I'm perfectly fit. But in my alleged mind. I—"

"Helen Waring has a bunch of the prettiest girls I ever saw over there. And dying to meet you!"

Stephen grinned. "Now you know, Grace Lindley, that they would ask me to tell them all about the war down in Mesopotamia, because they rather missed it in following the fortunes of the more popular front in France. At least, a good many pretty girls have asked me that."

"Well!"

Stephen's warm little smile changed subtly to the exceedingly faint smile, seen so often in the eyes of soldiers. It is not in itself sad—but to see it saddens the thoughtful. To others it is apt to be a bit disconcerting.



"NO, NO, I AM NOT DEMETER," SHE ADMITTED. "I AM—RUTH." STEPHEN'S EYES TURNED A BIT BLUER STILL AT THAT. "THEN OF COURSE," HE SAID SOBERLY—"I AM BOAZ."

"Well!" he repeated after her, "I have, of course, to reply to their questions, but I dare not answer them. To do so would make 'em feel faint at their little tummys, and upset their inquisitive little minds. War, as is, has but little in common with a smart dress-parade and the glamour thereof. And war across the desert is particularly messy. I prefer not talking about it. When my civies come I shall be delighted to go play with your pretty girls, but—"

"And there is Ruth Mantell! A perfectly charming widow." Stephen's sister-in-law was determined to show him off at Mrs. Waring's luncheon. "Her husband was killed in the very first Mesopotamian skirmish. He was English. . . . Please come, Stevie. Ruth would probably be—"

"That settles it! Never ask me to talk to a Mesopotamian war widow, Gracie! A day in a field of corn in shock is better than a thousand luncheons! That is the real truth among all my other truths."

He got up from his place to go around the table, and took up Mrs. Lindley's hand with exaggerated formality. "If you take that horrid brown off your face, little 'Stevie' may bring down that Oriental amethyst he picked up in Cairo for little Gracie. I intended to keep it until Christmas, but . . ."

AND so, about nine o'clock, Stephen Lindley, late of the British forces in Mesopotamia, emerged from his room in an old suit of his brother Joe's, and then went swinging off toward the corn fields.

And Joe Lindley's "east eighty" was just across the road from Hal Waring's "west forty."

Humming along the weedy path in the shadow of the Lindley's willow row, whistling across a pasture where a thoroughbred Jersey herd posed artistically on the banks of a shallow stream, striding across a field of oats-stubble to the swing of an Eastern chanty, Stephen came to the corn field, and paused to enjoy in perspective, the rows and rows of corn shocks—just as he, too, liked them.

Quite suddenly—vivid as the mirages of water he had seen in the desert when the water-camels were delayed—

there appeared between Stephen and the quiet field a stretch of burning desert, where untold hundreds of boyish Englishmen lay in piteous, grotesque stillness.

Stephen closed his eyes an instant. When he opened them they were clear and faintly smiling; that smile hinting of an intolerable sadness inhibited. A moment later he let himself through the barbed-wire fence into the dreaming field, loitered about until he found a shock commanding a specially lovely view, stretched himself out against it, and, producing a stout jack-knife from his pocket, set about making himself a pipe-o'-Pan from a carefully selected bit of corn stalk.

RUTH MANTELL, wandering nearer and nearer to the road that separated the two farms, heard music of an indescribable and unfamiliar timbre and stood very still to listen, scanning the fields in every direction as she did so.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed aloud—"I wonder what it can be?"

It was difficult to trace the source of the poignantly lilting sounds, lunged out as they were with the abandon of a meadow-lark's song. Ruth found herself at the fence looking over into the neighboring field; then under the fence, across the road; under the Lindley's fence—with a low word of command to the disappointed colliers not to follow.

She advanced cautiously, until she saw, extending into view from behind a shock of corn, two extremely scuffed and shabby shoes, toes up, beating a silent tomtom to a melody of strange, half-barbaric, wholly plaintive simplicity. It was as suggestive of wild and solitary places as the piping of plover at twilight. Ruth listened a little

breathlessly, divided between a desire to walk on around the shock of corn and an impulse to slip silently back to the security of her own corn field. But the plaintive melody ended on a wistful tone, the ensuing pause abruptly ended by a lusty tremolo, followed by a marching ascent of the scale, as though the player might be deriding his own mood of the moment before—and Ruth marched to the deliberate sounds! Right around the corn-shock to where Stephen lay, his cap pulled low over his eyes, his cheeks rounded out from their lean lines, as he blew into a hollowed corn-stalk pipe-o'-Pan.

At sight of Ruth his half-closed eyes opened wide in surprise, his fingers on the carefully spaced holes performed an involuntary scamper back to tonic—and then Ruth found him standing gravely before her, cap in one hand, pipe-o'-Pan in the other.

"You sounded better than you looked," she observed, with the air of imparting valuable information. "Are you Pan?"

A blue gleam crept into the gray of Stephen's eyes, but he did not smile as he looked down thoughtfully at his feet, then felt of his ears as if to reassure himself that they were not pointed. He shook his head regretfully.

"No. No, I am not Pan. Are you Demeter?"

Ruth abandoned her tramp theory.

"No, no—I am not Demeter," she admitted, after a slow look across the fields, with their mute evidences of rich harvests just gathered. "Oh, no. No one so important as Demeter. I am—Ruth."

Stephen's eyes turned a bit bluer still at that. "Then, of course," he said soberly—"I am Boaz." A little silence completed the whimsical impertinence before he added, making a slight hospitable gesture with the hand that held the pipe-o'-Pan, "Will you be seated—Ruth?"

She had not really expected him to play up to the vague challenge in the inflection she had given to that "Ruth." Not one man in a thousand would have done it! She had felt perfectly safe in the hazard. She was so startled that she almost missed her move in her own game! She stole another look at Stephen, waiting in quizzical deference for



her to accept his invitation, and decided he was worth taking the risk—in spite of the shabby, misfitting clothes.

"What I really came for," she told him demurely, in her determination to get back the supremacy—"was to glean—that pipe-o'-Pan. Which is just as well, isn't it? For your reapers seem not to have left a single loose sheaf of corn."

Producing an immaculate handkerchief, Stephen carefully dried the mouthpiece of the improvised pipe, and handed it to her.

"Another year I shall charge my young men that they let a few sheaves fall," he assured her, and paused.

"That," grinned Ruth, "is my cue to fall on my face and bow myself to the ground and say—What the dickens do I say?" she broke off, frowning up at him.

"—and say: Why have I found grace in thine eyes?" completed Stephen. "Well! I am waiting."

"Oh, please excuse me from falling on my face and bowing myself to the ground," she begged. "I'd be sure to scratch my face all up. Couldn't I say it standing up?"

Then they laughed, and Ruth lifted the pipe, took a deep breath, and blew into it. A wheeze was the result. She stared resentfully at the pipe, took a deeper breath, blew mightily. The corn-stalk squawked. Stephen lifted an imperative hand, stopping her.

"You may need your face again some time," he reminded her in evident anxiety. "And besides, bad as you look, you sound worse. Here! Let me show you."

**T**AKING it from her, he blew into it, watching her across his lean brown hands as he played a scale, each separate tone poignantly round and clear and full. Handing it back to her, he observed quizzically: "It is not by strength, nor by might, but by my spirit. I made it!" She breathed into it, this time very softly, and was rewarded by real music as her fingers moved haltingly along the stops.

But it was music altogether different from Stephen's. The tones were clear, more ethereal; they seemed not to come from the pipe itself, but from some ineffable remoteness; yet to fill all the hovering stillness around them.

They looked at each other for a second like two wondering children, before Stephen said, with a little bow:

"My music was a song of praise to autumn, but yours is autumn's own voice. Shall we sit down?"

"If I do," temporized Ruth, "will you play again that wistful song you played a while ago? The one that made me almost cry? When I was—hunting for you, you know!"

"But I'm not very keen about seeing women cry," objected Stephen, seeing involuntarily the piteous crying of women in the streets of Jerusalem as he had seen them on a never-to-be-forgotten day. "I'll tell you!" he suggested, shaking his head to dispel the picture. "You play for me that little thing you played a while ago—and let me do the crying."

"Just for that, I shall sit down," declared Ruth, doing it. "And I am quite sure you came over into this field to be alone. I hope you are extremely annoyed with me."

"You seem to forget that you have found grace in my sight," he told her calmly, sitting down a little distance from her and taking his knees into his embrace. "It has been so many centuries since I have had the honor of finding the little Moabitish lady in my corn field that I am—well!—quite the reverse of annoyed."

"This isn't your field at all!" it finally came to her to say. "It is Joe Lindley's field. He is over at my house this very minute. To a luncheon."

"At your house!" ejaculated Stephen, staring. "Then what the deuce are you doing out here?" By George! Was this one of the pretty girls—or the widow—? Ruth . . . But of course not every Ruth was a widow!

"Oh, not really my house," she was explaining. "But my hostess is giving a luncheon."

"And didn't invite you? When you are visiting her!"

"Yes. But she invited Joe's brother, too!"

Joe's brother cocked a whimsical eyebrow, and grinned. "I see. One of those country bumpkins!"

"Oh, no! No; he is worse than that. He is an architect. Or he was before the war."

"No!"

"And a soldier."

"No!"

"And a poet!"

"Good Lord!"

"Um-hum. Writes *Lines to a Lady's Eyebrow*, and that sort of thing!" Ruth nodded impressively, drawing her feet up under her in much the same attitude as that of an Eastern idol.

"I certainly do not blame you for cutting the luncheon," commiserated Stephen. "You did well to avoid a ranting rhymster, in my favor."

"Not in your favor at all!" she denied, spiritedly. "You are simply an incident. I didn't even know you were going to happen. I just could not waste such a perfect day on a conceited stranger. A male poet would be conceited—wouldn't he?"

"I should say there was not a doubt of it," conceded Stephen, in his eyes the very warmest smile she had seen in them. "Look who's here!" he said in a low voice, though warning her not to turn too abruptly.

Turning slowly, Ruth saw. The collies, very beseeching of eye, peered cautiously around the shock of corn behind her. At Ruth's laugh, they bounded forward to receive her welcoming pat, and stretched out contentedly.

"Since you are so adequately chaperoned," prefaced Stephen after a moment, "suppose you have luncheon with me—Miss Ruth?"

"Mrs. Ruth," corrected Ruth, holding up her left hand.

**S**TEPHEN accepted the amendment with a slight inclination of the head and no comment, merely waiting for her to accept or decline his invitation.

It was the pleasant freedom from all urgency in Stephen's silent waiting which really decided Ruth—such pleasantly poised indifference, she told herself, augured well. For vagabond, or no vagabond, this man in the jaunty, misfit clothing, was a gentleman, and an interesting one. So she looked about curiously for some sign of a basket or box which might contain the luncheon she had been invited to share. Stephen laughed, and produced two not very big parcels, one from each sagging side-coat pocket.

"The lady over at that house gave them to me," he told her, nodding toward the thin curl of blue smoke beyond the Lindley willow row. "It is a very clean-looking place. You needn't have a qualm about eating your share. They've got chicken in 'em! The lady was most lavish with white meat, as she lectured me on my ways. She was so eloquent, I almost foreswore tramping. Which—hand—will you have?" extending both to her, palm up.

Ruth got suddenly to her feet. "Come along!" she said. "We will pool our lunches. I have a basket over in my field. With hot coffee in a thermos."

"Gladly!" laughed Stephen, restoring the sandwiches to his pockets with an appreciative grin. "Only—how times have changed! Ruth and Boaz on a modern fifty-fifty basis!" Ruth liked the way he fell into step three furrows away, instead of in the one directly beside her, and the matter-of-fact way in which he lifted the wire for her to slip under fences.

"Do you see that basket?" asked Ruth. "Over there—on that huge yellow pumpkin? By that very tallest shock! It has almost everything in it that will be served to the swash-buckling rhymester."

"And I said fifty-fifty!" Stephen grinned, looking around at her quizzically. "Tramping teaches a chap not to set too

of this adventure afield!" Stephen laughed and waited. "Wouldn't my hostess be surprised if she could see me now?" gloated Ruth, beginning at once to unpack the basket.

"Undoubtedly!" assented Stephen, thinking that his hostess, too, would not be without astonishment could she see him, now.

Sitting one on either side of the big, flat pumpkin Ruth had made to serve as a sort of table, they ate their lunch, almost without an exchange of words. It was a silence free from constraint, impersonal as the stillness in the fields all about them.

Glancing across at Ruth once, Stephen was touched by the dramatic stillness of her face. It came to him that she had come out into the fields as much to escape her own thoughts as the inconsequential chatter at Mrs. Waring's luncheon; that her whimsical gaiety had been not unlike the flash of white-caps at sea, a sign of unusual disturbances far below the surface.

Where before he had been most aware of the undoubted charm of her personal presence, he became slowly conscious of a subtle, hovering beauty. He wanted, suddenly, to know her really, and was glad they had first met in the fields, unlabeled and free—just themselves! Some words of Yeats drifted across his mind:

*But one man loved the pilgrim soul of you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.*

The wish-bone had been solemnly pulled, Stephen getting the wish, and the hamper repacked, when Ruth asked if he had brought the pipe-o'-Pan along.

"You want to hear that song, don't you?" he remembered, and played it for her.

"What are the words to it?" she asked. "I almost believe I know the words, only not in relation to the music. I wonder!"

"I do not know them all," he admitted, "but the refrain is

*No one but God and I  
Knows what is in my heart.*

All the delicate coloring dropped out of Ruth's face; and her hands, lying idly in her lap, closed so tensely as to whiten the knuckles. The words had invoked a paragraph from the last letter that had come to her from the Eastern front!

*"I am writing this by a well near Beersheba; and as I write, someone is singing, or rather crooning, a song picked up from the Bedouin army followers. You would love the wild sweetness of it, dear. It haunts me like the refrain of this desert song, which translates, I have been told, into*

*No one but God and I  
Knows what is in my heart.*

*I wish I knew enough about music to write out the melody for you. Perhaps, in happier times, we can come this way together, and if we are in luck, hear some young Arab sing the song to the barbaric, throbbing accompaniment. And if we are in great luck we will hear it just at twilight.*

"I did know the words," she told Stephen dully, and got to her feet. "I—I believe I will go home—I am sorry to be a quitter." She smiled unsteadily up at him. He had risen and was standing in regretful silence. "But you see.

Well! The mood for gipsy fellowship is gone. So it would be unfair to stay and spoil the rest of your afternoon."

"Wouldn't you rather I would go back to my own field?" suggested Stephen. "Then you—"

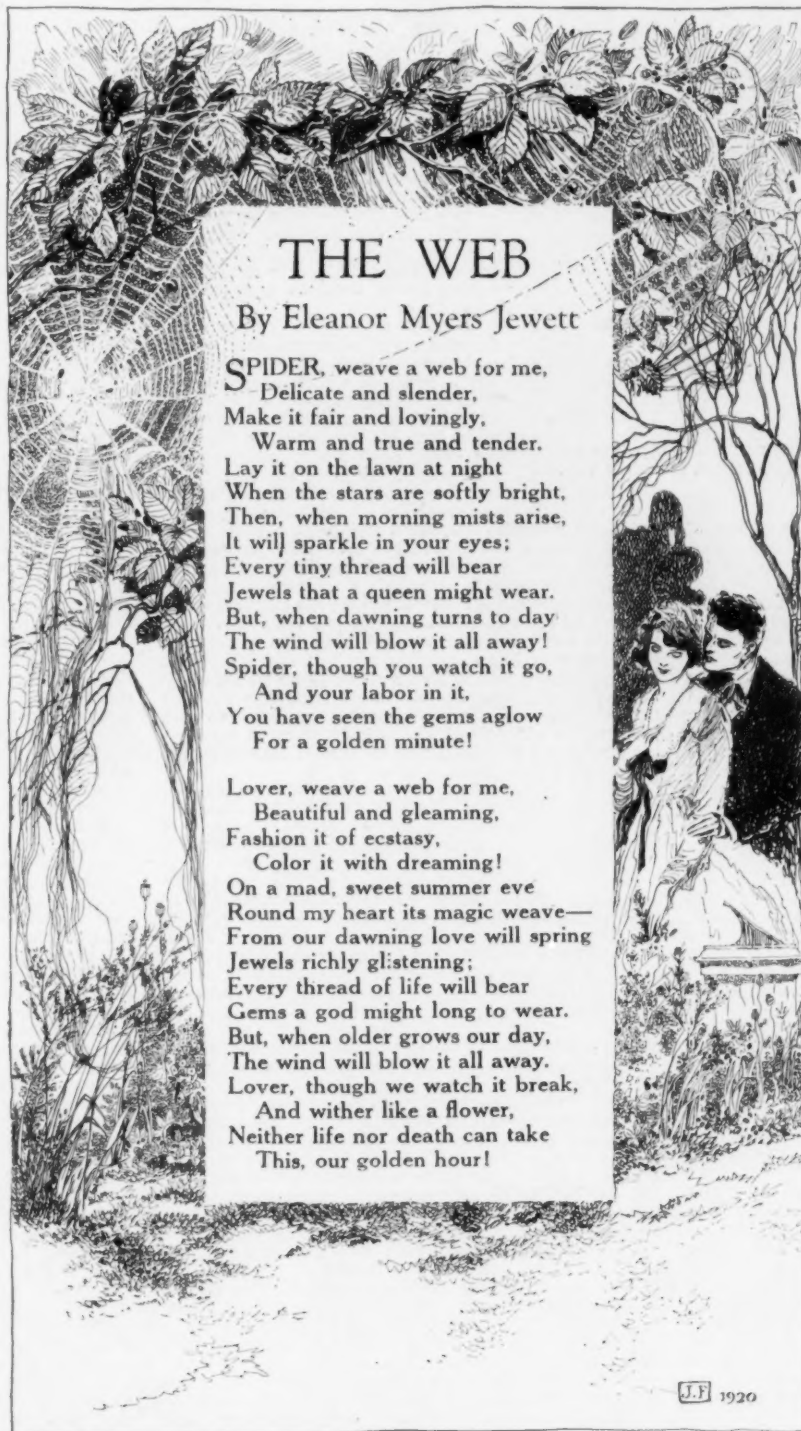
**S**HE shook her head. "No. I don't want to stay. . . . If I did I shouldn't at all mind your sitting there smoking—and not talking. Could you write out that melody? I—I couldn't hear it again now, without acting even more absurd—but I should like to be sure I—remember it as it is—You don't understand!"

Stephen hesitated. "Perhaps I understood better than you think, Mrs. Mantell," he said slowly. "Not in particulars, of course. But in general. You see, I am Joe Lindley's brother—and so, when you mentioned begging off from Mrs. Waring's luncheon, I knew who you were. Before that," he explained, as Ruth looked undecided between resentment and surprise, "I had no more idea who you were than you had as to who I was. And it would have been a pity to fence a gipsy mood round with too much conventionality—wouldn't it? As for the song: I could not write it out for you, but I have a friend who worked the whole thing out while we were in camp. Even to the throbbing barbaric accompaniment." Unconsciously he had used the very words of the letter, only in reversed order. "I will write him for a copy. . . . Shall I walk as far as the poplar row with you to carry this basket? Or would you rather send back for it?"

"Please come! I had a notion to be peevish because you let me talk about you to yourself, but I've changed my mind—" She held out her hand for the basket. "I know you do not care to come this morning, so I shan't suggest it. Good-by!"

Stephen watched her until she disappeared beyond the row of trees. He knew, as certainly as though Ruth had told him, that it was not Bruce Mantell's death in itself she found so unbearable, as the fear that he had not died with merciful quickness; knew, by the still questioning pain in her eyes, between his own eyes and the peaceful brown fields that the dying, Closing his eyes

[Continued on page 30]



## THE WEB

By Eleanor Myers Jewett

**SPIDER, weave a web for me,  
—Delicate and slender,  
Make it fair and lovingly.**

**Warm and true and tender.  
Lay it on the lawn at night  
When the stars are softly bright,  
Then, when morning mists arise,  
It will sparkle in your eyes;  
Every tiny thread will bear  
Jewels that a queen might wear.  
But, when dawning turns to day  
The wind will blow it all away!  
Spider, though you watch it go,  
And your labor in it,  
You have seen the gems aglow  
For a golden minute!**

**Lover, weave a web for me.  
Beautiful and gleaming,  
Fashion it of ecstasy,  
Color it with dreaming!  
On a mad, sweet summer eve  
Round my heart its magic weave—  
From our dawning love will spring  
Jewels richly glistening;  
Every thread of life will bear  
Gems a god might long to wear.  
But, when older grows our day,  
The wind will blow it all away.  
Lover, though we watch it break,  
And wither like a flower,  
Neither life nor death can take  
This, our golden hour!**

much store by pride. Otherwise I should miss the coffee and the cider, and you would have no beautiful tale of recklessly indiscreet fraternizing afield with hobos!"

"Ho-ho!" corrected Ruth, laughing. "You may be a whole 'gang' to yourself, but to me you are just one lone man. And I consider you the only indiscreet member

bearable, as the fear that he had not died with merciful quickness; knew, by the still questioning pain in her eyes, between his own eyes and the peaceful brown fields that the dying, Closing his eyes





HE RETREATED TO THE CENTER OF THE STREET, DREW A DEEP BREATH AND SUDDENLY, BLOWING A KISS TO THE ASTONISHED MOON, HE CRIED TO HER "OH, GEORGINA!"

PARIS was asleep. The old moon, whose fires of youth are long forgotten, gazed down with her wise, cool smile upon the slanting roof-tops; upon the darkened boulevards, where the last café had taken in its chairs from the sidewalks; upon the huddled sleepers in the doorways of the markets; upon the firefly glimmer of the last taxicab, rattling over the cobbled streets. She saw on the Boulevard St. Michel only one lingering pair of lovers, kissing beneath the trees, and one young man walking alone with his shadow.

Many intoxicated young men the old moon had seen walking the Boulevard St. Michel, but never a young man intoxicated as he. For he walked with a springy step, swinging his cane; he paused suddenly to fling his arms wide, revealing the shining white of a shirt-front above the low-cut waistcoat of evening dress; he tore his hat from his head and did a dance-step, so original that his shadow became contorted in following him; then, clapping his hat in place with a tragic gesture, he trudged moodily, his cane hanging in a listless hand. In this fashion he left the boulevard, passed through a narrow and dingy street, stopped to ring the bell at a shabby doorway. The door did not open at once. He retreated to the center of the street, looked upward, drew a deep breath and suddenly, blowing a kiss to the astonished moon, he cried to her, "Oh, Georgina!"

Meantime the door had opened. He disappeared within, and the moon saw him no more.

Louis Charpentier, the young man, felt his way through a narrow hallway into a courtyard hardly wider—where one miserable tree was dying in the shadows—and began to climb a stairway that wound like a corkscrew toward the roof. He counted the flights aloud. "Four—five—six—ah!" Exhausted, he staggered into a room beneath the eaves and sat down upon a tumbled bed.

When he had lighted a candle, he at once took off his evening dress, inspecting it with the anxious eye of a borrower. No harm had befallen it. He hung it carefully on one of the nails that, projecting from the slanting roof, served him as wardrobe. For other furniture, there was the sagging bed, a battered chair, a table littered with books, manuscript, pens, collars, empty tobacco-tins, an open bag of rolls and a coffee-pot. Above this, on the discolored wall, hung a cheap print of St. Jean Baptiste. Noble-browed, grave and sensitive, the pictured face was not unlike that of the young man who, sitting on the battered chair, drew off one of his shoes and, holding it in his hand, gazed at it for a long time. To him it was not a shoe, it was an opera-glass through which he looked back rapturously upon the events of the evening.

He, Louis Charpentier, had had a play presented in the private theater of the Marquis de Barsan, in M. de Barsan's chateau at St. Germain. Anxious, trembling in waves of heat and cold, he had stood in the wings, watching the people created from his dreams, walking and speaking upon the little stage. Incredibly, gloriously, he had had from that distinguished audience the most enthusiastic applause. M. de Barsan had complimented him. Rambaud, the great dramatist—why had Georgina warned him against Rambaud?

d'Ormenge, Georgina was like a rose beside a white violet.

But Georgina had let him kiss her. He began recalling the whole scene, minutely, from the beginning. They had been alone together in Georgina's dressing-room after the play. Brushing out her wonderful hair, she had been telling him not to listen to Rambaud. He saw the reason for it now; she was trying delicately to tell him that he must not build too great hopes upon the evening's success. But he had not listened; he had been speaking of his future, of his hope to be able some day to tell her more than he dared say now, when Arlette had come in, charmingly gowned, pearls at her white throat. Even in his regret at the interruption, he had been thrilled by kissing the hand of Arlette d'Ormenge, wife of the famous playwright.

"M. Charpentier, I am sorry to be so late in offering you my sincere compliments," she said; "but M. de Barsan—"

"Oh, well; it goes without saying—" Georgina had laughed. "If it was M. de Barsan, who adores you!"

Arlette's expression became cold, as Georgina's never could. "You know very well, my dear, that I don't like such jokes. M. de Barsan and I are friends, but no one could be more loyal, more respectful."

"But Arlette, I know that very well! Besides, he knows it would be quite useless to be anything else, with you."

"That is true." Mme. d'Ormenge had smiled, embarrassed. "I adore my husband. Do you find that ridiculous, M. Charpentier?"

HE had hastened to say that M. d'Ormenge was all that was admirable, and then Georgina had risen, her hair flowing on her shoulders, and opened the door. "Go, now!" she had told him, playfully serious. "Kiss me, and go."

Blushing, awkward, he had done it. He had kissed her plump, rosy cheek. And the door had closed behind him. It had been as quick as that. Now, lying awake, he hated himself, thinking how clever and self-possessed he might have been. Then he asked himself, by turns despairing and hopeful, what she had meant by that turned kiss. For with all men, he was incapable of believing that women, like themselves, act without knowing their own motives. And from that question he sank into dreams of his poverty and of Georgina's beauty, as eternally unattainable as a star.

Rambaud! He remembered the great dramatist instantly on awakening. The luncheon with him might lead to—who knew what? Georgina had told him to be on guard. Well, he would be careful. But it was something, to be lunching with Rambaud! His spirits soared again while he ate a roll and drank coffee from his one cracked cup. Feverishly he examined his two suits, trying to decide which was least shabby. He must find, too, a collar not too badly worn, and a cravat that would appear almost fresh in the cruel daylight that entered through the small window. Disheartening moments! But his shoes were irreproachable; he had been obliged to buy them for M. de Barsan's *soirée*. Surely they gave a touch of elegance to the whole costume. Nevertheless he went slowly down the stairs, feeling the shame that no human spirit can overcome in garments that advertise failure.

But he put the thought from him. Rambaud had been effusive in his praises, had urged him to come to luncheon the next day.

In the large and elegant salon—in a confusion of silks, laces, jewels, bare shoulders, soft eyes, perfumes—he had bowed before members of the most illustrious families of France, who, while tasting delicate cakes and emptying glasses of champagne, had spoken of his remarkable talent, of the keenness of his irony and the beauty of his style. And Georgina Lamière, heroine of the play and of his heart, had let him kiss her.

At the renewed miracle of the memory, the shoe dropped from his hand. "Georgina!" he cried aloud, bounding to his feet, and the slanting roof struck him smartly on the head. "Comment!" he murmured, rubbing the wound. "This room is like my life, unkind to dreams." Sighing deeply, he blew out the candle and lay down.

"It's high time!" cried a savage voice through the thin partition. "What do you think you're doing, anyhow, coming home at three o'clock in the morning and waking honest workmen who must be up at dawn?"

He made no reply. The gloom of the darkened room had entered his heart. He could never hope to win Georgina. She was a successful actress, surrounded by men of wealth, position, influence, not one of whom could do otherwise than adore her. He saw her again, this time out of his reach forever, with her full, rich beauty, her good humor bubbling into jolly laughs, her air of independence and capability. Beside her sister, Arlette

# HEART OF THE ROSE

The Third of Six Romances of the Stage

By Sarah Bernhardt

Translated by Rose Wilder Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

He set out briskly in the clear sunny air. The trees on the boulevard rustled green leaves above the white-covered tables of the cafés; already children were chalking the sidewalks for their games and, on the balconies above, housewives were spreading bright-colored rugs for an airing. In the Luxembourg Gardens, among gay plots of geraniums and marigolds, bare-armed and bare-legged little girls in crisp white frocks rolled hoops with their tiny gloved hands, while peasant nurses in long black velvet gowns and wide lace caps watched from the painted benches.

"Felicitations, Charpentier!" cried a reporter, meeting him on the graveled walk. "So your play made a hit at the Marquis de Barsan's! I've just read about it in *Le Gaulois*."

CHARPENTIER'S excitement would not permit him to wait until he could read *Le Gaulois* at the chauffeur's café where he kept his napkin. He hastened to the nearest kiosk and extravagantly spent four sous for the paper. The article, among the society items, gave the names of M. de Barsan's illustrious guests, described their gowns and jewels and their enthusiasm for the play. Georgina's name was there, near his own, and he reread both with equal ardor. It was indeed real love that he felt for her. And while he walked on toward Rambaud's apartment on the Quai Voltaire, he stopped from time to time to reread, to assure himself that the article was really there.

"It's good of you to come so early," said Rambaud, warmly. His frank manner at once put his guest at ease. "We shall have time to talk a little before luncheon. Have a cigarette. A glass of port? It's not a bad vintage." He poured the ruby liquid into thin glasses. "Well, are you satisfied with your triumph of last night? Frankly, I like your play tremendously."

The rich wine melted agreeably on Charpentier's tongue. He lay back in a comfortable armchair, enjoying its savor, the perfume of the Egyptian cigarette, and the incense of Rambaud's praise. He admired the room and the charm of the Seine seen through two tall, velvet-curtained windows.

"It isn't enough to have talent, however," said Rambaud. "One must know how to get its value. I have passed my life in introducing unknown writers to the public, and I have received nothing but ingratitude. Think of it! Do you suppose that I have not worked for my place in the theatrical world? It represents twenty-five years of effort, a quarter of a century of labor! If I share its fruits with a mere beginner, it is only right that I should gain a little by it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Certainly, *maitre*."

"Remember, too, that in such collaborations I do my share, and more." He paused, shaking the ashes from his cigarette with a manicured finger-tip, and Charpentier told himself to be calm. "Well, my boy," Rambaud continued, leaning back in his chair, "I invited you to come this morning with the idea of asking you if you would like to work with me. I can promise, on my part, that your play will be produced next October in one of the best theaters. I will give you a plot—a thoroughly worked-out scenario—comedy in three acts, complete. You will have to write nothing but the dialogue. *Heart of the Rose*, I have named it. A satire, you understand—new, clever, and sophisticated. But the play must be ready in six weeks. I haven't time to do it myself, or—but what do you say?"

The young man, in a radiant haze, struggled for business-like composure. "If the subject pleases me, that is, if it is an idea that I think I am skilful enough to handle—"

"In that case, I will lend you my cottage at Marne la Coquette—a pretty little place, in the edge of a forest. My old servant will look after you. I will take care of the expenses. Nobody can say I'm not generous! Besides, I want you to be free to work without the shadow of a worry. And by the way, I'll give you now a check for five thousand francs as an advance on author's rights."

He held out a check already filled in and signed.

"But I have not seen the scenario!" Charpentier stammered, overcome.

"That's all right, my boy. If my plot does not please you, simply send it back with the check. It will save you the trouble of writing a note. Remember, I only ask you to finish the play quickly. And, of course, not to mention it to anyone. Too often," Rambaud continued easily—"everybody knows all about a play before it is produced. We must not have any indiscretion—"

"I quite agree with you."

"And no one must know of our collaboration."

"Well—of course at first—but it will be announced later?" Charpentier asked anxiously.

"Listen to me, my boy," Rambaud rose, laying a fatherly hand on the young man's shoulder. "I must be the author of the play. I will give you half the royalties, but your name must not appear. My name on a play doubles its value. Besides, I have my eye on Vablin's place in the Académie Française—he's sick, poor fellow, and can't live long—a big success just now will give me the election. I am speaking frankly, because I am an honest man. I am proposing a business arrangement. If you see an advantage for yourself in it, you will accept; if not, you are free to refuse. Think it over and give me your answer later."

He placed a manuscript with the check and offered them both to Charpentier. Charpentier took the papers, folding



the check and putting it carefully into his shabby purse. He tried to think soberly, but the clearest thing in his mind was a picture of himself, perfectly dressed, with money in his pockets, holding Georgina's plump hand and looking into her eyes.

Five weeks later, in Rambaud's rustic but comfortable cottage at Marne la Coquette, he received a note from her. The forest murmured outside the low wide window, framed in vines whose shadows flickered on the floor of red tiles. The broad table at which he worked was covered with manuscript, a thin curl of smoke from an Egyptian cigarette wavered in the air from the open door. Lucienne, the fat old servant, in a white cap, brought in the weekly mail—it was Georgina's note, forwarded from his Paris address. Only a few lines demanding to be told what had become of him and giving an address at Deauville, but he read them as though they were poetry.

AT that moment Rambaud, well-fed, debonair, was sitting in the Louis Seize salon of the handsome apartment that sheltered Vivette Lanvally. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and the little actress, in negligée, was at her dressing-table dabbling rouge on the lobes of her ears and quarreling with her maid. She was twenty-one, pretty, capricious and spoiled. The ups and downs in the life of an untalented but charming actress, had given her black eyes a shrewdness still veiled by her youth, but had not yet begun to etch anxious lines about her pouting lips. A year earlier, suddenly thrown out of a leading part in Robert d'Ormenge's play *Temptation*, she had been clever enough to captivate M. Bultier, a rich retired manufacturer of stoves, who, in order to please her, had leased the Théâtre Parisien and become its director. Thus for the moment, she was not only surrounded by every luxury that money can buy, but she had also an enormous influence on the art of the stage; money can buy that, too.

It pleased her to keep Rambaud, the great dramatist, waiting in her salon. He would not dare to show his resentment.

Indeed, when she came to meet him, he lifted her hand to his lips with a gesture of pleased homage. Flinging herself among the cushions on the satin divan, she tucked her feet beneath her, flashed her dark eyes upon him and said, "Well?"

"Well, I have a play for you."

"Yes?"

"A rôle written especially for your great talent—"

Vivette laughed gaily.

"My dear man, don't play a game with me! I know that you know that Bultier's leased the Théâtre Parisien for me. Then you come with a fairy-tale of writing me a play, when you've never before dreamed of doing two lines for me. Cards on the table, please. You want a play put on at our theater?"

"A play written for you," Rambaud repeated. "Vivette Lanvally is the principal character in it."

"You don't say so!"

"It shows also the characters of Robert d'Ormenge, of his wife Arlette—" Vivette sat up. "You interest me."

"Yes? After all, if I have my reasons for getting even with Robert d'Ormenge, you haven't forgotten that he threw you out of your part in *Temptation*—"

"Pardon me," Vivette interrupted coldly—"it was I who left him."

"Cards on the table, yourself, little one! D'Ormenge fired you the night of the dress-rehearsal, and you don't love him for it."

"Ah! Revenge?"

Rambaud smiled. "We needn't be melodramatic, Vivette. No, not revenge. Simply a chance to prove to d'Ormenge and his dear Arlette that we haven't been tricked by their virtuous pretenses. Just a little unmasking of that honest pair, that's all. Listen—" he bent toward Vivette, who shook back her mop of short black hair and leaned forward eagerly.

In the lonely cottage at Marne la Coquette, Louis Charpentier, having read Georgina's note twice and kissed it three times, put it in his pocket and set feverishly to writing again, with the pale determination of a knight attacking the giant who holds his lady prisoner.

The play was finished and delivered to Rambaud in six weeks. It took two more to get a suit from a good tailor; and ten more days were wasted in a delirium of waiting for Georgina's reply to his note, asking if he might call. He had written it carefully on the most choice stationery, and with satisfaction had given his new address, a comfortable apartment near the Palais Royal. His pleasure in these things was only slightly embittered by reading in the Paris papers an announcement of Rambaud's new play, which was to open on October fifth at the Théâtre Parisien, with Vivette Lanvally in the leading rôle. He could smile at that, if only Georgina would smile on him.

Her reply came at last, asking him to tea. Confidently, clothed in completely new garments, carrying a

new smart cane, he drove to her apartment through the fluttering autumn leaves.

"How stunning you look!" Georgina cried at once, standing back frankly to admire him.

"Don't make fun of me," he begged. "It's true that I have been able to buy a new suit—"

"But I'm not making fun of you! I'm delighted. And you've moved from the Latin Quarter, too! Sit down and tell me what's happened."

"I've been working, Georgina." Sustained by his good fortune, and overjoyed at seeing again her rosy, jolly face, he dared the first name.

"What! You haven't been robbing banks?" They laughed together. "But, seriously, what have you been doing?" Her brown eyes were insistent.

"Well," he squirmed. "I've had a job as secretary."

"That was what you were doing for Rambaud." Her capable hands were moving among the tea things.

He almost dropped the cup she handed him. "How did you know that?"

ASK me a hard one! He made an appointment with you at M. de Barsan's. Didn't I tell you then to leave him alone? But no, you disappear next day. You think I did not smell that rat?"

"But, you were quite mistaken. He's treated me like a prince. Why, he even lent me his cottage at Marne la Coquette—for my vacation."

"Oh, it was a vacation?"

The young man struggled in the coils of his own statements. "It's always a vacation to be in the country."

"Ah, but hardly, when you work so hard. It's a real job to write a comedy in three acts."

Charpentier caught at his cup, which had tilted dangerously, and in a voice that he hoped was one of sincere bewilderment he said, "I don't know what you mean."

Georgina smiled. "It is professional ethics, or friendship for Rambaud, that makes you try to deceive me? La, la, and now you are red as my lip-stick! Never mind, my friend, you haven't given away the secret, I've guessed it. I've guessed more than that," she said in a suddenly serious voice. "Do you know you have committed a terrible crime?"

"Mademoiselle—!"

"Oh, I know very well you listened like a lamb to the words of the wolf. He is a monster that devours tender young men, that Rambaud. As for you, you would not be guilty of the smallest sin. You never dreamed, ever, of aiding in a murder? No, don't protest. Listen to me. Suppose you had written a play—a play about real persons and a real event. Suppose you have shown these persons as vile creatures and their innocence as the most disgusting infamies. That play will be a scandal, yes? Perhaps it will lead to a duel? You are not so ignorant as not to know that Rambaud is an expert swordsman. The play provokes his enemy to a duel. Rambaud kills him. Well?"

"You are joking!" Charpentier stammered, trying to defend himself against the conviction in Georgina's eyes.

"My friend, I wish I were. Do you know that Rambaud hates Arlette—"

"Your sister?"

"—and her husband. Yes. Already there is gossip. Arlette is terrified. Vivette Lanvally is playing the heroine. If you remember the talk there was last season. . . . The truth is there was a passing fancy—hardly so much—that Robert felt for Lanvally. But I will tell you there was enough smoke to make people believe there was a fire. You have something like that in your play?"

Charpentier clasped his head in his hands. Georgina's words continued to fall upon him like hail. "I thought so. You see the plot now? Arlette's husband has the temper of a young lion—courage without sense. When he sees that play, aimed at Arlette's happiness, do you think he will not rush upon that villain Rambaud like a madman? It is what Rambaud hopes for. A meeting in the dawn—"

"Don't!" exclaimed the young man. "It isn't true—I can't believe it!"

"Is it true enough to persuade you to show me the manuscript of that play?"

"Yes, yes! I will go get it now. If it is true, by Heaven! I will tear the throat out of that lying—"

"Oh!" cried Georgina. "Will men never have any sense?"

He sat down again, stunned by that cry. "It's true," he said humbly, after a stricken moment. "But, oh, Georgina, if you only knew how I—what I've been hoping—and now to find that I've hurt you, when all I wanted on earth—"

Georgina flushed like a schoolgirl. "That's all right," she said hastily. "I mean—but go and bring the manuscript."

He went, miserably. The day itself seemed gray with despair, and he walked on the ashes of all his hopes. The lines he had written came back to him, piling horror upon horror. Now he saw in them Arlette, and Robert d'Ormenge, and Vivette Lanvally. He saw, too—and his heart flopped sickeningly—the Marquis de Barsan, in the rôle of the injured wife's consoler. That was a hideous bit of cleverness on Rambaud's part that not even Georgina had guessed.

He returned to her like a condemned man and laid the manuscript before her. She read in a silence that grew increasingly hard to bear, but when she laid it down she only said gently, "And you never guessed what you were doing."

BUT how could I? he mourned. "I live so far from your world. Not one echo of all you have told me ever reached my attic in the Latin Quarter. I lived among servants. That's the world I belong to!" he added bitterly. "But, oh, Georgina, you know I'd have died without seeing you again, before I'd have—"

"Yes, yes," she said hastily. "Don't imagine I'm blaming you. But we must think what to do. Of course you must withdraw the play."

"But I can't. Rambaud has filed the manuscript in his name with the Society of Authors."

"Well, then announce that it is a fraud and that *Heart of the Rose* is your work. But no. You can't do that, either. The scenario was Rambaud's; he will have protected himself there."

"What I can do is find him and smash his face!"

"Now see here," said Georgina firmly. "You must do no such thing. Do you think I want Rambaud to—to start another scandal that will only advertise the play? Arlette is the only person I'm thinking about now," she added with increased firmness.

"Of course," he murmured humbly. "Just the same, I would like, just once, to—"

"No. You must not even quarrel with him. You do owe me that much. Promise."

"If you put it that way—yes, I promise. I swear it. They sat in gloomy silence."

"I wish," Georgina said at last, "there were some way to reach Vivette Lanvally."

"Vivette Lanvally?"

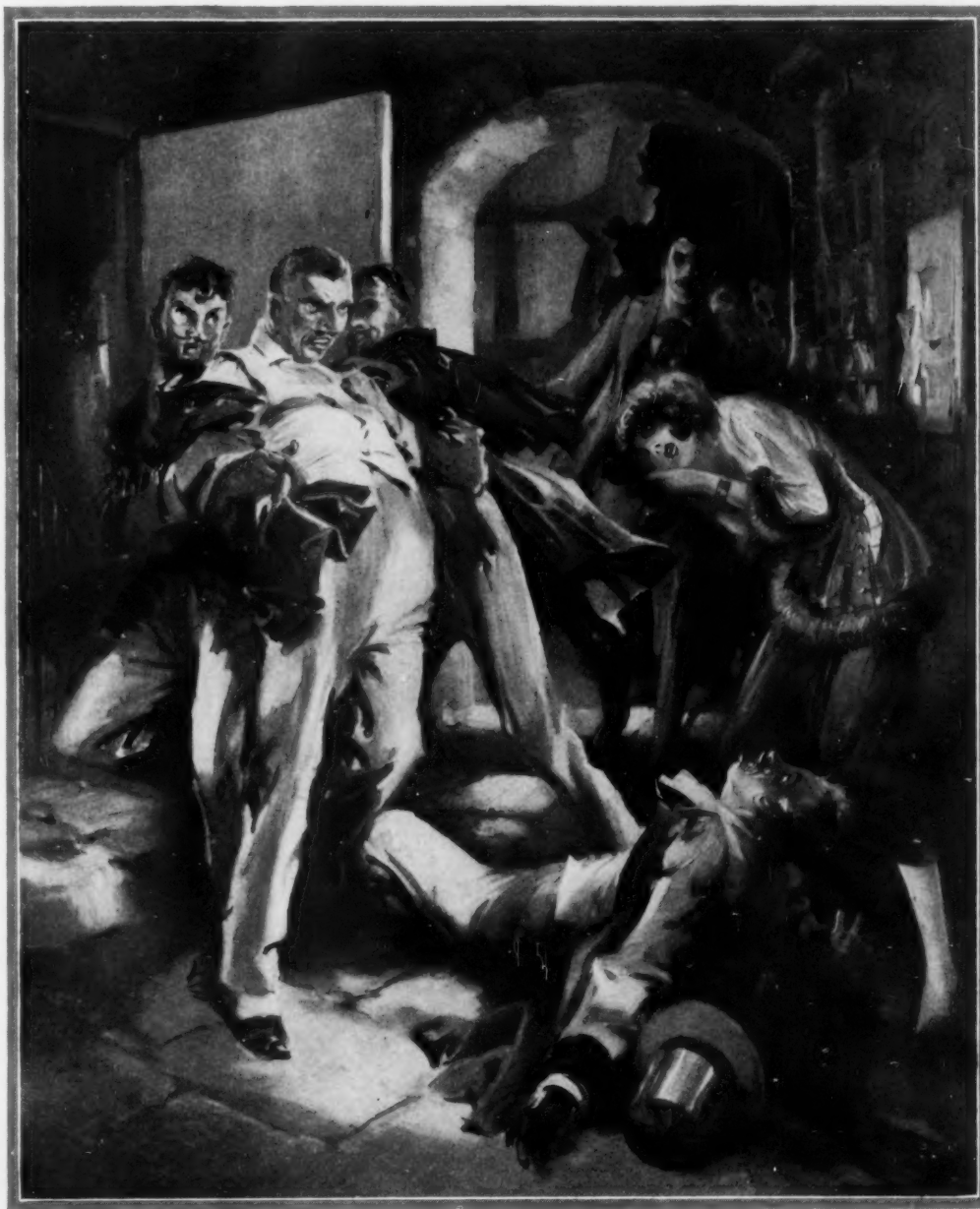
"Yes. She's a spoiled, rattle-brained little minx, and she has a grudge against Robert; but she can't realize what she's doing. And she is the only one who could influence Bultier. It will take a lot of influence to get Bultier to withdraw a play after he's paid for sets and advertising." The blooming Georgina was pale, her voice was tired, and Charpentier saw hopelessness in her eyes. "But we must do something," she said. "Arlette is my little sister—I've always so wanted her to be happy."

"We will do something," he replied. Georgina had said "we," and suddenly he felt proud and strong. "Depend upon me, and try not to worry. Something shall be done," he promised. He had no idea what it could be, and went away quickly in order to take with him, unspoiled, his sense of the bond between them and of her reliance on him.

For two days and a sleepless night he struggled with the problem. Somehow, without scandal, he must get *Heart of the Rose* withdrawn. He was unknown in the theatrical world; he had no money, no influence, no powerful friends.

Arlette and Georgina could do nothing without betraying the facts they were trying to hide. Robert d'Ormenge must not know the truth. The papers were printing interviews with the

[Continued on page 52]



ACTORS AND STAGE-HANDS CAME RUNNING. "GET UP! GET UP AND LET ME HIT YOU AGAIN," BULTIER WAS YELLING



THEN SHE WAS LYING ON THE SOFA IN COUSIN HETTY'S SITTING-ROOM, NEALE BENDING OVER HER . . . HIS FACE GRAVE AND SOLICITOUS

# THE BRIMMING CUP

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

Mr. Welles Lights the Fuse  
July 21

THAT early morning talk with Mr. Welles had left Marise trembling with sorrow and exasperation. She sat there on the bench where he had left her, and felt the tears stinging her eyes. When she looked up and saw that Vincent Marsh was standing there, extremely pale, as visibly shaken as she, she burst out:

"So you too know. He is really going—next week—the very date is set. His niece has a room in her boarding-house engaged for him. He's going to work as a clerk to pay for the extra expenses of the life there. OH!" she struck her hand on the back of the bench.

Vincent Marsh sat down beside her, his eyes on hers. He said in a curious, low voice, rough and husky:

"I wish you would do something for me. I wish you would think just *why* you are so opposed to his doing what seems to him a very saintly and heroic thing; and then tell me why it is you are."

Marise felt this as a challenge. He was always challenging everything. "I don't need any time to *think* of my reasons!" she cried. "It's one of those futile, exasperating tricks people play on each other in the name of duty. He's throwing away the happiness that comes from just living as suits his nature, and so creating a harmony that enriches everybody who touches him. And what's he doing it for? To satisfy a morbid need for self-sacrifice. He takes an outworn and false ideal, and uses it, not to do anybody any good, but to put a martyr's crown on his head."

SHE became conscious that her words were having a singular effect upon Vincent. A dark flush had come over his face. His gaze on her was extraordinary in its intentness, in its fierceness. She stopped suddenly as though he had broken in on her. Into his dark face came an exultant look of power and authority which fell on her like a hot wind. With a knocking of her heart she knew. Before he spoke she knew what he would say. And he saw that.

He opened those burning lips and said in the same rough, low voice: "You see what you have done. You have spoken for me. You have said at last what I have been silently and

desperately calling out to you. Make an end. Come away from a position where only an outworn ideal holds you to futility and waste, come away where you will live and know the fulness of life. Come away from that false notion of duty that makes you do for the children what you know is not best for them, only because it is the traditional thing to do. I don't say anything now, as I would to any other woman in the world—as I would have said to you, weeks ago, before I knew all that you are. . . . I don't say anything about the imbecility of keeping such a woman as you here in this sordid prison—you, born to rich and harmonious living. It is your birthright. Let me give it to you. A whole world of beauty and fulness waiting for you to create into glorious being—that's nothing compared to what has come to pass between us, you and me—compared to that other world of impassioned living that is waiting for you. Come away from the man who is nothing more to you now than the house you live in—nothing but a habit."

She started at this, moving out of the stony immobility in which she gazed at him, listened to him. It was a mere reflex start, as though she had been struck. But at the sight of it, the flame in his eyes leaped up. "No, no!" he cried triumphantly; "he is nothing more to you than a habit. And you are nothing more to him. You were right when you shrank away from the recollection of the day when you made the mistake of trying to join your life to his. There is not a breath you draw, not a turn of your head, or body—I know them all—that does not prove that he is nothing to you now. I have seen you take a handkerchief from his pocket, as you would take it from a bureau drawer. I have seen him set you to one side, to pass through a door, as he would set aside a chair. You don't see him any more when you look at him, and he doesn't see you. Whatever there may have been between you, it is dead now, dead and buried—and you, the most living woman who ever wore flesh and blood. And I am a living man. You know what happens when our looks meet. Our looks only! Life flares up like a torch. You know how if I brush against your skirt, I cannot speak. You know when our hands touch, how every drop of blood in our two bodies burns. You are a grown woman. You know life as well as I do. You know what this means. You are no longer even a part of his life. You are *all* of mine. Look at me now."

HE flung out his hands, shaking uncontrollably. "Do you see how I show this? I am not ashamed of it. It is not anything to hide. It is the only honest living thing in all our miserable human life—the passion of a man and woman for each other. The only thing that is really base is to pretend that what is dead is still alive. Your marriage is dead. Your children do not need you as you pretend. Let yourself go, in this flood that is sweeping us along. I had never thought to know it. I could fall down and worship you, because you have shown it to me. Oh! the magnificence of what you can be when you are no longer smothered and starved. In all this crawling ant-heap of humanity there are only a handful of beings who are alive. And we will be among them. All the rest are nothing—less than nothing—dust. They have no other destiny, but *we* have. That is the only truth. That—and you and I."

## Shall We Keep On With Marriage?

MARISE CRITTENDEN, mother of three children, devoted, satisfied—in the full vigor of life—puts this question to herself.

Impressionable, sensitive, alert, she has, during her husband Neale's absence, met romance again in Vincent Marsh, a visitor to Vermont. Vincent, direct, unconventional, fights for her love—and the placidity of her marriage emphasizes the intensity of his passion. Marise becomes restless. Is her marriage a surrender to unventurous complacency—to routine duties, to the care of children?

Is woman's life necessarily selfless? Or has she a right to sacrifice these outworn entanglements for a new and romantic reality?

On Neale's return Marise faces her crisis. Neale leaves her to make her own decision.

Other characters in the story are:

Mr. Welles, Vincent's friend, an old man whose quixotic sympathies have been aroused by the cause of the negroes in the South.

Beautiful Nelly Powers and Gene, her husband, who is jealous of his wife and resents the attentions of Frank Warner, a young farmer.

Cousin Hetty, Marise's old relative, and Eugenia Mills, a sophisticated New Yorker.



Someone in the distance called her name, piercingly. She made a move, and he said, leaning toward her: "No, no—none of those trivial interruptions that tie you hand and foot can hold us any longer. They can't stand against something alive. All that rattle in your ears that keeps you from knowing what you really are."

Somebody was hurrying down the walk. Marise could not have turned her head if her life had hung on the action.

For an instant, Vincent's hand was on hers. The contact was terrible, momentous. She could scarcely hear his voice now, although it was as urgent as the impact of his eyes. "You can't get away from this now. It is here. It has been said. It lives between us, and no power on earth is strong enough to put it down."

Someone was there now, someone who drew short, sobbing breaths; who caught at her and clung to her. It was Cousin Hetty's old Agnes, and she was saying in a loud voice, as though she had no control of it: "Oh, oh! Come quick, come quick!"

Marise stood up. She was entirely certain now that she was in a nightmare, from which she would awake, wet with cold sweat.

"Come! Come!" said the old woman, beating her hands on Marise's arm. "Perhaps it ain't too late—perhaps—"

"What has happened?" Marise made her voice sharp and imperative to pierce the other's agitation.

SHE didn't come down for breakfast," sobbed Agnes. "I went up to see. Oh, go quick! Go quick!"

Nothing more was to be had from her; her legs doubled under; she went down, half on the bench, half on the ground. Marise and Marsh stood for an instant, petrified. There was only the smallest part of Marise's consciousness that was alive to this. Most of it lay numb and bewildered, still hearing like a roll of thunder, the voice of Vincent Marsh.

Then Marise turned: "Look out for her," she said, briefly. "No, don't come with me. I'll go by the back-road. It's the quickest. You go and bring the doctor."

She ran down the path and around the house to the road, not feeling the blinding heat of the sun; then along the dusty road to the turn into the narrow lane. She felt nothing at all but a great need for haste.

As she ran, there were moments when she forgot why she was hurrying, where she was going, what had happened; but she did not slacken her pace. She was on the narrow back-road now, in the dense shade of the pines at the back of the Eagle Rocks. In five minutes she would be at Cousin Hetty's.

She ran more slowly now, over the rough, stony road; and she was aware, more than of anything else, of a pain in her chest where she could not draw a long breath. She must be wholly in the nightmare now, for she had the nightmare sensation of running with all her strength and not advancing. The somber pines seemed to be implacably in the same place, no matter how she tried to pass them, to leave them behind, to hurry on. Everything else in the silent, breathless, mid-summer forest was rooted immovably deep in the earth. She alone was killing herself with haste, and yet futilely.

And then, suddenly, the forest drew aside and showed her another nightmare figure, a man, far away to the right, running down the steep incline that sloped up to the Rocks. A man, running as she had been wishing she could run, a powerful, roughly-dressed man, rapt in a passion of headlong flight that cast him down the rough slope, over the rocks, through the brambles.

Marise stopped stock-still, shocked out of every sensation but the age-old, woman's instinct of fear and concealment.

The man plunged forward, not seeing her where she stood on the road across which he now burst, flinging himself out of the pines on one side and into the thicket of undergrowth on the other.

Far away as she was, Marise could hear through the forest hush, the terrible sound of his breathing, as he ran, as he stumbled, as he struggled to his feet, fighting crazily with the thick undergrowth. Those loud, hoarse gasps—it was as though he were being choked to death by a hand on his throat.

He was gone, down the slope toward the valley road. The forest was impenetrably silent again. And then Marise knew who he was, recognized him for Gene Powers, beyond any doubt.

She felt a strange mixture of pity and scorn and envy. To be so primitive as that; to think, even for an instant's madness, that you could run away on your two poor human feet from whatever life brought to you! She herself was hurrying forward again. Now she came to the path which led to Cousin Hetty's side door. She darted along this and found herself in the yard, before the door—open as Agnes had left it, when she had rushed out for help.

A teakettle on the kitchen stove sang in a low murmur. The clock ticked loudly, swinging its pendulum back and forth. There was a smell of freshly made coffee in the air. Marise went through into the dining-room where the table, laid for breakfast, stood in a quiet expectancy. The old house wore a tranquil expression of permanence and security. But out in the dusky hall, Marise felt a singular, heavy coolness in the stagnant air. She went up the stairs and found herself facing an open door.

Beyond, in a shuttered and shaded room stood a still, white bed, and on

the bed, still and white and remote, lay something dead. It was not Cousin Hetty. That austere, cold face was not Cousin Hetty's. It was her grandmother's, her father's, her uncle's face, whom Cousin Hetty had never at all resembled. It was the family shell, which Cousin Hetty had for a time inhabited.

MARISE crossed the threshold, and immediately she was aware of a palpable change in the atmosphere. The room was filled with silence, which folded her about coldly. She sank down on a chair and sat motionless, looking at what lay there, so quiet—at the emptiness and remoteness of that human countenance.

This was the end. She had come to the end of her running and her haste, and her effort to help. All the paltry agitations and sorrows, the strains and defeats and poor joys, they were all hurrying forward to meet this end. All the scruples and aspirations and tearing asunder of human desires to make them fit words that were called ideals, all amounted to this same nothingness in the end.

What was Cousin Hetty's life now, with its tiny inhibitions, its little passivities? The same nothingness it would have been, had she grasped boldly at life's realities. And all her mother's sacrifices for her, her mother's hopes for her, the slow transfusion of her mother's life to hers, that was all dead now, had been of no avail against this nothingness. Some day Elly would lie like that, and all that she had done for Elly, or could do for her would be only a pinch of ashes. If she, if Cousin Hetty, if Cousin Hetty's mother, if Elly, if all of them took hotly whatever the hours had to give, they could not more certainly be brought to nothingness and oblivion in the end.

Those dreams of hers—being one with a great current, sweeping forward—pitiful delusions. There were only futile storms of froth and excitement that whirled you about to no end, one after another. One died down and left you becalmed and stagnant, and another rose. And that would die down in its turn. Until at the end, shipwreck, and a sinking to this darkly silent abyss.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

A Primeval Heritage  
July 21, Evening

THE doctor had come and gone, queerly and bustlingly alive, and full of talk and explanations; Agnes had come back, weeping and walking endlessly about the house, with a broom in her idle hand; one after another of the neighbors had come and gone, queerly alive as usual, for all their hushed and awkward manners; Neale had come, seeming to feel as little as the others the cold breath that congealed Marise's thoughts into numbness.

And now Neale was gone, after all the incredibly multitudinous details had been decided. The funeral was set for the day after tomorrow, and until then, everything in everybody's life was to stop, stock-still, as a matter of course. Because Agnes was in terror of being alone, Marise would not leave the house until after the funeral. She would stay there with Agnes—she, who was all the family old Cousin Hetty had left—for the last watch over what lay up there on the bed in her bedroom. Neale would look out for the children, would see Mr. Bayweather about the funeral—would do what was to be done outside—and she would do what was to be done inside, as now, when she sat on the stairs waiting in case the undertaker needed something.

This was the last tie with the past gone, the last person for whom she was still the little girl she felt herself now, the little girl who had lost her way and wanted someone to put her back in the path. She had a moment of very simple, sweet sorrow, sitting there alone in the hall, the tears streaming down her cheeks and falling on her hands. Cousin Hetty gone, dear old Cousin Hetty, with her bright living eyes and her love for all that was young. How much she owed her—those troubled years of her youth, when Cousin Hetty and the old house were unfailing shelter. What shelter had she now? The pendulum of her mind swung back. This was silly repeating of superstitious old words. No one could show her the path, because there was no path.

Was it possible that it was only last night that she had lain awake in the darkness, trying to think, trying to know what she was feeling, as one by one, those boldly forward-thrusting movements came back to her—from the time when he had cried out so angrily: "They can't love her. They're not capable of it!"—to the time when they had exchanged that long reckless gaze over Elly's head? And now there was the triumphant glory which had been in his look on her—why, that was this morning, only a few hours ago! She tried to put this behind her at once, to wait, like all the rest, till this truce should be over; but the thought turned her sick with confusion. She was not strong enough for life, if this was what it brought—these fierce, clawing passions that did not wait for your bidding to go or come; but left you as though you were dead, and then pounced on you like tigers. She had not iron in her, either to live ruthlessly or to stamp out that leap of flame which meant the renewal of priceless youth and passion. Between those alternatives, she could make no decision, it would tear her in pieces to do it.

THE pendulum swung back again and all this went out, leaving her mortally tired. Agnes came to the foot of the stairs, a little withered, stricken old figure, her apron at her eyes. She had made some tea and there was bread and butter ready, and should she boil an egg?

A good and healing pity came into Marise's heart. Poor old Agnes, it was the end of the world for her. And how touching, how unjust, the fate of dependents to turn from one source of commands to another. She ran downstairs and put her arm around the old woman's shoulder. "I haven't said anything yet, Agnes," she told her, "because this has come on us so suddenly. But of course Mr. Crittenden and I will always look out for you. Cousin Hetty—you were her best friend."

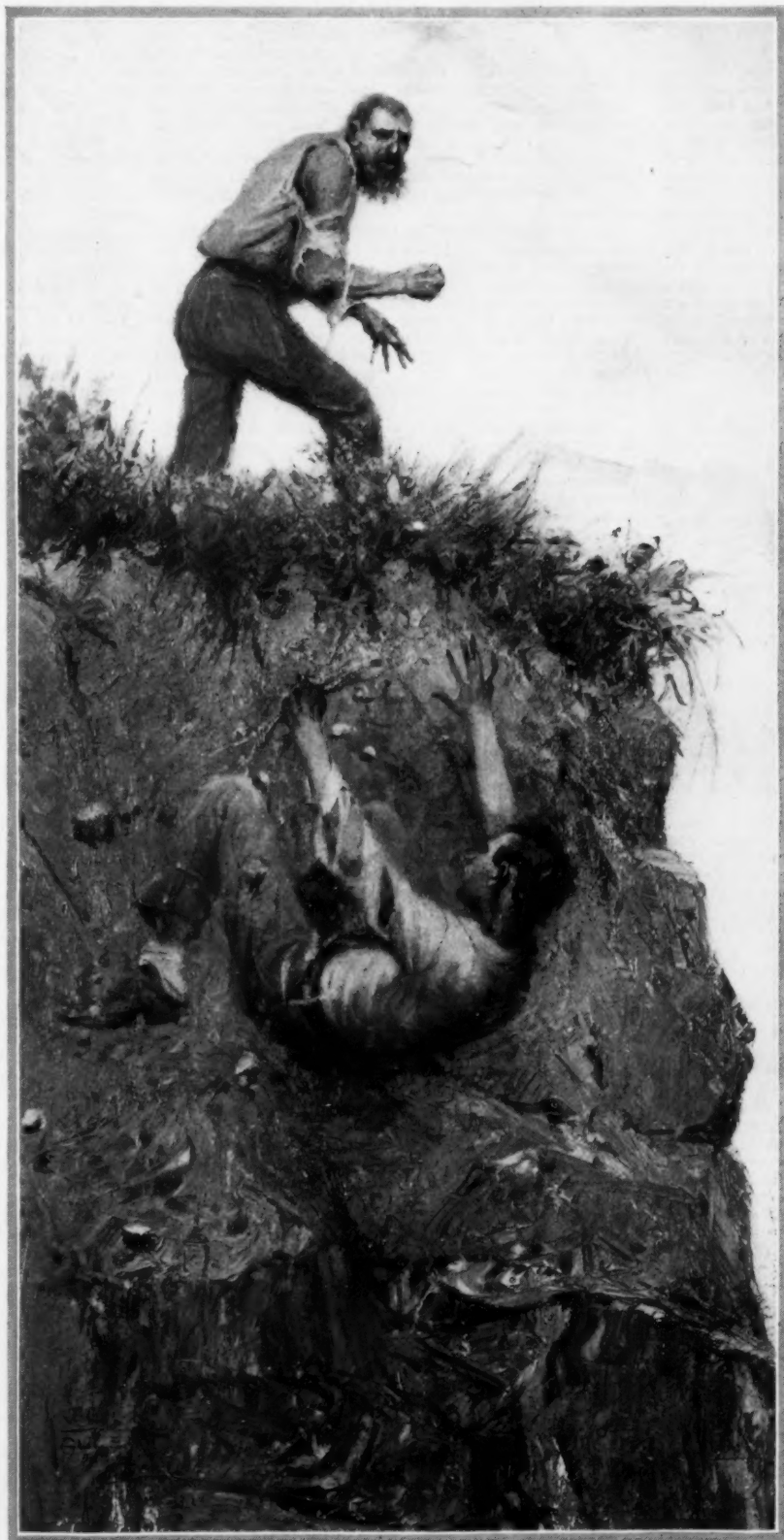
The old woman laid her head down on the other's shoulder. "I miss her so. I miss her so," she said over and over.

Someone came in behind them, without knocking or ringing, as people had been coming and going in the house all day, as though death had made it their own. Marise saw Nelly Powers standing in the doorway. "I came over again," she said, "to bring you some hot biscuits and honey. I knew you wouldn't feel to do much cooking." She added, "I put the biscuits in the oven as I came through, so they'd keep warm."

"Oh, thank you, Nelly, that's very kind and thoughtful," said Marise. As she spoke and looked at the splendid woman, she saw again the nightmare vision of Gene in the Eagle Rock woods. She was overwhelmed by an old amazement at the astounding difference between the aspect of things and what they really were. She and Nelly, looking at each other so calmly and speaking of hot biscuits!

She listened to Agnes's conscientious attempt to make conversation with the caller. "Hot today, ain't it? Yesterday's storm didn't seem to do much good—" and to Nelly's answer, on the same note: "It's good for the corn. Gene's been out cultivating his, all day long."

"Ah, not all day, not all day," Marise kept the thought to herself. She had a vision of the man, goaded beyond endurance, leaving his horses plodding



QUEER THAT NONE OF THEM SEEMED TO REALIZE THAT FRANK HAD NOT FALLEN, THAT GENE HAD . . . BUT MARISE HAD BEEN THE ONLY ONE TO SEE GENE IN THAT TERRIBLE FLIGHT



in the row, while he fled blindly to escape the unescapable.

An old resentment, centuries and ages older than she, a primeval heritage from the past, flamed up unexpectedly in her heart. There was a man, she thought, who had kept the capacity really to love his wife, passionately to suffer; a man whose cold intelligence had not chilled down to—

"Well, I guess I must be going now," said Nelly, in the speech of the valley. She went away, shutting the door with meticulous care—as though a sound could reach Cousin Hetty now!

"I don't like her biscuits," said Agnes, adding what was evidently the expression of an old dislike. "And don't she look a fool, a great hulking critter like her, wearing such shoes, teeterin' along on them heels."

"Oh, well," said Marise, vaguely—"it's her idea of how to look pretty."

Agnes had taken the biscuits out of the oven and was holding them suspiciously to her nose, when someone came in at the front door and walked down the hall with the hushed, self-conscious tiptoe of the day. It was Mr. Bayweather, his round old face rather pale. He shook Marise's hand and looked about for a chair. "I came to see about the hymns," he said. "Do you know if Miss Hetty had any favorites?" He broke off to say, "Mrs. Bayweather wished me to be sure to excuse her to you for not coming with me, but she was stopped by old Mrs. Warner, just as we were leaving the house. Frank, it seems, went off early this morning to survey some lines in the woods somewhere on the mountain, and was to be back to lunch. But he hasn't showed up yet. Mrs. Warner wanted my wife to telephone up to North Ashley to see if he had, perhaps, gone there to spend the night with his aunt. Mrs. Bayweather was still trying to get them on the wire when I had to come away. . . . If she had no special favorites, I think that *Lead Kindly Light* is always suitable, don't you?"

Something ominous loomed suddenly in the back of Marise's mind—surged up so blackly that she had no breath to answer the clergyman's question. Those lines to be surveyed were in the Eagle Rock woods!

The kitchen door opened abruptly. Toulcé came in, her hat gone from her head, her rusty black clothes torn and disarranged. She said: "Frank Warner has fallen off the Eagle Rock. I found him there at the bottom, half an hour ago—dead."

The savage old flame, centuries and ages older than she was, flared in Marise's heart. "There is a man who knows how to fight for his wife and keep her," she thought fiercely.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

*The Counsel of the Stars*  
July 21, Night

FOR the two nights before the funeral, Agnes was to sleep in the front bedroom, on one side of Cousin Hetty's room, and Marise in the small hall bedroom on the other side—the same room and the same bed in which she had slept as a little girl.

As she undressed, the past came up before her in a sudden wave of recollections which for a moment engulfed her. It had all been a dream, all that had happened since then, and she was again eight years old, with nothing in the world but bad dreams to fear, and Cousin Hetty there at hand as a refuge against even bad dreams. How many times she had wakened, terrified, and trotted shivering in her nightgown into Cousin Hetty's room. "Cousin Hetty! Cousin Hetty!"

"What? What's that? Oh, you, Marise. What's the matter?"

"Cousin Hetty, it was an awful dream this time. Can't I get into bed with you?"

"Why, yes, come along, you silly child!" The sheets held open, the kind old hand outstretched, and then the heaven—her head on the same pillow with that of the brave old woman, who drew her up close and safe and, with comforting assurance, instantly fell asleep again. And then the slow fading of the terrors before the hand of sleep, the delicious slow sinking into forgetfulness of everything.

Standing there, clad in the splendor of her physical maturity, Marise shivered uncontrollably again. She turned sick with longing to go again now, to seek out Cousin Hetty and to lie down by her; to share that safe and cold and dreamless quiet.

A small knock sounded, and Agnes' voice asked through the door if Miss Marise thought the door—the other door ought to be open or shut? It was shut now. What did people do as a general thing?

Marise opened her own door and looked down on the old figure in the straight, yellowed nightgown.

"I don't know what people do as a rule," she said. "How did Miss Hetty like best to have it, herself?"

"Oh, open, always."

"We'd better open it, then."

The old servant swayed before the closed door, the candlestick shaking in her hand. She looked up at Marise timidly.

"You do it," she said, under her breath.

Marise felt a faint, pitying scorn, stepped past Agnes, lifted the latch and opened the door wide into the blackness of the other room.

The silence seemed to come out coldly and softly. For Marise, it had the dreamless quiet into which she longed to

THE OLD SERVANT SWAYED BEFORE THE CLOSED DOOR, IN SUDDEN PANIC. "OH, AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO BE HERE ALL ALONE, JUST YOU AND ME?"

sink; but Agnes shrank away, in sudden panic. "Oh, aren't you afraid to be here all alone, just you and me?"

Marise tried to answer kindly. "No, I'm not afraid. It is only all that is left of dear Cousin Hetty." But the impatience which she kept out of her voice was felt by the old woman, who drooped submissively as under a reproach. "I know it's foolish," she murmured and began to weep. "You don't know how gone I feel without her! Thirty-five years now, every day, she's been here to tell me what to do."

Marise's impatience was flooded by an immense sympathy. She leaned down to the humble old face and put her cheek against it. "I'll do my best to take Miss Hetty's place for you," she said gently; and then, "now you'd better go back to bed. There's a hard day ahead of us."

Agnes responded with relief to the tone of authority. She said with a reassured accent, "Well, it's all right if you're not afraid—" turned and shuffled down the hall, comforted and obedient.

Marise went back to her room, opened her bed herself, lay down resolutely and blew out her candle. Instantly the room seemed suffocatingly full of a thousand, flying, disconnected pictures. Everything seemed to be there at once. Frank Warner was dead. What could that mean to Nelly Powers? Ought she to wear mourning for Cousin Hetty? What happened on the Eagle Rocks? Had Gene and Frank quarreled or had Gene crept up behind Frank as he sighted along the compass? Was it true that Elly really cared nothing about her—that children didn't care for any grown-ups—that she was nothing in Elly's real life?

She was glad that Toulcé had come back. There would be someone to help Neale with the children—Neale . . . her mind, hurrying, breathless, was brought up abruptly by the name, as by a great rock in the path. There was an instant of blankness as she faced it, as though it were a name she did not know.

And then the rapid, pattering, painful rush of those incoherent ideas began again. Queer that nobody there—Mr. Bayweather, Agnes, Toulcé—none of them seemed to realize that Frank had not fallen, that Gene had—but she had been the only one to see Gene in that terrible flight from the Rocks. Of course nobody would think of anything but an accident. Nobody would ever know.

Yes, it was true; it was true that she would touch Neale and never know it, never feel it—how closely that had been observed, that she could take a handkerchief from his pocket, as from a piece of furniture. How could she not have seen that his presence left her wholly unmoved, indifferent now? But how could she have known it, so gradual had been the coming of satiety, until she had to contrast with it this fierce, burning response to a fierce and new emotion.

Had she thought "indifference" and "satiety" of Neale? Was that really what had come of that great hour on Rocca di Papa? Was that what human beings were? She was brought up short again by the same blankness. She could not think about Neale tonight.

SHE felt a sudden, impatient haste to be with Vincent again, to feel again the scared uncertainty of what he might say, what she might feel, what they both might do. . . . She could forget, in those fiery and potent drafts, everything, all this that was so hard to understand. Everything would be swept away except—

Then, suddenly, again she thought: "I ought to tell someone, tell the police, that I saw Gene Powers running away after he had killed the man who wanted to take his wife from him."

Instantly there spoke out a bitter voice: "No, no, I shall tell no one. Gene has known how to keep Nelly. Let him have her, for all his life."

Another voice answered, "Frank's mother—" And both of these were drowned by a tide of sickness, as the recollection came upon her of that dreadful haste, those horrible, labored breaths.

She sat up with a sweeping gesture of her arms, as though she must fight for air. She slid from the bed and went to the window, leaning far out from it and looking up at the sky, immeasurably high and black, studded thick with the stars.

They looked down disdainfully at her fever and misery. A chilling consolation fell from them upon her, like a cold dew.

She felt herself shrink to imperceptible proportions. It was all so tiny, so futile, so aimless, the struggles of the maggots who crawled about the folds of the globe, itself the most insignificant of all the countless worlds which people the universe.

What difference did it make? Anything they did was so soon indistinguishable from anything else. The easiest way—to yield to whatever had the strongest force—was as good as any other way, in the blind confusion of it all.

After she had gone back to bed, she could still see the silent multitude of stars above her, remote beyond imagination; and it was under their thin, cold gaze that she finally fell asleep.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

*Eugenia Does What She Can*  
July 22d  
9 A. M.

AGNES brought upstairs an armful of white roses. "The lady that visits at your house brought them from your garden, and she wants to see you if she can."

Eugenia, of course. She must have made an effort to do that, she who hated sickness and death and all hard things.

"Yes, tell her I will be down in a moment. Take her a glass of cold water, too, will you please, Agnes. The walk over here must have been terribly hot."

She sprinkled the roses, put their stems deep into water and went downstairs, wiping her moist hands on her handkerchief.

Eugenia, in mauve organdie, came forward silently to greet her. They kissed each other in token of the fact that a death lay between them and the last time they had met—was it only yesterday morning?

"Were you able to sleep at all, Marise? You look fearfully tired."

"Oh, yes, thanks, I slept well enough. . . . Are the children all right?"

Eugenia nodded. "Yes, as usual."

"Did their father tell them the news of Cousin Hetty's death? How did they take it? Elly perhaps was—"

Eugenia did not know about this, had not happened to hear anybody say. But Toulcé was back, at least, to do the work.

"I knew she must be," said Marise—"she was here last night. It was she, you know, who found Frank Warner's body at the foot of—of course you've heard of that?"

Eugenia made a wry face. Of course she had heard, she said, with an accent of distaste. Everybody was talking about that melodramatic accident. People had come all the way from Ashley to look at the place, and some of the men and boys had gone around up to the top of the Rocks to see where Frank had lost his footing. They found his surveyor's compass still set up on its staff. It was where the line ran very near the edge and Frank must have stepped over the cliff. They could see torn leaves and stripped twigs as though he had tried to save himself as he fell.

She stopped speaking. Marise found herself too sick and shaken to venture any comment. But, looking at her, as they sat opposite each other in the twilight of the closely shuttered room, Marise was struck by the fact that Eugenia did not seem wholly herself. Her outward aspect was the same, but there was something—in her eyes perhaps—which now looked back at Marise with an expression Marise did not understand or recognize. If it had not been impossible to think of Eugenia, she would have imagined that her eyes looked troubled, excited.

As Marise wondered, thus passingly, if she felt any reverberation from the tragedy-laden air about them, Eugenia's face hardened back into its usual smooth calm. She answered Marise's gaze by getting up as if to go, remarking in a clear, low tone: "I forgot to give you a message from Neale. He has to be away today, on business—something about a deed to some woodland."

Marise was slightly surprised. "Where is he going?" she asked—"in the Ford? On the train?" How little she had thought about the mill of fate, that she should be so entirely blank as to this business trip.

"Oh, I didn't even try to understand," said Eugenia, smoothing the shining silk of her parasol. "Business finds no echo in me, you know. A man came to supper last night, unexpectedly, and they talked interminably about some deal—deeds—till Toulcé came in with the news of the accident. The man was from New Hampshire, I believe."

The words "New Hampshire" and "deeds" stirred a disagreeable association of ideas in Marise's mind.

Eugenia went on casually: "It seemed quite important. Neale told me afterward that the man had acted as agent for him some years ago in securing a big tract of woodland round here, something that had been hard to get hold of."

Marise was startled and showed it by a quick lift of her head. She had never known Neale to employ an agent. She looked hard at Eugenia's quiet, indifferent face. The other seemed not to notice her surprise, for she now remarked in just the tone she had used for the news about Neale: "That way of arranging your coiffure is singularly becoming to you. Mr. Marsh was speaking about it the other day, but I hadn't specially noticed it."

Marise felt something menacing in the air. Eugenia frightened her a little with that glass-smooth look of hers. The best thing to do was to let her go without another word. And yet she heard her voice asking, urgently, peremptorily, "What was the name of the man from New Hampshire? It wasn't—Lowder, was it?"

"Yes, yes," said Eugenia. "You're right. It was Lowder. I thought it was probably something you'd know about. Neale always tells you everything." She looked away and remarked: "I suppose you will inherit the furniture of this house? There are nice bits: this Windsor chair; and I thought I saw a Chippendale buffet in the dining-room."

Marise, immobile in her chair, repeated: "It wasn't Lowder. You didn't say it was Lowder?"

"Yes, it was Lowder," said Eugenia clearly; "and now you speak of it once more, I remember one more thing: it was all connected with the Powers' family. It was their woodlot which this Lowder had bought for Neale. I was

[Continued on page 37]





"A marksman keen and bold  
The highest prize I hold  
I'm never content with an arrow sent  
Unless it strikes the gold."

## "It's a bull's-eye!"

Not merely "fair" health, but positively good health—abounding vitality and vigor—this is the only health mark worth aiming at. And it can be attained if you aim steadily at the simple sensible living which insures it.

Above all insist on plain nourishing food and a properly balanced diet. Serve good soup on your table every day without fail.

Start today's luncheon or dinner with Campbell's tempting Tomato Soup. It is not only a delightful appetizer but it supplies elements which are positively necessary for complete nutrition.

Such a soup served regularly is at the very foundation of the nourishing diet which builds up energy and strength. Keep it on hand.



21 kinds      15c a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

# Big Business—or Marriage—or Both?

ONE OF NEW YORK'S FAMOUS BANKERS SAYS:

THREE men, of whom I was one, were discussing, recently, woman's opportunities in big business. One man, a banker, was emphatically old-fashioned in his belief that the feminine invasion is not to be welcomed. He said:

"There are already entirely too many inducements leading women out of the home. The very qualities which they claim as elements of success are in our field a menace. Feminine intuition, for instance. Both of you men know that intuition is no guide to proper investment nor to the judicious handling of other people's money."

"Instinct, if not restrained and directed, becomes what is commonly called having a hunch. Hunches are dangerous in sane banking. They belong to speculation rather than to finance."

The second man, also a bank official, said: "I see no reason why a woman should not go the whole way in finance, if she will stick to her work as a man does. Her advancement is not a question of sex. Rather does it depend on her possession of those peculiar qualities which go to make a successful banker."

When the argument was submitted to me, I laughed. "I am on the fence," I said. "You cannot dispose of women as a whole, any more than men. Success is an individual destiny. I do not advocate the wholesale departure of women from their homes—I do not think women want this either. All they ask is to prove their worth, and I think they should be allowed to do so."

Preferment for either men or women in finance hangs, aside from mental capacity, on the individual's decision to make banking a life work. For the money put into employment is as much an investment as that put into securities. Every step higher is preparation for another step higher. When there is opportunity for advancement, the mental qualities of the applicant for advancement are taken into consideration, and also his or her intention to stick at the job. For instance, if I hear that young Paul Smith has unusual ability, but that he has other prospects awaiting him at the end of the year, I do not recommend his advancement. It would be poor policy to do so. Without sex distinction, then, when considering a woman for preferment, one asks: *Is she a good investment? Does she intend to stick at the job? Or is her work only a stepping-off place on the road between school and marriage?*

## Does She Stick?

JUST the other day one of my acquaintances said: "Here I am without a private secretary because I let my better judgment escape me. Jack Tuttle, who was with me for five years, worked into a higher position. In looking for his successor, my office manager suggested Miss Cottle. I used to say that I would never have a woman secretary, but I felt that was not exactly just, if Miss Cottle had the ability and was next in line for promotion. And now, after six months, in which she's barely broken in, she is going to be married. She told me quite blandly, the other day, that she had been engaged for a year, and that she had taken the advancement because it would give her more money for her trousseau."

My own experience entitles me to have an opinion on the problem of women—married and unmarried—in business. When I finished college my wife and I had been engaged two years. She was in business, making \$25 a week, which was equal to \$50 according to present-day value. I was making but \$15 a week as a cub reporter. We did not wish to put off our marriage, but like all young men, I wanted to support my own wife. I felt that I need not be ashamed of having a wife who worked, so long as my own earnings were sufficient to run the home. Therefore we agreed that she should retain her position for three years after our marriage. During that time, I ran the home and my wife's earnings went toward a building fund.

In three years we were able to build. But I don't think this double partnership can be kept up indefinitely. Its permanence would result in either one of two evils—either it would preclude the wife from motherhood or it would weaken the husband's sense of responsibility.

Most men don't quarrel with women in business on the ground of lack of intelligence. Women have shown, wherever they have had the chance, that they have the potential qualities of achievement.

In this country, particularly, where women have always worked by the side of their men, bearing the same hardships, performing splendid tasks in pioneering, there can be little argument on the subject. I know that some women can go far toward the top in the world of finance. And they should be given equal opportunity with men.

Just how far a woman can go without education is another item for thought. Many men of prominence in the financial world have had little actual schooling. They did have the longing for knowledge, and the determination for hard study. If women have these virtues, they, too, can get ahead, but it is a constant toil entailing great sacrifice. Which, of course, again puts it up to the individual.

How many women, thus qualified, married or unmarried, seeking equal opportunity with men, can truthfully and with



DECORATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

## "I Never Promote Women"

SAID a New York financier. "They are a poor investment. No sooner do they learn the business, than they leave to get married. The chances for advancement in my office I give to men, for I can expect from them a return on the time and the money I have sunk in their training."

Is a real career in big business—something more than stenography and private secretaryship—impossible for women? Must a woman, under present conditions, postpone marriage and children until she has made her success?

The famous banker who has written this article has some pertinent opinions. *What do you think?* If you are a business woman, married or unmarried, let us hear from you.

the instinct for good sportsmanship, declare that they are willing and able to go the whole way with men? How many can assure an employer of "stick-to-itiveness," which is the fundamental of all sound success. How many can promise their undivided interest?

## One Man's Story

THE woman who does succeed in banking has a long, hard row to hoe. Her hidebound traditional past is against her. She must make sacrifices which need not be made by a man. Compare the lives of a man and woman who have, through their own endeavors, risen high in the banking world. The man we will call John Strong. He was born on a small farm in a remote part of the Middle West. His parents were poor and, while not illiterate, were not what could be called educated. They sent John to the district school, but when he wanted to go to high school they were unable to afford it. So John worked his way through. He waited on table in a restaurant. He drove delivery wagons. He even swept out stores and offices. Often he knew what it was to be hungry.

When he was ready for college, he confronted the same barrier of poverty. So he went to work for a year gathering news on a small town daily and, by actual penury, managed to save enough at the end of a year to enter college. His four years at college were as hardly won. He acted as janitor in a dormitory the first two years, eking out extra money by sending items to the country papers.

When he graduated he took a job as a cub reporter at \$18 a week. And then he married. His wife was a college graduate. She, too, had worked for her education. Life was simpler then—and by a finely organized thrift, she made that \$18 go a long way. In the meantime John studied economics and finance, writing articles in the newspapers or financial publications. He sold enough to encourage him

further. By the time he and his wife had saved enough to buy a home, they decided to go to a large city where he took a job on a newspaper. Hard work in spare hours enabled him to contribute to financial organs, and gradually he worked up, in a period of five years, from a reporter to financial editor. His spare time he gave to the study of finance.

All this time he had a goal in view. He wanted to be a banker. In making his rounds, one day, he found a small opening in a small bank. The salary was just half of what he had been getting. But his wife was willing for him to take the chance, because she saw it as a wedge to better things. After several years of hard work, the harder because the family now included several children, he became assistant cashier. He was then past thirty. Coming to the attention of an official in a larger institution, he was offered the berth of paying teller—again at a smaller salary than he was getting where he was. By incessant work and always keeping on the job, he went step by step until he became a junior official, and later a vice-president. He reached his goal before he was forty.

## Taking Her Chance

THE case of Emily Brown, with some variation, is parallel. Her parents were in more comfortable circumstance; she did not have to work her way through school or college. But she did have to earn her own living and she approached her work with the same determination to get ahead, with the same definite goal. She took up correspondence and went into the office of a large public-utility corporation as a writer of sales letters.

Application and study brought her in a short time to the head of the department. She studied public utilities intensively, until she was an expert on the subject. Later with her work well in hand, she found leisure to start on a venture of her own, conducting a public-utility journal of which she was editor and circulation manager. For five years she held down two offices with efficiency and credit. And then she came to the attention of a banking official who offered her a berth in his institution. Although the salary was no particular inducement, like John Strong, she saw the opportunity to grow in a broader field, and she accepted it. She became sales correspondent in the bond department and asked to be made a bond salesman.

"I want actual selling experience," she said. "Do you know what that means?" he asked her. "It means giving up an assured and comfortable salary with work that you understand, for a doubtful and precarious income in a new field. Selling bonds is for the beginner fraught with disappointment and almost heart-breaking work. You will have to go from office to office, making your own contracts, often being repulsed. At best it will be months before you can realize any real money, for success in selling bonds means building up a regular clientele."

She was willing to take the chance. At the end of four months she had not sold one bond. At the end of the year she passed every salesman in the office except two who had been in the work for a long time and who had established clienteles. While she was selling bonds, she used her free hours for studying banking. She worked as hard as many men I know and harder than the majority of men. Within five years she had become a junior official of the bank, at a salary which any man of her age might envy. She got the job because she delivered the goods. If her future equals her past, by the time she is John Strong's age, she, too, will be vice-president.

Comparing her career with John Strong's it is in most points similar. They both had the same capacity for hard work and hard knocks. But there is this in John Strong's life that there is not in Emily Brown's. She has had but one mouth to feed, her struggle thus being less poignant. Might it not have been really more poignant, though, because of that loneliness? Would she have missed the love and companionship of marriage if she had not been so pressed with the demands of her work?

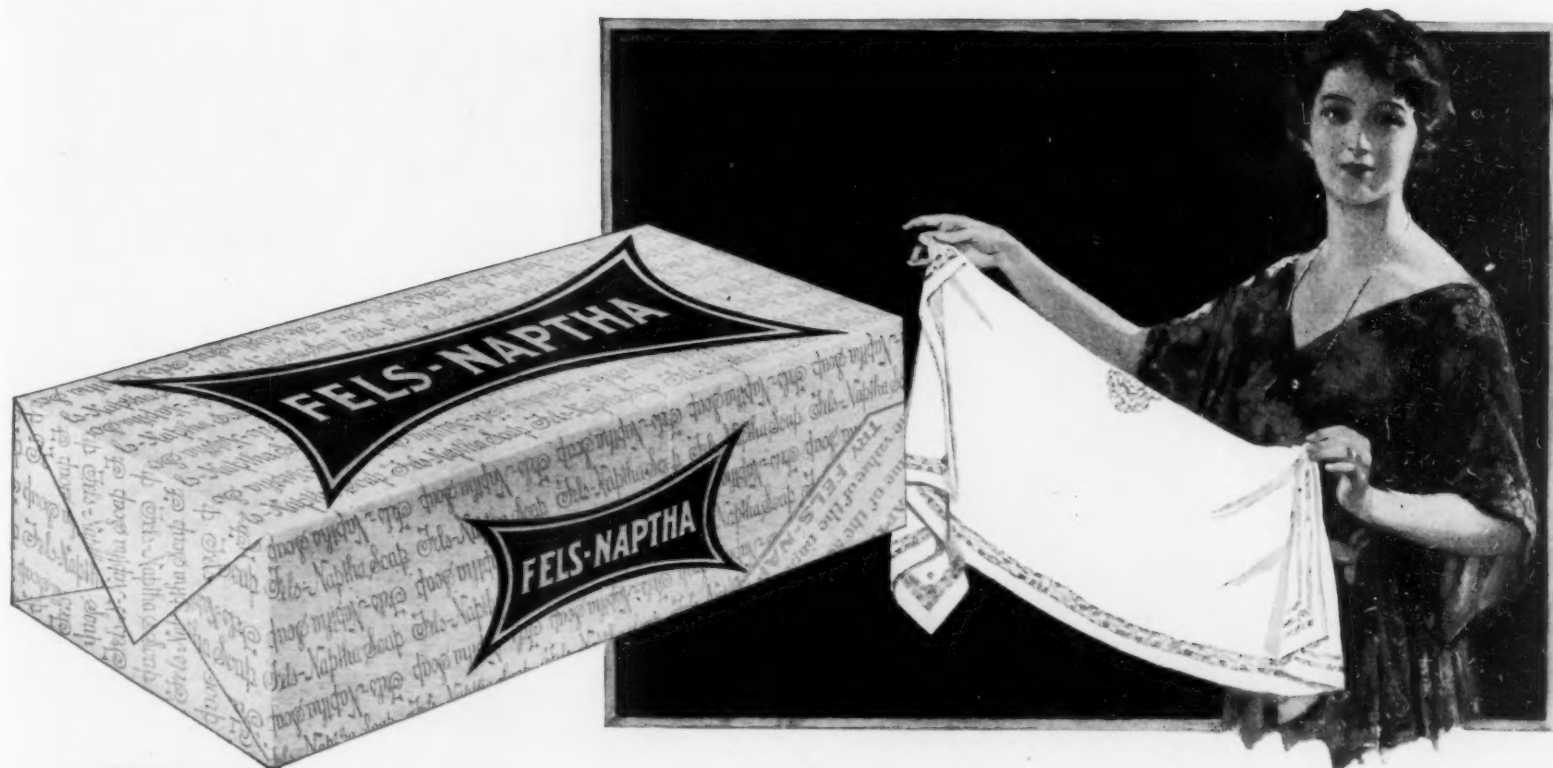
She made a great sacrifice which should not be necessary for a woman to make. Would Emily Brown have gone ahead so rapidly if her superior officers had thought she was likely to desert them when matrimonial opportunity presented itself?

Her adjustment to the world of business involves woman's complete status in society. In fixing that status, I say I am somewhat of a reactionary. I believe that woman's highest vocation is marriage—wifehood and motherhood—and, I maintain that if the home is to function properly, the wife's place is there, on the job, most of the time. For that reason I do not advocate married women, as a class, remaining in business for any length of time after their marriage.

With the exceptions mentioned in the early part of this article, I do not think that a woman can go on bearing children and progress in the business world. I understand that there are women who are doing it, but in the banking business such a woman would not have much room for

[Continued on page 42]





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A washday with nothing to tire you out!

It is hard to believe; yet such is the miracle happening weekly in millions of homes with Fels-Naptha.

Real naptha, that surprising dirt loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse even the most delicate fab-

rics, is perfectly combined with good soap. The real naptha penetrates to every fibre of the fabric and makes the dirt let go without hard rubbing, and without boiling. Of course you may boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but there is no need to. Fels-Naptha suds flush the dirt away and leave the clothes spotless and sanitary.

Whether you do your own work or have it done for you Fels-Naptha will prove a wonder in your home in saving time and labor.

Three things identify the genuine Fels-Naptha—the golden bar, the clean naptha odor, and the red-and-green wrapper. Order it of your grocer today!



Smell the real Naptha in Fels-Naptha! Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps.

How many uses in your home?

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bath tub, washstand, sink. Safely cleans anything cleanable.

1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

# LETTIE ON THE FIRING LINE

By Florence Bingham Livingston

MRS. PENFIELD, coming back from an emergency call in the early evening, began clearing the supper table. She stopped in the act of lifting a plate. Her eyes had fallen on an overturned chair. A slight disturbance, but it had happened while she had been gone!

Her heart stood still as she thought of the rent money which, for the first time since she had been manager of The Custard Cup, she had failed to bank as soon as she had collected it. Seconds passed while she stared at the chair, paralyzed by dread. At last she nerved herself and went into the bedroom.

Her old matting suitcase was on the floor, its fasteners undone. The envelop of bills was gone.

Mrs. Penfield sank back on the floor, faint and sick. Her blood seemed to have stopped. The room whirled. Two hundred dollars—gone!

Crink and Lettie bounded in. "Look, Penzie," cried Crink, in wild excitement. "Look what I found. Oh, now we're rich, ain't we, Penzie?"

Incredulously she took from him the envelop of bills that she had been mourning as lost. Crink had picked it up in the driveway. The restitution had come so promptly that the whole circumstance seemed to Mrs. Penfield like a ghastly trick, the more ironical because of Crink's violent rebellion that the fortune he had found could not be theirs.

"But, Penzie," broke in Lettie, "where's Thad?"

"Thad?" repeated Mrs. Penfield, still dazed. "Why, I—I left him here. My goodness! Where can that child be. We must find him. It's long past dark."

They went through the house; they searched in the back yard, in the driveway. Alarmed, they rang every bell in The Custard Cup, but no one had seen Thad. Thoroughly frightened, they met again in the lean-to kitchen. If they could only see his little auburn head—

"Penzie, where could he be?" implored Crink. Mrs. Penfield's lips shook. "I'm 'fraid the man that took the money, took Thad so't he wouldn't tell. I—Oh, we'll find him, children." Her face was chalky white. Her brown eyes burned with a fierce fire.

Lettie had never seen her like that. A mighty impulse surged up in the child to make her Penzie happy again; and it was as if the rising tide of that impulse lifted a recollection, fallen in one corner of her brain, and bore it to the surface. "I'll get him, Penzie; I'll get him," she screamed, waving her arm wildly and dashing toward the door.

Mrs. Penfield sprang forward and caught the child by the shoulder. "Stay right here, Lettie. I'm going out somewhere to telephone the police, and—"

"Leggo!" cried Lettie, working her lean shoulder madly in the effort to free herself. "Leggo! I'll get him."

"Lettie—"

"Leggo! I gotta get him."

The frail cotton tore under Mrs. Penfield's grasp. Lettie had wrenched herself loose.

"Don't you worry, Penzie, darling," she shrieked, as she darted to the door. "I know where he is. I'll get him."

In another moment she was clipping through The Custard Cup to the outer street. Her suspicions were definite, but only a child of ten-second impulsiveness would have acted upon them.

THERE was one man in The Custard Cup whom Lettie instinctively distrusted. That was Frank Bosley. This very evening she had seen a man hurrying out of the driveway with a child in his arms. It had been too dark for her to see clearly; indeed, she had paid no attention at the time.

But now she was sure that Mr. Bosley had come to see Penzie on some errand and had found the house alone. This because he had come in the afternoon and inquired for her! He had encountered only Lettie, on the back steps, and she remembered with remorse that she had told him Penzie was out collecting the rents. She ought not to have mentioned that, but she hadn't known the money would be in the house.

Then Mr. Bosley had angered Lettie by some scornful remark, and she had flashed back random taunts for which she had gathered the material in her prowling around vacant lots.

"Go 'way," she had stormed. "Ain't it time you was slinking in that basement to see the cross-eyed man?"

A steely light had sprung into Frank Bosley's eyes. "And the little man that carries a cane?"

The steely light had become a dangerous fire.

"If I was in your place," Lettie had proceeded with relish, "I wouldn't leave my machine in the same spot all the time. It's notic'ble 'tween them two eucalyptus trees on Everidge Street, and—"

Then Frank Bosley's white anger had blazed out at her. "You imp of Satan! You hain't seen me in any such place."

Coolly Lettie had confronted him. "If it wasn't you, what're you getting so mad for? I know. I seen you three fellers more'n once; and the way you slink, I know you're 'shamed of something."

"Shaw! Don't worry, spitfire."

His recovered carelessness had been an immense disappointment to Lettie, but now she recalled only his frightened



THE WOMAN TURNED ON LETTIE WITH EYES THAT GLITTERED, THREATENED. . . "DON'T YOU MOVE," SHE HISSED

anger over her first charges. He was a wicked man, she thought savagely. Of course he had taken the money; he had taken Thad; he had gone to that mysterious house.

It was a black night, but Lettie was sure of the way, covering the blocks rapidly till she came to the Everidge Street house. There was no light in any window, but she rang the bell. "I'll begin decent," she told herself. She believed that queer people came here, and somehow she didn't expect them to respond to the bell. Giving them the chance was her method of discharging her formal duty.

There was no answer. Lettie set her teeth. "Thad's in there," she thought steadily, "and I'm going to have him."

QUIETLY she circled the two-story house. It had a high basement. There was a basement window toward the vacant lot, but it was fastened. Immediately she reflected that if she got into the basement, she would probably want to go upstairs and might find herself locked away from the main floor. She knew that the key was not likely to be on the basement side. The windows on the first floor were all closed—except one on the other side from the vacant lot, probably the bathroom window. That was raised a few inches. It was very narrow, but so was Lettie. Mentally she pounced on that window.

But the physical pouncing was not simple. She called upon her wide experience in prowling to help her. In the back yard she groped around and found an old box; in other back yards she found other boxes. She borrowed four of

gripped the child's shoulder, whirled her about, and forced her into a chair. "You sit there," she hissed. "Don't you move."

Lettie glared steadily back at her. The grip on her thin shoulder had convinced her that physical resistance was inadvisable, but her spirit was still determined.

"I want my little brother," she repeated, with diplomatic calm.

A tide of color surged into the woman's face. She looked as if she were strangling. "Ain't nobody here," she snapped.

A terrible fear clutched Lettie's heart. What if Thad really were not here?

"Please—"

"Shut up."

The woman sat down across from Lettie. They glared at each other. The shades were drawn down below the window-sills, so that not a ray of light could penetrate outside. . . . No one would dream that a little girl was a prisoner in this house, dark, deserted for all that a passer-by could tell. . . . The room was close and fearfully silent. The gas spouted up now and then and burned with an angry sizzling. Lettie's frightened glance traveled around the bare room, seeking for some means of outwitting the woman before her. Nothing occurred to her.

SUDDENLY she heard a sound that was like a faint moan. It seemed to come from a distance. She heard it again. It might be in the basement. Again! She was sure it was below her somewhere.

"Oh!" Lettie started to her feet. "I hear him. It's Thad. Let me—"

The woman pushed her back into her seat. "You fool! Tain't nothing but cats."

Lettie struggled to free herself. "It is, too. I know it's Thad. Leggo! Leggo! Darn it all, LEGGO!"

"Shut up. I got ways to keep you still." She seized the child's arms and twisted them back with a swift wrench. Lettie gasped; she turned faint with the pain. But when the first agony had passed, she was filled with renewed defiance. It flashed into her mind that the woman was waiting for something. Lettie wished it would come. Whatever it was, surely she could—

The moan struck her ears again, a long wail of human suffering, the desolation of a child that is spent with crying. Lettie's fingers worked, but she held herself still. Perhaps the woman would go to sleep after a while. Nobody could stay awake always. The gas shot up at one side, sank again with a dismal gurgle.

Presently there was a sound outside—faint, momentary, like a step. Lettie's heart gave a bound of relief. The woman sat straighter in her chair, in an attitude of alarmed listening. The sound came again. The woman sprang up, turned off the gas, and went out quickly toward the front of the house.

Instantly Lettie dashed the other way, through a door which she had previously decided must lead to the kitchen. Groping her way around the wall, she opened a door into another room, and then one which opened into space—the stairway.

She plunged recklessly down the dark stairs, her nerves keyed high by the fear of pursuit. The moaning was louder now. Thad was near; she knew it. Stumbling over rubbish, half falling before she could regain her footing, she made for the direction from which the moaning seemed to come, and encountered a rough wall. But there was a door. There was a key. It turned. As Lettie dashed into the room, she heard steps on the stairs. There was noise everywhere—steps overhead. Things were happening. Folks were after her. She must hurry.

[Continued on page 30]

## In This Story of The Custard Cup—

MRS. PENFIELD—A widow who, in return for her rent, manages the small community known as The Custard Cup.

TEN-SECOND LETTIE—A child who never knew anything but neglect and abuse until Mrs. Penfield took her in. Before that, she paid her way by salvaging from dumps.

CRINK—A boy of ten, adopted by Mrs. Penfield and so imbued with her optimism that he happily tells everybody he is "living grand."

THAD—A baby of four to whom the family is devoted.

different sizes. These she placed on end; then with the help of nails that had once fastened a vine to the wall, she climbed within range of the ledge, pushed up the window softly, squeezed her thin body through, swung downward with her wiry hands grasping the sill, and touched her feet to the floor.

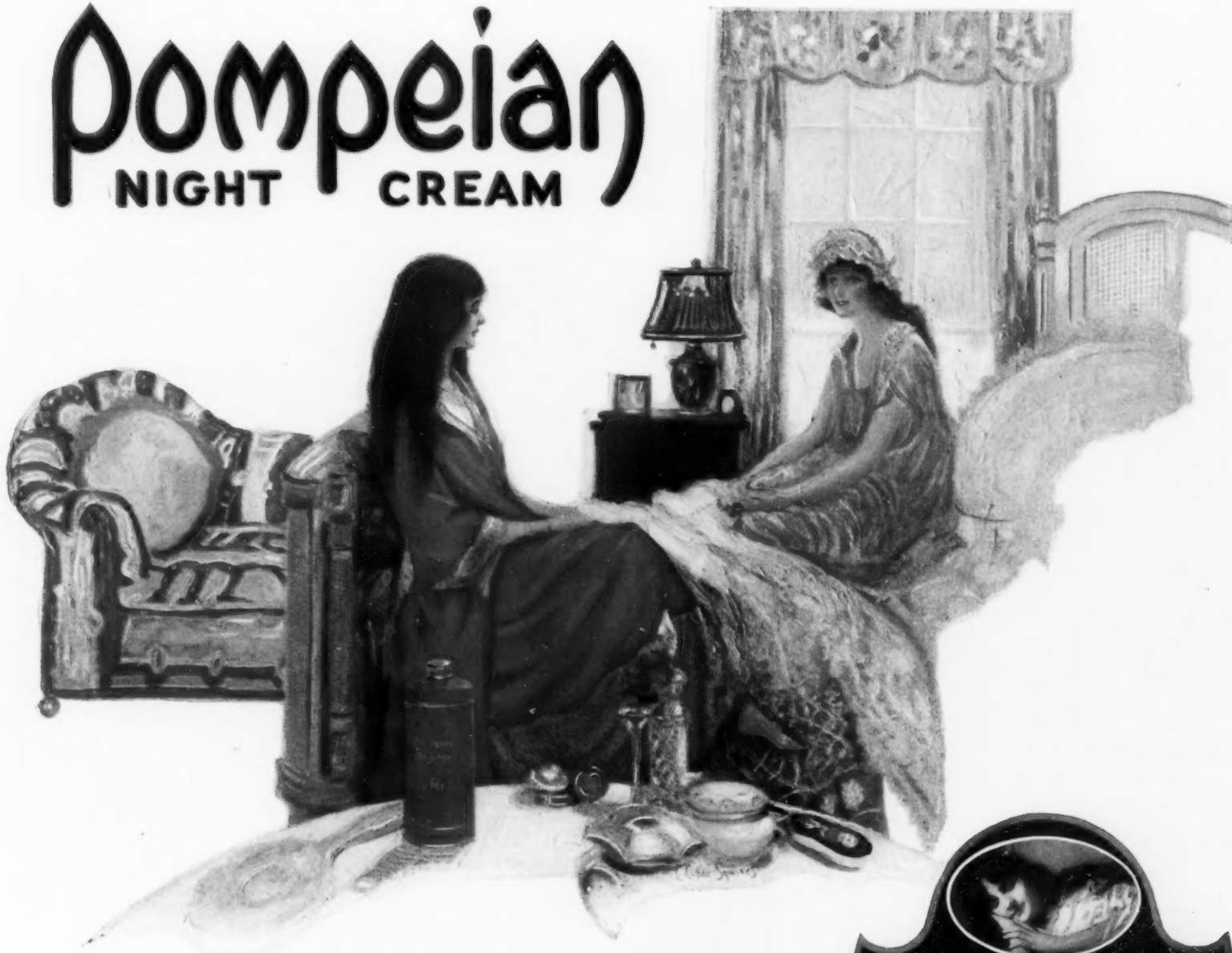
She was inside. With the exuberance of ignorance, she felt that her quest was nearly accomplished. She stretched out her hands till she discovered the door; then went through—into inky blackness. She crept along the wall, tried a door, found it locked; tried another, found it also locked; tried a third. The knob yielded. She turned it carefully and looked into a room in which a gas-jet burned. A woman was sitting by the table—a rich woman. She was counting her money and putting the green bills into different piles.

There was no child in the room. Having glanced around to make sure, Lettie tried to withdraw quietly, but the door—



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# MILLY OF LANGMORE STREET

[Continued from page 5]

something that the Misses Cholmondeley had never told her about, and Milly didn't know what to say. So she just buried her head on Eric's shoulder.

It was ten minutes before she remembered to ask herself what her mother and father would say, and then she didn't want to think about it, so she pressed the thought out of her mind.

But after a bit, Milly encouraged Eric to talk about himself—which he did with great frankness—and they drove on, and it was three or four hours later that Milly awoke to the fact that it was half-past seven and she was forty miles from home.

"Do you know what time it is?" she said to Eric.

"Oh," said Eric, "I forgot. You must be terribly hungry. I am. And I know a place where we can get real food."

He set off at top speed, and what with hanging on to her hat and not wanting to anyway, Milly had no chance to tell him that she must get home as fast as she could.

ERIC drew up at a little hotel in the main street of a town—Hebron or Sharon—he could never, he said, remember which it was. But the proprietor remembered Eric. If they were willing to wait, they could have fried chicken.

"I love fried chicken," Milly said.

It was while they were waiting for the fried chicken that Milly remembered her promise to Kate. They had been sitting looking at each other without saying a word—in any language that can be overheard—for fully five minutes. Milly smiled at the memory of her talk with Kate. And Eric, thinking (not without reason) that she was smiling at him, took her hand in his under cover of the table, and looked quickly about the dining-room.

"There's nobody in sight and I think I could kiss you," he said earnestly.

Milly leaned back, increasing the distance between them. "No," she said. "Somebody might come in." The Misses Cholmondeley had taught her how to meet this occasion. "One does not embrace in a public place," the elder Miss Cholmondeley had said, "under any circumstances."

"Besides," Milly continued, "I have something to tell you. My family doesn't approve of you. I promised to tell you that you mustn't call on me again—at least not for a long time."

Eric laughed.

"They're quite serious," Milly warned.

"You mean they won't let me see you now that we're engaged?"

"I should say," Milly said, "that our being engaged would make them even less willing."

"That rather puts it up to me, doesn't it?" Eric frowned thoughtfully.

"They're so terribly particular," Milly said. "And they still think of me as a child—you know how parents are!"

"Yes," said Eric. "I see that it's going to be difficult."

"It will be quite awful when I tell them I'm in love with you," Milly said.

But the fried chicken came just then and they forgot everything, except that they were hungry and that they were together.

It was after ten when they were ready to start back. Eric produced a thick rug from the rear compartment of the speedster. He wrapped the rug twice around Milly, picked her up in his arms and put her in the car, and tucked an end snugly under her feet. "You ought to be warm enough," he said judiciously. He took her hat and dropped it in the compartment.

"You won't want that," he explained.

"Put your shoulder against mine," Eric commanded. "We'll have to hurry along and it will be a bit bumpy."

Milly snuggled close. He turned a switch and the low car gathered speed, and they went rushing through the cool June dark. Milly felt the wind lift her hair, loosen it, tangle it. She felt the speedster lurch and sway and plunge. But she only snuggled closer to Eric and half-closed her eyes and gave herself up to happiness.

The house in Langmore Street was lighted from cellar to garret. Milly saw it, and, seeing it, she was no longer a woman in love; she was a little girl who had been naughty. Such is the tyranny of parents.

"It looks to me, Milly," Eric said, "as if they were getting ready to receive you."

"It's no joke," Milly said. The prospect of facing an outraged family sickened her. She knew she could never explain. She had put a barrier between herself and them—forever.

"I'm going in with you," Eric said, and reached for the gear-shift.

"No you're not," Milly said. "That would only make it worse."

Eric put his arm around her. "Come with me, now," he said.

Milly's head dropped on his shoulder. Would she ever see him again? Her mother would be quite capable of sending her to Europe or back to school.

"We can drive to Chicago by daybreak and be married as soon as the place where you get a license is open."

Milly shook her head.

"Why not chuck it all, Milly? We aren't children. And falling in love isn't a crime. Why don't we get married?"

Milly raised her head, freed one hand, and stroked his cheek. "I don't know, Eric—but I just can't."

"But we'll have to elope sometime?"

"Yes," said Milly sadly. "I suppose we will."

"Why not now?"

"I want to give them a chance to—to accept it," Milly said.

"But you know they won't."

"Yes," Milly said, "I know they won't."

"And in the meantime they'll be nasty. Why, they'll kick about our writing to each other probably."

"I'll have to promise not to write to you, and you'll have to promise not to write to me."

"You mean I'm just to run away and not see you again or hear from you?"

"You have my promise, Eric. You know I love you. And I will marry you no matter what Father and Mother say."

Eric put his other arm around her. "But when, Milly? Will you marry me next week?"

"No," said Milly.

"Next month?"

"No, of course not. I'll go in and I'll have to tell them where I've been and why. And I don't know what they'll do about it—take me away somewhere, perhaps. I know I'll have to promise not to write to you or see you or—anything."

"I shan't know where you are?"

"No."

"Then you're just throwing me down?"

"No, Eric. But I've got to wait. I just can't defy them until they've had a chance to come around."

"Isn't a month a chance?"

"Six months would be fairer, dear."

"I'll compromise on three—the first of September. Three months from now you wire me that they've consented—or else I'll come for you."

Milly put her head back on Eric's shoulder and considered. Three months did seem long enough for her family to get it through their heads that she was in love with Eric. Three months was a ghastly long time. Only Eric mustn't come for her.

"I'll meet you, Eric."

"Very well," said Eric. "You will meet me in Chicago at noon, in the lobby of the Blackstone Hotel—the first day of September."

Milly raised her head.

"Yes, Eric," she said. "Now kiss me and take me home."

A clock struck midnight as Eric lifted her out of the car and unwrapped the rug.

"Good-by," she said, and waved her hand.

She stood watching the red light of the speedster's tail-lamp growing smaller in the dark. And then the front door of the house opened and she saw her father standing in the hall.

## III

MILLY took a deep breath and started up the walk.

"Good evening, father," she said, in quite the manner advocated by the Misses Cholmondeley.

"Hello, Milly," said her father. He was actually grinning. Milly walked past him, into the drawing-room. Her mother was not grinning; nor was Kate. They looked as if somebody had just died.

"Hello, everybody," Milly said.

Neither Kate nor Milly's mother spoke. Milly's father looked at her quizzically.

"Where's your hat?" he asked.

"I—" Milly could not remember what had become of her hat—"I must have lost it," she finished.

Milly's mother raised the lorgnette that lay in her lap and surveyed Milly through it.

"My dear," she said, "have you lost your mind as well?"

Milly wanted to cry. But she would not cry before them. She shut her teeth.

Milly's father patted her shoulder. "You had better go to bed," he said.

Milly went upstairs to her own room. She shut the door and threw herself on the bed and muffled her head in her pillow, and cried and cried and cried. She cried because there was no hope of ever, ever making them understand that she was really in love.

Her father thought it was amusing and her mother thought it was awful, and that was what they would continue to think for ever and ever, no matter what the truth was—no matter what she said. And she had promised Eric she would elope with him in three months. She couldn't run away. She knew she couldn't. And besides, in three months, Eric would have forgotten all about her.

Downstairs Mr. Baird paced back and forth tugging at his mustache.

"What shall we do?" Mrs. Baird cried.

"In the first place, Clara, let's not take it too, too seriously."

"Andrew!" said Mrs. Baird. "How can you?"

"After all," said Mr. Baird, "it isn't tragedy—it's comedy."

"Andrew," said Mrs. Baird, "you're a man and you didn't see what I saw. Milly is in love—she's infatuated—I could see it in her face."

"Yes," said Mr. Baird with exasperating calmness, "I thought so too."

"How can you take it so—so—" Mrs. Baird paused to think of a word—"frivolously," she finished.

"I was never more serious in my life," said Mr. Baird earnestly. "It hurts to have Milly fall in love. But—after all—falling in love isn't precisely criminal, you know."

"But the man," cried Mrs. Baird. "One of those awful Middle-western college boys."

"Well," said Mr. Baird, "I'm not sure that he is so awful. I was a Middle-western college boy myself, you know."

"That was different," said Mrs. Baird.

"I'm not sure that you've ever forgiven me for it," Mr. Baird said. "But the question is, what are we going to say to Milly?"

"The thing to do is to take her down East for the summer, where she won't see this young man, and forbid her to write to him or have letters from him."

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Baird thoughtfully.

"I am," said Mrs. Baird firmly.

"Very well," Mr. Baird said. "Only let's not lecture her about it. Let's not talk about it—"

Upstairs Milly had ceased to sob. Milly lay half awake and half asleep, dreaming. When she closed her eyes, she could see the red spark of a tail-light growing smaller in the dark. She slept. And in the dream the red spark grew larger instead of smaller, larger and larger, until Eric stood beside her and put her in the car and they drove off together, drove on and on.

## IV

NO one so much as mentioned Eric to Milly in the week that followed.

Kate appeared too busy packing for the summer to talk. It was only when they were on the train that Milly knew where they were going.

Milly's father spoke to her alone.

"We're going to spend the summer at Broad Haven—on Cape Cod. I hope you'll like it."

"I'm sure I will," Milly said dutifully.

"And by the way—am I to understand that you will not communicate with that young man?"

"Do you mean—never?"

"Well," said Mr. Baird uncomfortably—"I don't know that I insist on never—let us say while you are at Broad Haven."

"Very well, Father. I won't communicate with him while I am at Broad Haven."

Milly was not long in learning that the family wished to give her a gay summer. There was a colony of Boston people at Broad Haven of whom her mother seemed to approve. Milly was freer than she had ever been, provided she forgot Eric Bullen.

Often Milly wished that she could tell her mother all about Eric. But the next moment she realized that, even if she had the courage to speak frankly, her mother would not have the courage to listen frankly. Her mother had ignored everything.

Her mother assumed, Milly said to herself, that she was a child, incapable of knowing her own mind, ignorant of the world, incompetent to decide anything important for herself. But, granting that all this was true (which Milly did not grant for a moment), how was she to acquire competence? Did her mother imagine that if the process of deciding everything for her were continued long enough, she would learn to do without aid?

But the fact that her mother disapproved so heartily, troubled Milly. She had been used all her life to accepting her mother's opinions. She went over and over and round and round the circumstances, in an effort to reconcile the fact that her parents were always right and that they were indubitably wrong.

They did not know Eric, and yet they passed judgment on him, finally and irrevocably. They pretended to be deeply concerned about her happiness—and yet they did not for a moment consider permitting her the thing she desired most.

There was no use trying to make them see. It would take years. She would lose Eric. She must either elope with him or lose him. She had been a fool ever to think of any happier way.

Milly began to save every penny of her allowance. She wrote down all the facts about trains from Boston to Chicago and lost the paper and wrote them down again and ended in knowing them by heart.

Finally she persuaded her father she ought to go to Boston on a shopping trip.

"I think I'll go, too," he said after a moment. "I'd like to."

Milly hesitated. She hated to deceive her father. But she must. "I'd like awfully to go alone," she said.

Her father looked at her sharply. "Very well," he said.

## V

MILLY shopped one afternoon in Boston. That night she called up her mother on the long-distance telephone, just to reassure her. The next morning at three minutes after ten she was safely ensconced aboard the 10:05 for Chicago.

Milly sat looking out of the window as the train pulled out of the yards. She tried to occupy her mind with details. She would wire her mother the moment she was married. She would get off at Englewood and taxi to the Blackstone, just in case anything did happen and they wired ahead to a detective agency, or the police. But if everything went well, she would be only a few minutes late for the appointment she had made with Eric—so long ago.

In the morning, Milly had no appetite for breakfast. What if Eric shouldn't be there? She hadn't money enough to take her back to Boston. But could she ever go home if Eric failed her? Milly worked herself up into something like a panic.

Milly stood in the vestibule the last ten minutes, waiting for the train to stop.

She slipped down the steps, took one glance to get her bearings, and, restraining the impulse to run, walked rapidly down to the street-level and into a waiting taxicab. In another minute she was able to breathe. Milly looked at her watch; she wouldn't be more than ten minutes late, or twenty at the most. She had kept her promise.

The taxi whirled steadily southward. Milly caught herself sitting on the edge of the seat as if urging it onward. She wondered what the elder Miss Cholmondeley would suggest as the proper words of greeting to Eric. The taxicab had reached Thirty-ninth Street.

Milly ceased to wonder and became immediately practical. She opened her vanity case and took out the little mirror it contained and powdered her nose, and set her hat at its most fetching angle. The taxi drew up at the entrance of the Blackstone.

The driver got down and opened the door—and then she saw Eric.

"Milly!" he cried.

But Milly did nothing but look at him. She was dumb, miserable. Eric's eyes reassured her, but a sudden tear rolled down her cheek.

Eric gave the driver an address and jumped into the cab. He patted her shoulder. He put his arm around her.

"Eric," Milly cried. "Eric."

"Yes, sweetheart," said Eric softly.

"Eric—I—love—you," she said. "But I want to g-g-g home."

"There—there," Eric said. Milly stared up at him. He was strangely unresponsive—for Eric. Was he, too, afraid?

Speech came in a sudden torrent.

"I don't know whether Father and Mother know I'm gone or not," Milly said. She plunged into an account of how she had got away. But after a moment she saw that Eric was not listening. He was sitting opposite her and smiling. There was something shy, something almost diffident—as if he were afraid of her. Milly looked up at him under the edge of her hat.

"I would have supposed," she said coolly, "that you would kiss me."

"You know," he said. "I don't quite dare."

"After I have come all the way from Boston to meet you?"

"That's just it," said Eric. "I am afraid you may be wishing you hadn't."

"Eric, I love you. I do really love you—" she said. "But now that I have eloped with you, I want to go home."

"There, there, darling," said Eric—"you shall." And he kissed her. He kissed her twice, hard and seriously.

At that moment the taxi chugged to a stop. Eric leaped out and reached back for Milly. "Here we are," he said.

Milly didn't answer. She stepped out dazed in her indecision.

"Eric," she said, and then her voice stopped. She swayed a little on Eric's arm.

Out of the taxi in the rear of their own, stepped Milly's father, tall, familiar, unperturbed.

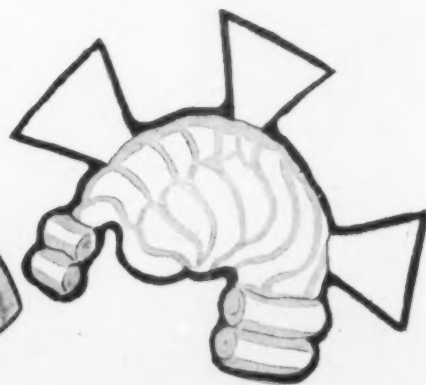
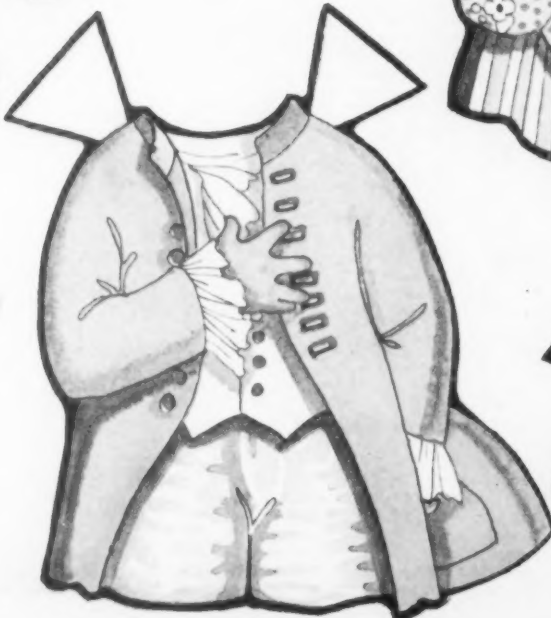
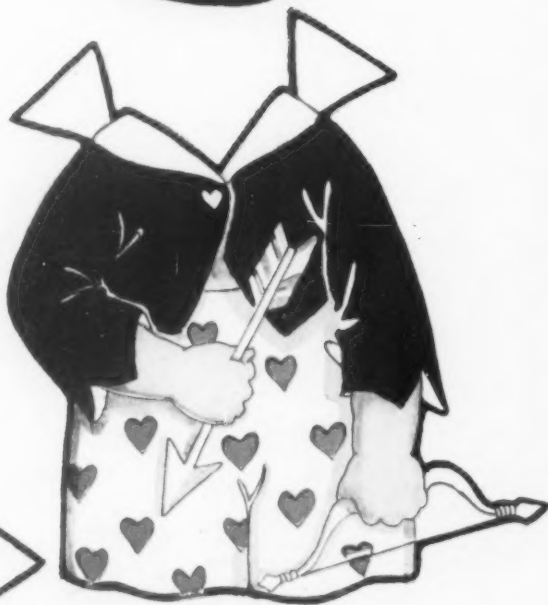
"Ah, Milly," he said. "Here we are, altogether again." He kissed her, there on the street. He was actually shaking hands with Eric! Milly's father seemed to take Eric for granted. Milly stared at him. He must know everything. He must have known for a long time, else how had he managed to be here?

"Did you eat any breakfast, Milly?" he

[Continued on page 42]

Two fancy-dress parties, one after the other;  
What oodles of fun for Jill and her brother!

By Barbara Hale





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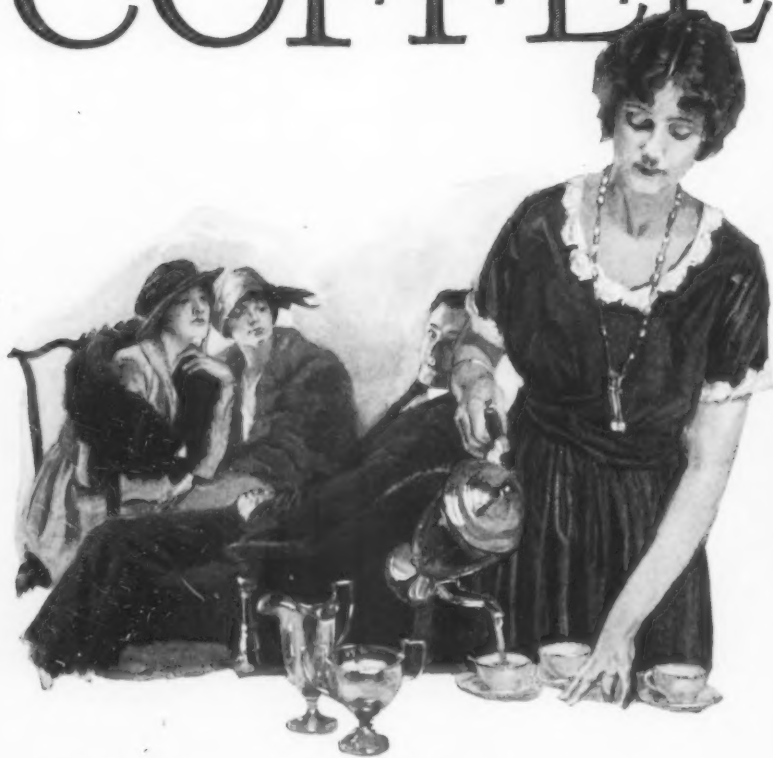
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## Young Love

### Comes to the House the Girls Build

By Mary Gordon Page

I DON'T know what makes me feel that way about her, but it is real, and I can't shake it off," was a significant sentence in a letter that came the other day. Significant not only of how the writer was feeling, but, too, of the whole army of his perplexities.

The letter was from a boy; but because it is a frank, straightforward telling of a state of mind that, vaguely or passionately has been expressed in many girls' letters, I am setting it down here.

... I suppose my life would be the same if I did not write this letter and receive an answer, but there will be the satisfaction of knowing what the other fellow thinks about it.

I have just graduated from high school; am seventeen years old and am just a common fellow. My ambition is to become a novelist. I am going to college next year, and shall major in journalism to learn the game of writing. I have never gone with girls. Now I seem somehow to crave their companionship. Last year I became acquainted with one a little older than myself, and our friendship grew very strong. It seemed to me different than my regard for others. I am just a kid in other ways, but I cannot rid myself of the thought of her. I don't know what makes me feel this way about her, but it is real, and I can't shake it off. I intend to go to college, and all the girls in the world can't stop me. But then I seem to dread the thought of coming back when I am twenty-one and out of college, and find that girl a part of some other fellow's home. Can you give me a little straight advice?

I like that letter. Mental honesty and a point of view on oneself are things hard come by during emotional stress at any time of life, and that they should have been achieved by a boy of seventeen is amazing. He probably could never have stated the case so plainly to the girl involved, which is one good reason for the letter's being printed here. Boys and girls should look together, and as squarely as their emotion will let them—which is not very squarely—at this question of first love, and of whether they will give and exact promises of loyalty while marriage is still four or five years away. Or whether, as the problem sometimes is, they shall cut short their education, and be married at once. This boy is facing it squarely; so squarely and clearly that his mood seems a far swing from "the golden time of youth's first love" of the poets, but it is just that. It is, too, a part of the whole physical, mental and emotional change that he, and almost every boy and girl of his age is undergoing.

For seventeen is, before everything else, a period of restlessness, of transformation, of groping for new things. Old emotions are quickened, new ones felt. Your ambition flames high; you see the person you wish to become; the things you wish to accomplish. Every road of life opens at this time, love among them.

"Don't tell me I am too young to love, for I am not," one girl wrote. "It's real, and I can't shake it off," the boy had said. Of course it is real. When this interest is roused, "this craving for companionship," to use the boy's perfect phrase, and is centered in one person, it seems to each that a miracle has happened.

And because the emotion is so intense, because you feel so poignantly that the whole world takes on new meaning, you believe that the feeling is the one on which you must plan to build your life. And so comes the question of engagement and marriage. The problem of making a living for two, while still unequipped, usually prevents immediate marriage, and that is fortunate.

Should you or should you not become engaged when you first realize that you

love each other? It does not probably greatly matter. Certainly you will talk it over, and arrive at some understanding. And it will be well if this understanding includes that you equip yourself for life before you undertake the responsibilities of life together, for the mental development of these years in the teens determines the character and achievement all life through.

And if you do become engaged, do not make the mistake, which is the natural tendency of two people who care greatly for each other, of cutting yourself off from others. Make new friends, learn new things about the world and the people in it. And, engaged or not, go away determined to get from the time away the greatest and the best growth possible to you.

No one, in looking forward, can estimate the change in thought and feeling and very self that four years of life will bring. It may easily happen that two who, at seventeen, were in perfect understanding, will find themselves in later life all but strangers, so far as any real basis of companionship is concerned. This of course is not always true. Some happy marriages come of romances that started in school-days. And two who meet after a long absence and find their feeling for each other unchanged have put it to the surest possible test, the test of development.

This test of development is one that you certainly owe to yourself, and to the person you love. Go on with your education; the cultivation of your social talents, or with the work that is giving you an experience and a taste of life that can come in no other way. Only by doing our best to grow have we the most to give in love, most to bring to marriage. And if after a separation you find that both of you have changed, you will think of the old affection as a bit of boy and girl romance, which was delightful, and fragrant in memory. If only one has changed in feeling, there is sure to be heartache. But being "true," in the old phrase, is not a matter of volition. Life sweeps us on in spite of ourselves; we grow up to some minds; we outgrow others, or are outgrown, and all is as it must be.

The little straight advice then to the boy of the letter, and to all the girls who are troubled by the question, is to take first love for what it is, a bit of beauty and of life experience. Don't be afraid of the changes that the future may bring. Keep the years free for the growth of mind and body and spirit, and whatever changes come will make for the enrichment of life.

Is your difficulty anything like the boy's? Or is something quite different perplexing you? Whatever it is, Mary Gordon Page will be glad to help you. Write to her, care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

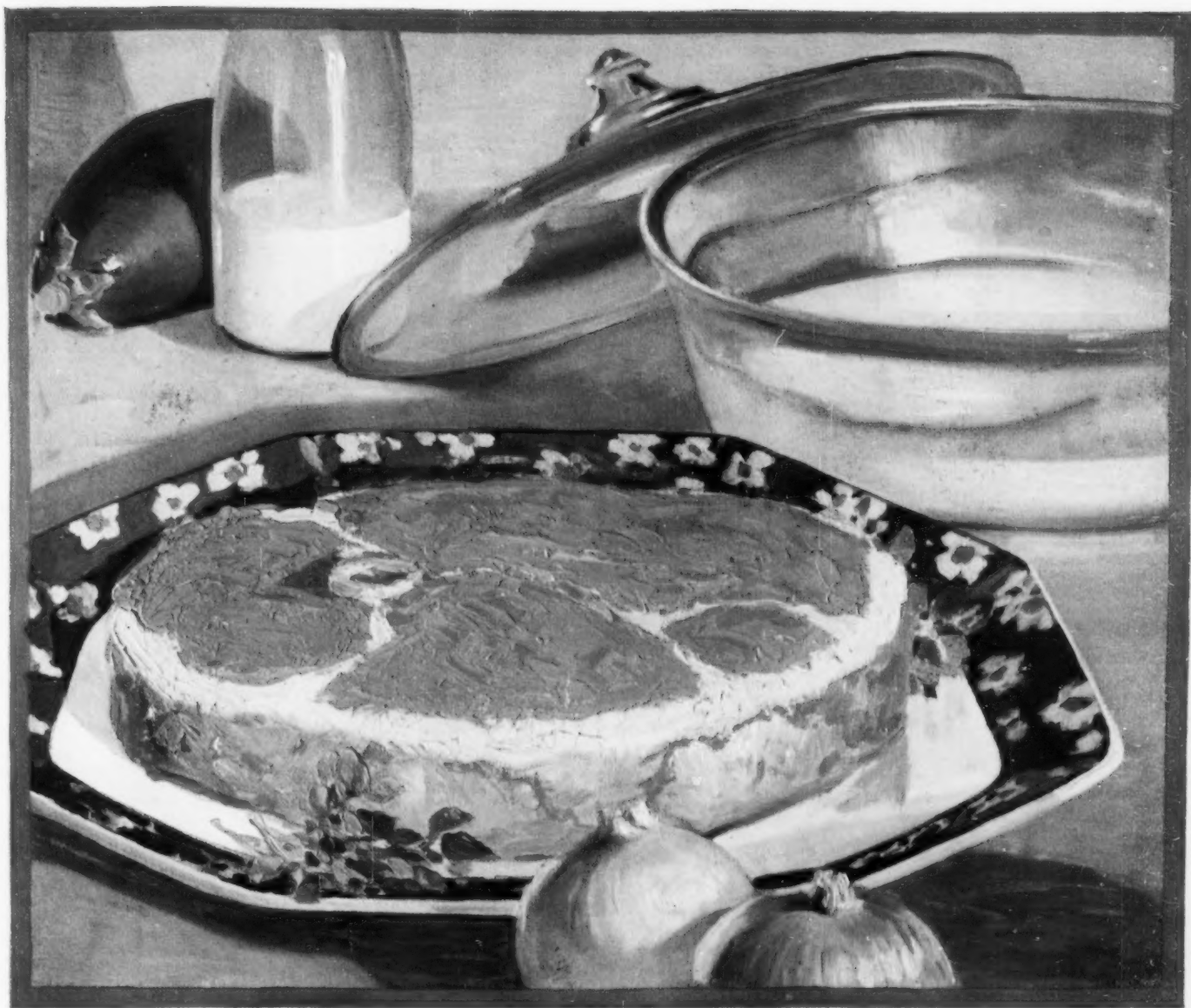


EVERY ROAD OF LIFE OPENS AT SEVENTEEN, LOVE AMONG THEM



SOME HAPPY MARRIAGES GROW OUT OF SCHOOLDAY FRIENDSHIPS





## Premium Ham with milk

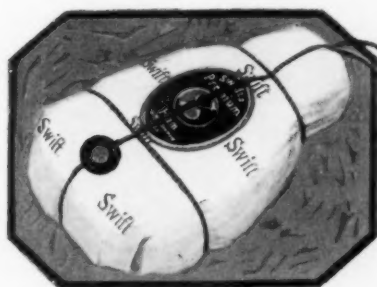
To make this most satisfactory dish get a thick slice of Swift's Premium Ham. It has a delicate flavor suitable for this way of cooking. Put it in a casserole and pour over milk to just cover. Return the lid to the casserole and put into a moderate oven for an hour. When the meat has cooked in the milk for thirty or forty minutes remove

the casserole lid so that all milk will be absorbed.

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For hours after Vicks is applied, its volatile ingredients, released as vapors by the body heat, are breathed right into the affected air passages.

Vicks in a few years became Dixie's favorite treatment for all cold troubles. It was just being introduced in the North when influenza broke out.

Everybody wanted Vicks. The laboratory was swamped with orders. Ingredients were bought by tons. Production was speeded up. Over 250,000 jars were made in one day. Since then Vicks, from coast to coast, has been the standby in millions of homes for cold troubles, skin eruptions, cuts, burns, bruises, sores, stings, and other inflammations of skin and tissues.

Get a jar of Vicks. Melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapors. You'll know at once how valuable it is. You'll want Vicks with you always. Write to Vick Chemical Co., Box 9193, Greensboro, N. C. A generous trial tin will be sent.



*For All Cold Troubles*

# VICKS

## VAPORUB

*Over 17 Million jars used yearly*



# EVERY MOTHER—EVERY BABY

Conducted by  
S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.  
Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City



## Those Little New Teeth

**M**OST mothers think of the teething period as extending from the sixth month to about the end of the second year and worry most of all about its effect upon the baby during the hot weather. There is naturally some ground for fearing the teething period for the tiny baby, because some little disturbances do seem to be the result of the coming of the teeth, but the new arrivals themselves do not cause serious illness. The idea that teething upsets baby in hot weather has been due to the fact that digestive troubles which are the effect of improper feeding are more common at that time, and are really the cause of the illness.

The real teething period covers the time from the appearance of the first little white point to the complete arrival of the first set of teeth. It lasts from the fifth month until the child is two and a half years old. Before discussing some of the difficulties associated with teething, it is well that every mother should know the order of appearance of the first teeth.

2 lower central incisors.....	5 to 8 months
4 upper incisors.....	8 to 12 months
2 lower lateral incisors.....	12 to 18 months
4 anterior molars.....	12 to 18 months
4 anterior molars.....	18 to 24 months
4 posterior molars.....	24 to 30 months

Thus, a child of eight months should have two teeth, at twelve months six teeth, at eighteen months twelve teeth, at two years sixteen teeth, and at two and a half years the full set of twenty teeth.

### IN CASE OF DELAY

Dentition, or teething, may be somewhat delayed. When this occurs it is usually due to undernourishment, rickets or some other disease which has undermined the child's vitality. Occasionally, however, perfectly healthy children have a delayed dentition period. Babies who are bottle fed are apt to have their teeth appear rather later than breast fed babies. Delayed dentition, however, need give no cause for concern unless the child has no teeth at all by the end of the first year, in which case the doctor's advice should be obtained.

Mothers should remember that teething is very seldom responsible for any of the diarrheal diseases or marked digestive troubles of infancy. If teething is accompanied by diarrhea, attention should be paid to the feeding. There are certain mild symptoms, however, that do accompany the cutting of the teeth, but they seldom last more than three or four days and usually tend to disappear without any treatment whatever. On the other hand, the more serious diarrheas or digestive disturbances that have commonly been supposed to be caused by teething are apt to become progressively worse and, if left untreated, may bring about really serious consequences.

The usual symptoms that are due to the cutting of the teeth are some restlessness, fretfulness, loss of appetite and slight temperature, which rarely goes above one hundred to one hundred and one degrees Fahrenheit. This irritability, with the other symptoms mentioned, is caused by the soreness and tenderness of the gums as the teeth are trying to force their way through. The greatest amount of relief may be obtained by some method of gentle rubbing.

### RELIEF FOR BABY

The mother should wash her hands carefully before inserting her finger into

the baby's mouth. The gum may then be rubbed gently with the forefinger for two or three minutes at a time, and this method may be repeated three or four times a day. If the baby is breast fed, the amount of feeding should be lessened by taking the baby from the breast a few minutes earlier than usual at each feeding. In bottle-fed babies the formula should be diluted one-quarter to one-half with water. Cool boiled water should be given to drink between feedings. Tub or cool sponge baths are excellent for reducing the temperature and quieting the nerves. These may be repeated two or three times a day. The baby should be kept as quiet as possible.

There are on the market many forms of teething rings. Nearly all of them are good provided they can be kept clean. If the baby is to be kept in a carriage or crib, the ring may be tied to the side of the crib with a ribbon long enough so that the baby can put the ring into its mouth, but short enough so that the ring cannot reach the floor. Usually the simple methods outlined above will quiet all the symptoms of the teething period, and as soon as the tooth makes its appearance, the baby will be quite well again.

### EXTREME CASES

In a few instances the arrival of the teeth is so delayed and the inflammation of the gum and general symptoms increase in severity to such an extent that the gums have to be lanced. The baby should always be taken to a physician to have this done. If any diarrhea accompanies the teething the mother should give a dose of two teaspoonfuls of castor oil and stop all milk feedings, using only barley water for at least twenty-four hours. If the diarrhea persists after that time, the baby should be placed under competent medical care.

As soon as the first teeth are through, they should receive daily care. Ordinarily, the mouth of a little baby should not be washed out. Handling is apt to damage the delicate mucous membrane lining the mouth. After the teeth begin to appear, washing out of the mouth is necessary and can be done without harm. A piece of absorbent cotton should be wound around the end of a toothpick or else around the mother's little finger and dipped into a solution of boric acid. The gums, tongue



and teeth may be washed off gently with this. The utmost care must be used not to use force or to injure the mouth in any way.

Children may be taught to use the toothbrush from the time they are two years old. Dental powders are not advised

at so early an age. Castile soap or a solution of boric acid is best for the purpose. Care of the teeth thus early in life is of importance for several reasons. It establishes proper habits in the mind of the child, the teeth are kept clean and consequently are much less likely to decay, and the mouth is also kept in cleanly condition. All three of these points are of the greatest importance in the general health of the child. The second teeth are set in the jaw directly behind the temporary teeth. When the latter loosen and fall out naturally, the permanent teeth behind them push their way through the gums easily, and usually in healthy condition.

When the temporary teeth decay early, however, and have to be extracted, there may be several bad results. Usually the other teeth crowd together and fill in the space left by extraction of the decayed teeth. The result is that the permanent teeth do not have room in which to force their way through the gums and when they do appear they are apt to be irregular in their position in the jaw. Thumb-sucking and the use of pacifiers also cause misshapen jaws, especially the overhanging upper jaw which deforms the face and makes proper mastication impossible.

### DECAY LEADS TO DECAY

Early decay of the temporary teeth may also easily result in early decay of the permanent teeth, as most of the permanent teeth appear while some of the temporary teeth are still in the jaw.

Practically all contagious diseases enter the body through the mouth. A clean mouth with sound teeth is the greatest barrier we have against ill-health of any kind. Decayed or sore teeth prevent proper chewing of the food, with resultant indigestion and undernourishment. While misshapen or decayed teeth are looked upon by many parents as ordinary accompaniments of childhood, they may give rise to the most serious results, because of the accumulation of germs in the mouth and inability to chew properly. Filling of the first teeth is just as important as filling of permanent teeth and should never be overlooked.

### DENTAL HYGIENE

All over the country at the present time there is a great deal of interest being taken in this subject of oral hygiene or (proper care of the mouth and teeth). Women are being trained to be "dental hygienists." They are employed mainly in connection with schools. Their function is to clean the teeth of the children, teach them how to brush their teeth and how to keep their mouths in cleanly condition, call attention to the necessity of early repair work when it is indicated and see that the child goes to the dentist for simple fillings that may be called for. Where these dental hygienists have been employed the condition of the children's mouths has shown a most remarkable improvement. Have your schools a dental hygienist?

Dr. Baker will be glad to help you with your problems concerning the health and training of your baby. Of course she cannot prescribe, but she is ready to give what advice can be given by letter. Enclose stamped envelope and address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

## Mrs. Knox's Corner

### A Winter Fruit Season

**I** WONDER how many of us, when we are trying to think of something different to serve, overlook the delights offered in dried fruits—apples, peaches, apricots, and even our old friend, the prune.

When fresh fruit is scarce, I have found that the most delightful and wholesome surprise desserts may easily be made at small cost, with Knox Gelatine and dried fruits. Try these two tempting recipes.



### APRICOT CREAM PUDDING

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 cup cold water  
1 cup cooked apricots and juice  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1 egg white  
1 cup sugar  
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Put apricots and juice through a sieve, add lemon juice and strain into this the gelatine. Add sugar and when dissolved set bowl in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; add egg white beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold or ordinary dish, garnished if desired with cut apricots and chill. (Any dried or canned fruit may be used in place of the apricots.)

To make a "twice-as-high" more creamy, won't-dry-out icing add one teaspoon Knox Gelatine, softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water to your favorite recipe. Beat in well before spreading on cake.

### PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 cup cold water  
1 cup scalded milk  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup cooked prunes  
2 egg whites  
1 cup chopped nuts  
or toasted cake crumbs  
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in scalded milk and add sugar. Strain into bowl containing ice water and beat constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add prunes, chopped nuts or toasted cake crumbs, and egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a cold mold the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes; then chill. Serve cold, with plain cream, whipped cream or custard sauce.

Evaporated milk may be whipped up into a delicious whipped cream if a teaspoonful of Knox Gelatine softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water is added, whipping the milk in a bowl surrounded by ice or ice water.

There are many other winter desserts as well as salads, meat and fish molds or relishes given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts," and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX  
KNOX GELATINE

108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"



This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife





Magic Yeast—Yeast Foam  
—just the same except in name, 10c

## An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

*It is very rich in vitamins—four times as much  
as any other food.*

*Vitamines are absolutely essential to keep you well.*

*Without them you become rundown, listless.*

*Most foods lack this one vital element.*

You found it hard to believe at first, that this simple food, the very same cake of Yeast Foam used to make such exceptionally good bread in millions of homes, possesses remarkable curative powers.

Articles and editorials are educating the whole country to the healthful, upbuilding qualities of yeast. Many physicians are prescribing it. "If the American public knew of the medicinal qualities of Yeast Foam it would mean much to people's health," writes a Western man.

Countless intelligent persons neglect some of the simplest and most fundamental rules of healthful living. The drains on nervous energy of modern life; lessened resistance to disease because of overwork, strain or worry, inadequate rest or sleep; malnutrition which comes from insufficient or improper selection of food; constipation—all of these have increased enormously the so-called deficiency diseases whose symptoms are a run-down,

listless condition of lowered vitality.

The simple story of this familiar food is that Yeast Foam, added to an unbalanced diet, will make a complete diet by furnishing the one vital element, vitamins, lacking in most other foods; growth, bodily vigor and a condition of the system unfavorable to the attacks of disease will immediately be developed. Without this vitamin our bodies cannot supply the energy we need, and loss of appetite and vigor result. It has been known for some time, that spinach contains this vital element that keeps us fit and strong and healthy; but only recently was it learned that yeast contains four times as much of the essential vitamin as spinach.

The discovery of the vitamin, found first in the hulls of grains, according to a noted physician and scientist, is the greatest epoch-making step towards complete immunity from disease since the discovery of radium.

### Removes cause of boils and pimples

Skin specialists have discovered that external treatments do not remove the cause of skin troubles. Yeast Foam does.

Skin eruptions usually are indications of internal troubles, often stomach disorders or a rundown condition. As it improves the health, Yeast Foam also clears the skin by furnishing the essential vitamin, the lack of which in an unbalanced diet is often the principal cause of unsightly complexions.



How to take Yeast Foam  
Eat a third, half or whole cake three times a day before meals. Wash it down with a little water or milk. You will quickly learn to like its taste. Some prefer to eat it buttered like a cracker.

### Constipation corrected

Yeast Foam is not a drug. A wonderful little plant of vegetable nature, it is receiving the attention of scientists in almost every country in the world.

It is not to be used as an ordinary purge. As a gentle laxative it is affording many people permanent relief. It gradually establishes the normal action of the bowels and has none of the weakening after effects of drugs and oils that give only temporary relief.

### How to obtain the best results

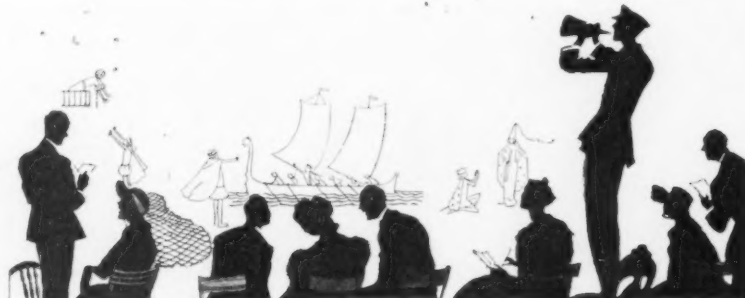
Yeast Foam is a food, is assimilated just like any other food and does not have the same effect in the body as in raising bread.

Avoid sweets immediately after eating Yeast Foam. Like any other treatment it must be continued to be effective.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., Dept. G-1  
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free instructive booklet, "Dry  
Yeast as an Aid to Health," telling the interesting story of the wonderful new use of Yeast Foam.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



THE SHIP'S FLASHLIGHT WAS TURNED ON FAMOUS LOVERS OF THE PAST

## The Good Ship Valentine A Gay Land-Bound Voyage

By Nellie Ryder Gates

LET'S give a party," should be the motto on February's banner. Washington's birthday, Lincoln's birthday, St. Valentine's Day—all supply delightful opportunities for entertainment, but the jolliest of these is the gentle old saint's day.

Here is a riotous party for the 14th. Young people or young-hearted older people will enjoy it equally well. You should have seen the fun we had when the Carters gave it!

The invitations took the form of little handbills printed on flimsy white paper with red ink.

### GRAND MOONLIGHT EXCURSION!!

of the

### HEARTS AND ARROWS CLUB

#### THE GOOD SHIP VALENTINE

will leave from Carter's wharf at 8 o'clock sharp on February 14, landing at Dan Cupid's new Amusement Park in the evening

*Of Course You Are Coming!!!*

When the guests arrived at the Carters' home on St. Valentine's night, many of them in white ducks and middie blouses, they found two or three boards laid up the front steps in true gang-plank fashion, and two lanterns hanging outside the door. A sign with a red heart on it, the point turned towards the steps, showed the way.

The host and hostess in white sailor suits and caps, with the name of the ship, the *Valentine*, printed on the bands in red letters, met them at the door and directed them upstairs to the rooms where they were to remove their wraps. LADIES' CABIN was printed across one, and GENTLEMEN'S CABIN across the other. They were told to come on deck as soon as possible.

#### ALL ABOARD!

The hall light had been covered with yellow paper to look like a full moon, and the lights upstairs with green and red paper to imitate the ship's lanterns. When the guests came down stairs, all together, they were shown to a row of camp stools placed along one side of the hall. A rope was stretched in front for the rail of the ship. When everyone was seated a shrill whistle sounded, the Captain (the host) shouted "All Aboard!" and they were off. The Captain with his megaphone then took his place at the rail and announced that they were now sailing down the River of Romance and that they were going to turn the ship's flashlight onto the trysting places of some of the famous lovers of the past. Everyone was to try to guess from the fleeting glimpses that they were able to catch, who the lovers were. The hostess had passed about little pieces of red cardboard folded into tiny booklets with The Log of the Valentine printed on the outside. Little red pencils were attached to the corner of the booklets with red cords, and it was in these books that the guesses were to be recorded.

On the wall in front of the passengers was stretched a long narrow strip of white paper muslin, and along this

strip in the well-known line drawings of our school-days were little scenes depicting well-known lovers in attitudes that everyone should be able to recognize.

There were of course Romeo climbing the ladder to Juliet's balcony, Prince Charming trying the slipper on Cinderella's foot, Caesar waving to Cleopatra from the shore as she approached in her barge, the catastrophe of Jack and Jill, Paul and Virginia fleeing from the storm, Darby and Joan sitting by the fire, and so on.

#### RECOGNIZING LOVERS

A flash light was turned onto each picture in turn. After the lovers had all been spied on, the whistle blew again, the ropes were taken down, the landing made, and the crowd was taken into the living-room, which, ablaze with light, was arranged to represent the Amusement Park. The furniture had been moved about, and several strings of electric lights used on the neighborhood Christmas trees were strung around the room. The Captain, acting as a conductor, took the passengers through the Park, taking in the various "amusements" as they went along. The merry-go-round was the most popular. A square of denim had been laid in the center of the room, and a big circle had been drawn on it in white chalk. In the center, suspended from the chandelier was a small wooden ring. Everyone in turn was allowed to mount a kiddy car, to push himself around on the circle and reach for the ring with a cane. If he got off the circle he had to dismount and let the next one try! The ring was fastened with a very slender thread, so there was no strain on the chandelier if anyone did reach it. Across one corner was stretched an old sheet with a big old-fashioned comic valentine painted on it, the typical comic valentine old maid, with a hole cut where her heart should be. Each guest in turn tried to throw a soft rubber ball into the heart, and the ones who were successful were given lollypops.

#### THE OLD MILL

For the Old Mill that everyone loves, an oval clothes basket had been hung between two substantial chairs by putting a broomstick through the two handles and placing the ends on the chairs. The stunt was to try and get into the "boat" balancing oneself with a cane, and then take a glove from the back of the chair in front.

After a stop at a booth where a man was dispensing ice-cream cones they went into the dancing-pavilion where the phonograph was playing the latest jazz. This was the dining-room. The chairs had been placed along one side of the room and the table moved into a corner and fixed up like a red-lemonade booth. As each couple came up between dances for their red lemonade, which was lemonade colored with raspberry shrub, they were given two straws fastened together by pasting a double heart cut from red paper around them, and they drank from one tall glass in true lover fashion. The sign over this booth read DAN CUPID'S FAMOUS BREW.

Before they left the pavilion to get their wraps the one who had guessed the most lovers correctly was given a red satin heart-shaped box filled with sea-foam candy and labeled Moonshine. The booby prize was a pair of toy field glasses.

ARE you planning to entertain this month or any month this year? We have a useful and clever booklet, "Entertaining All the Year Round," which gives an appropriate and original suggestion for every season.

Perhaps you, or some member of your family, is going to be married before long. If so, any number of little questions about good form in connection with the ceremony will come up. "A Book for the Bride" answers all of them.

Send 10 cents in stamps for either booklet to McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



# Styles Have Changed! Everything is new for Spring



**PHILIPSBORN'S**  
offer  
**EXTREMELY**  
**LOW**  
**PRICES**



**PHILIPSBORN'S**  
Chicago Illinois

**Easter**  
is early—  
**Mar. 27<sup>th</sup>**  
**Get Ready**  
**NOW**

## Get **PHILIPSBORN'S** Free Book

A multitude of new Spring styles—the *very latest and best*—including many exclusive designs by **IRENE CASTLE**—are assembled in **PHILIPSBORN'S** 280-page **STYLE AND SHOPPING GUIDE**—ready and eager to visit the readers of *McCall's Magazine*.

And here's the best news of all—the *prices are extraordinarily low!* Don't buy a thing for Spring until you get **PHILIPSBORN'S** catalog. See how styles have changed! Study the splendid values! Note the worth-while savings on every page of this "Book of a Thousand Bargains."

**Philipsborn's PREPAY ALL CHARGES**, no matter where you live and *guarantee satisfaction or refund every penny if you are not satisfied.*

### Send Postal or Clip the Coupon

Remember—*Easter is early.* Send the coupon or postal *this very day* for your copy of **PHILIPSBORN'S SHOPPING GUIDE**. Benefit by the big savings on wearing apparel for *every member of the family*. Our prices are extremely low first, last and all the time. Write today for **PHILIPSBORN'S** 280-page **SHOPPING GUIDE** and *see for yourself!*

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Please send **PHILIPSBORN'S** 280-page **STYLE** and **SHOPPING GUIDE** for Spring and Summer—"The Book of a Thousand Bargains."

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## Your skin is changing every day

*This is your chance to make it what you will*

**A**SKIN clear, radiant! If you would have a good complexion, you must take care continually of the new skin that is forming every day.

Every day, as old skin dies, new forms to take its place. By the proper care and treatment, you can make this new skin *what you will!*

Skin specialists say that the best way to keep the skin in a healthy, active condition, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments with a soap carefully prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

To make your skin soft and lovely, use the following treatment daily:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. - Rinse first with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin today the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

### "Your treatment for one week"

*A miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents*

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first, the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1502 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1502 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



**For the commoner skin troubles**

You will find complete treatments, and scientific advice in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



## Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

**THREADING WORSTED.** I am now an old lady, but I remember that when I was a young girl, fond of embroidery in cross-stitch with colored worsteds, I always kept a small fluffy bunch of cotton in my work basket, a scrap of which, twisted at the end of my worsted thread aided it in going through the eye of the needle without splitting.—Mrs. S. T. W., Washington, D. C.

**GOOD HANGERS FOR POTS AND PANS** are picture hooks placed in the openwork of the gas stove; otherwise useless space is thus utilized for the cook's convenience.—Mrs. R. L. G., Des Moines, Iowa.

**CRACKS IN SUGAR AND FLOUR BINS** can be filled with melted paraffin. When it is hard, scrape off the surplus wax and there will be no more sifting of sugar. Knock the bins and wipe with damp cloth before applying paraffin.—A. L., Russell, Iowa.

**INVALIDS WILL NOT BE IRRITATED** by losing handkerchiefs in the bedclothes if those with colored borders are used. They "leap to the eye" more easily on the white bed coverings.—Mrs. A. A. S., Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

**CANTALOUPEs**, which make the butter and milk taste if kept in the refrigerator, may be kept cold by putting them into the drip pan under the refrigerator.—E. H. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**TO MAKE RUBBERS LAST LONGER** during "sled time," buy a roll of tire tape and put a few strips of it across the toes and on the fore sole where the steering is done. Large holes may be covered in this way and made waterproof.—Mrs. A. L., Washington, D. C.

**SEWING IN A SMALL BEDROOM HAS ITS DRAWBACKS.** I counteract these by fastening together two extension table leaves, of which every house seems to harbor an extra supply. I lay them on the bed, resting the ends on the pillows to get a convenient height. Here I cut and baste with ease, and the boards are easily hidden where a cumbersome table would not go.—Miss J. Q., St. Paul, Minnesota.

**THE LINING OF SHOES** sometimes wears out or tears until the ragged edges wear out the stockings and rub the foot also. Wet the edges and smooth them down, covering them with a piece of adhesive plaster pressed down firmly.—F. C. P., Detroit, Michigan.

**AN UNSIGHTLY FIREPLACE** in the country kitchen was made useful by placing drawers in the opening and painting to match the woodwork. Shelves can be put in if one wishes to avoid the expense of drawers. Cover with a curtain. Where no handy man is near to make shelves, substitute wooden boxes or fruit crates of suitable length.—Mrs. M. J. C., Garrett, Indiana.

**MAKE A DIRECTORY TO HANG OVER YOUR TELEPHONE** as follows: Names, addresses and telephone numbers of two doctors, the family physician and a substitute, the nearest fire box, the police precinct, the family pastor and the business place of all members of the family. Children and maids are often at a loss in an emergency when the heads of the family are absent.—J. McN., Brooklyn, New York.

**PAINT BRUSHES THAT HAVE BECOME HARD** can be cleaned in boiling vinegar as well as in turpentine. Vinegar softens more quickly than turpentine. Let the brush stand in the vinegar when you have finished painting.—H. P. H., Toronto, Canada.

**IODINE STAINS WILL DISAPPEAR** by morning if left in water into which has been stirred common dry mustard. Repeat if the stain is an old one.—Mrs. D. W. C., Barton, Florida.

**KEEP SCRAPS OF SANDPAPER IN THE KITCHEN** for cleaning burnt skillets and pots. It will keep them bright and can be freely used by those whose hands are cut by steel wool.—Mrs. A. M., Dover, Ohio.

**GREASE YOUR GRIDDLE WITH A NEW LAMP WICK** about 1 1/4 inches in width. Fold the wick four times and make a handle with a patent snap clothes pin.—A. E. P., West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## Lettie on the Firing Line

[Continued from page 18]

"Oh, I want to go home," whimpered a small voice. "I want Penzie."

"Yes, darling—you shall have her," panted Lettie, bending over and untangling Thad from a ragged quilt. She could see nothing, but her senses were sharpened by emergency. She dragged Thad toward the window, which she could make out as a gray patch in the blackness, unlocked and lifted it, pushed him through. As she followed, somebody stumbled into the room, swooped down upon her.

"Leggo!" screamed Lettie, in a panic, kicking and struggling. "LEGGO!"

"Shut up, or I'll kill you," retorted a hoarse voice, scarcely more than a whisper. It was the woman. She had followed. She was trying to prevent.

The next instant they were outside—Thad, Lettie, the woman.

"Stop, there!" shouted a man's voice, from the yard. "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

It was the climax of terror for Lettie. The command to stop was the signal to run. She did not know that she had walked into a counterfeiting den, that at this very minute it was being raided by the police. Her only thought was to get Thad away. Snatching him into her arms, with a strength that had never before been hers, she struck through the broken fence, into the vacant lot. The woman ran, too, in a

flight of her own, although Lettie did not suspect it.

A shot rang out. Another! A third! Lettie bounded through the air, spurred on by the very things which should have stopped her. A hot tingling ran across her arm. Many voices behind her! Thad slipped out of her grasp. She dragged him by one hand. She must reach the ravine in the back of the lot. They could hide under the live-oak trees.

At last they got there. Lettie listened. No one was following—not even the woman. The first danger was over. She drew Thad close to her behind a tree. She must rest a minute. Her arm felt hot; it hurt. The sleeve was wet.

They started on again, but it was a hard journey home. Lettie wavered along the sidewalk. She tried to carry Thad, but she could scarcely lift him. He plodded along beside her, tired from his storm of sobbing.

Lettie brought him at last to The Custard Cup. The big door was closed, so she went around the house and opened the kitchen door, pushing Thad in ahead of her.

"I got him, Penzie," she mumbled. "I got him for you. I—" Her eyelids fluttered; her body swayed dizzily. She threw up one arm—and plunged forward to the floor at Mrs. Penfield's feet.



NOTE: The object of this advertisement is to have you send for YOUR FREE COPY of the Hamilton low-price Catalog for Spring!



530. ALL WOOL SERGE SUIT, FINE SILK EMBROIDERY, SILK LINED \$16.95

630. FINE SILK EMBROIDERED GEORGETTE AND TAFFETA DRESS \$12.95

631. SILK EMBROIDERED ALL WOOL FRENCH SERGE DRESS \$9.95

330. FINE EMBROIDERED ALL WOOL VELVET COAT-WRAP \$12.95

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We guarantee the prices to be

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If at any time before June 1st, you are offered the same merchandise for less money *we will refund the difference!*

And we will let you be the JUDGE!

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The very latest Spring styles—the same styles that are being sold in our five story Fifth Avenue building, tailored and finished in finest quality of materials, can be bought direct from the manufacturer at least 40% less than last year.

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730. Patent Leather Two Eyelet Oxford. Ribbon Lace Tie Sizes 2 1/4 to 6 \$3.85



731. Black Kid Finished Leather Oxford All Sizes \$3.50



930. Pleated and Embroidered Waist of Fine Voile.. 89c



931. Georgette Waist with Silk and Tinsel Embroidery \$3.50



230. Stylish Gros-Grain Ribbon "Tam." Colors: White or Copen \$2.95



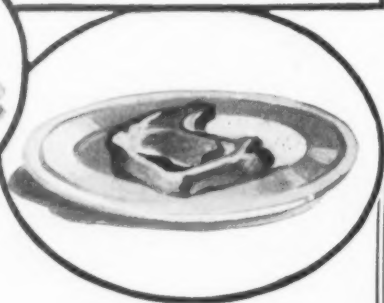
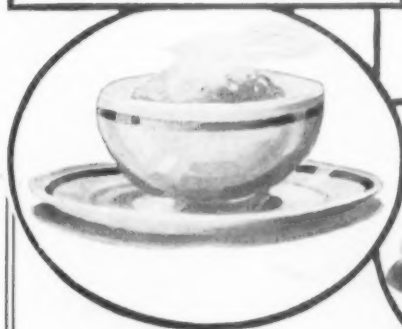
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It's Free! Even if you need nothing at present, just mail a post card with your name and address. Do it now! Thank you!

## A Quaker Oats

breakfast costs 1c  
per large dish

## Meat dishes

will average 8c per  
serving



# It Saves \$25

per person per year

You save about 7 cents per person when you serve Quaker Oats in place of meat at breakfast. And that means more than \$25 per year.

But you gain more than that. The oat is a vastly better food. It yields 1810 calories of nutriment per pound, while round steak yields 890.

The oat supplies 16 needed elements in well-balanced form. It is rich in body-building elements, rich in minerals. As vim-food it has age-old fame.

The oat is the supreme food—the best food possible on which to start your day.



Each large package Quaker  
Oats yields 6221 calories  
of nutriment

It takes 21 pounds of fish to yield 6221  
calories—

Or 7 pounds of round steak—  
Or 7½ pounds leg of lamb—  
Or 9 pounds veal cutlets.



## The best costs least

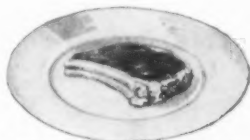
The best possible breakfast costs least. In fact a meat-dish breakfast costs from 7 to 12 times as much.

Each large package of Quaker Oats, used to displace meat, will save about \$3.50.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Serve your costlier foods at dinner. Then your children will be better fed and your food cost will come down.

## Cost per 1,000 calories

Quaker Oats . . .	6½c
Average Meats . . .	45c
Average Fish . . .	50c
Young Chicken . . .	\$1.66



You can serve 12 people with Quaker  
Oats for the cost of a single chop.

# Quaker Oats

Made supremely delicious

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Because of this flavor, oat lovers the world over send for Quaker Oats. You can get them for the asking, without extra price.

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover



## The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 14]

surprised to know that they had any woodland. They have always seemed so sordidly poverty-stricken. But it seems this was the only way Neale could get hold of it, because they refused to sell otherwise."

Marise had the feeling of leaning with all her weight against an inner door that must be kept shut. "Did Neale tell you this man had secured the Powers' woodlot for him—for Neale—for our mill?" She heard her own voice faint in the distance.

"Why, yes, why not? Some time ago, he said. We had quite a talk about it afterward. It must be something you've forgotten." Eugenia took up a card from the table and fanned herself as she spoke. "It's going to be as hot as it was yesterday," she said, with resignation. "Doesn't it make you long for a dusky, high-ceilinged Roman room, and somebody out in the street shouting through your closed shutters, 'ricotta! ricotta!'" she asked lightly.

Marise wished she could lean forward and touch Eugenia to make sure she was really standing there. What was it she had been saying? It was impossible that it should be what it seemed to mean!

A door somewhere in the house opened and shut, and steps approached. Old Mrs. Powers walked in ceremoniously, a covered tin pan in her hands. "I thought maybe you'd relish some fresh doughnuts," she said.

Something about the atmosphere of the room struck her oddly for all the composed faces and quiet postures of the two occupants. She brought out an apology for intruding: "I didn't see Agnes in the kitchen as I come through, so I come right along to find somebody," she said.

Marise was incapable of speaking to her, but she made a silent gesture of thanks and coming forward, took the pan. Mrs. Powers went on: "If 'twouldn't bother you, could you let me take the pan with me?"

Marise went out to the pantry with the older woman, feeling with astonishment the floor firm and hard under her feet as usual. "You look down sick, Miss Crittenden," said Mrs. Powers, with a respectful admiration for the suitability of this appearance—"and there ain't nothing surprising that you should. Did you ever see anybody go off more sudden than Miss Hetty?"

"Marise," said Eugenia, coming to the pantry door "your neighbors, of course, wanted me to bring their sympathetic condolence. Mr. Welles asked me to tell you that he would send all the flowers in his garden to the church tomorrow. And Mr. Marsh was very anxious to see you, to arrange about the use of his car in meeting the people who may come on the train tomorrow to attend the funeral. He said he would run over here any time today that you could see him."

Eugenia waited for some answer. Marise aroused herself. She must make some comment. "Please thank them both very much," she said finally.

Mrs. Powers began abruptly. "Folks is sayin' that Frank Warner must ha' been drinkin', but I don't believe it. He always was a heedless critter, from a little boy up."

And there was Eugenia's voice again. "Are there any errands I can do for you? I pass by Mr. Welles' house. I could perfectly easily stop there and tell Mr. Marsh he could see you now, for instance."

Marise heard what Eugenia said, but there was a question she must ask old Mrs. Powers. She said to Eugenia at random. "No, no—later. Some other time."

Eugenia hesitated, then came in, deliberately, close to Marise. She spoke to her, in Italian, very clearly: "He is not a man who will wait."

To this Marise, wholly engrossed in her inner struggle, opposed a stupid blankness, an incapacity to think of what Eugenia was saying. She shook her head and motioned impatiently with her hand.

And yet when Eugenia had gone, she could not bring the words out because of that strange contraction of her throat.

"My! You'd ought to go and lie down," said Mrs. Powers, compassionately. "You're as white as a sheet."

Marise was filled with terror at the idea of not getting her answer, and spoke quickly, abruptly: "Mrs. Powers, you never heard did you—you never thought—in that trouble about losing your woodland—nobody ever thought that Mr. Lowder was only an agent for someone else—whose name, perhaps, wasn't to be known?"

"Oh, sure," said Mrs. Powers readily—"Gene found out that Lowder didn't do no lumber business of his own. He just makes

a business of dirty deals like that for pay. We always surmised it to be some lumber company, or somebody that runs a mill."

Marise leaned against the pantry shelf. The old woman, glancing at her face, gave a cry and pushed her into a chair, running for water. At the sound, Agnes came trotting back. "She's just beat out with the shock of Miss Hetty's going off so sudden," explained Mrs. Powers.

Marise got to her feet angrily. She had entirely forgotten that Cousin Hetty was dead, or that she was in her house. She was shocked that, for an instant, she had relaxed her steady pressure against that opening door. What could she do next?

Instantly, clearly, she thought, "Why, of course, all I have to do is to go and ask Neale about it!" It was so simple. Somehow of course Neale could give the answer she must have.

She drank the glass of water Agnes gave her and said, "Mrs. Powers, I know Agnes is afraid to stay alone. Would you mind waiting for perhaps half an hour. There is something important I must see to at the mill."

Mrs. Powers hesitated: "Well, now, Miss Crittenden, there ain't nothing I wouldn't do for you. But I'm kind of funny about dead folks. But I'll run over to the house and get Nelly and Gene to come. Gene ain't workin' today. He got a sunstroke or something yesterday, and he don't feel just right in his head, he says." She went out of the door as she spoke.

Marise sat down again, leaned her head against the pantry door and looked steadily at the shelves before her, full of dishes and jars and bottles. In her mind there was only one thing—a fixed resolve not to think at all, of anything, until she saw Neale.

She was still staring fixedly at the shelves, when Mrs. Powers' voice sounded from the kitchen. "I met 'em on the way," she was explaining to Agnes. "Nelly had some flowers to bring."

Marise started up, for an instant distracted from her concentration on what Eugenia had said. This was the first time she had seen Nelly and Gene since Frank's death. How would they speak, and how could they listen to anything but their own thoughts? What had Frank's death meant to Nelly?

Nelly held out an armful of flowers. "I thought you'd like the white phlox. I had a lot of pink, too, but Mrs. Bayweather said white is best at such times."

Marise drew a long breath. What superb self-control. If Nelly could master her nerves like that, she could do better, herself. She took the flowers, carried them to the kitchen and set them in a pailful of water. She had not yet looked at Gene.

She went to find an umbrella to shield her hatless head from the sun, and on her way out, cast a swift glance at Gene. That was enough. All the blazing, dusty way to the mill she saw, hanging terribly before her, that haggard, ashy face.

At the mill, she paused in the doorway of the lower office. "Is Mr. Crittenden here?" she asked.

"No, he was called away for the day—urgent business, in New Hampshire." The young war-cripple, Neale's secretary, swung his swivel chair toward her. "He will be back tonight," he said. "He spoke particularly about coming back for Miss Hetty Allen's funeral."

"Yes, of course." There was nothing more to be said, Marise knew that—nothing more to be done, until Neale came back. But it seemed physically impossible for her to live until then, with that clutch in her throat.

Her eye fell on the waste-paper basket beside the desk. On one of the empty envelopes, the words *Return to C. K. Lowder* stood out clearly. She stood motionless, one hand at her temple, thinking: "There is some monstrous mistake. If I could only think of a way to find it out before it kills me."

She became aware that the young cripple was looking at her anxiously. She made a great effort to speak quietly and heard herself say: "Do you happen to remember if Mr. Crittenden was alone as he drove away?"

"Oh, no!" came the reply—"he had some one with him ever since the afternoon train yesterday."

"What sort of a man, do you remember?" asked Marise.

"Well, a clean-shaven man, with a queer, thin, long mouth; and he talked out of one corner of it—See here, Mrs.

[Continued on page 33]





#### Dromedary Coconut Sherbet

Prepare a quart of raspberry sherbet and when nearly frozen add two cups of Dromedary Cocoanut mixed with one-half pint of whipped cream; refreeze it to proper consistency. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with whipped cream and Dromedary Cocoanut.

## Use Dromedary Cocoanut

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**The HILLS BROTHERS Co.**  
Dept. 23, 375 Washington St., New York



## The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 32]

Crittenden, you look awfully tired. You better sit down and rest a moment."

Marise shook her head with an impatient gesture. The place was hateful to her. The young man's eyes intolerable. He was one of the many, many people who had grown up, trusting in Neale.

She swung suddenly to a furious incredulity about the whole thing. It was nonsense! What were all these people saying to her—Eugenia, Mrs. Powers, this boy—? They were trying to make her believe that Neale had been back of Lowder in the swindle that had been practised on the Powers! They were trying to make her believe that, for seven years, Neale had been lying to her with every breath he drew. They didn't know how preposterous it was, how close she and Neale had always been, how deeply a part of the whole aspect of life to her, Neale's attitude toward his work had become. Those people did not realize what they were trying to make her believe—it was the total destruction of all that she had thought Neale to be—thought him? Known him to be.

She passed out into the yellow glare of the sun, her feet moving steadily forward with no volition of hers along the dusty road. The heat wavered up from the earth in visible pulsations, and there raced through her similar rhythmic waves of feeling—what Eugenia had said, had said that Neale had told her; what Mrs. Powers had said: "lots of men that run mills do that kind of thing;" the name on the envelop . . . Suppose it should be true?

She was at Cousin Hetty's door now; women's voices sounded within. "Here's Mrs. Crittenden back."

Marise went in and sat down, looking at them with a stony indifference—at Gene as well as at the women. The drawn sickness of his ashy face did not move her in the least now. What did she care what he did; what anyone did, till she knew whether she had ever had Neale or not?

The Powers went out, the old woman still talking, chattering.

Agnes ran to the door, calling, "Mrs. Powers! You forgot your pan and towel, after all—" and there was Mrs. Powers back again, talking, talking.

She had been saying something that needed an answer apparently, for now she stood waiting, expectant.

"What was that, Mrs. Powers? I was thinking of something else?"

"I was just telling you that there's goin' to be a big change over to our house. Gene, he just told Nelly as how he was goin' to cut down the big pine one of these days, like she always wanted him to. I never thought to see the day Gene would give in to her on that. He's givin' in to her about everything else. Seems 's though he can't do enough for Nelly."

Marise was incapable of making any comment. Let them cut down all the trees in the valley and each other's throats into the bargain, if there had never been her Neale, the Neale she had thought she was living with, all these years.

She was sitting in the same chair waiting, when Agnes came to say that she had lunch ready. "I don't want anything to eat," she said, in so strange a voice that Agnes shuffled back to the kitchen, uncertain and scared.

She was still sitting there, looking fixedly before her, when Agnes came to say that the gentleman had come about using his car to meet the train, and wanted to know if he could see Mrs. Crittenden. Marise shook her head. But it was not until late that night that she understood the words that Agnes had spoken.

She was still sitting there, rigid, waiting, when Agnes brought in a lighted lamp, and now Marise saw that it was evening. The light was disagreeable to her eyes, and she went outdoors to the porch. The stars were beginning to come out now.

She had thought childishly, last night, that she had had no faith and could live with none. That was because she had not conceived that the very ground under her feet could give way. At that very moment she had had a faith as boundless as the universe, and had forgotten it.

Was she the woman who had felt forced into acquiescing when Vincent Marsh had said, so boldly, that she loved her husband no longer, that he was nothing to her now? It seemed to her at this moment, that it was a matter of the utmost unimportance whether she loved him or not; but she could not live without the certainty that he was what she had thought him.

Neale nothing to her? When the mere possibility of losing her idea of him was like death to her?

[Continued on page 34]



**T**HE soap you use on baby's tender skin should be pure and mild. These same qualities should predominate in the soap

used for your own toilet and bath and for fine laundering.

Thousands of mothers, after making careful comparisons, have selected Fairy Soap for baby's bath. Its ever-increasing popularity is very significant. Once in the home, it is also sure to be used for cleansing baby's little garments and for all other purposes that require a pure, high-grade soap.

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We pay all mailing charges and guarantee absolute satisfaction.



## The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 33]

She did not believe any of those hideously marshaled facts, but if they were true, she would go back over all the recollections of their life together and kill them one by one; because every one was founded on the most absolute, recklessly certain trust in Neale. To know that past in peril, which she had counted on as safe—to know those memories in danger—was so acute an anguish to her that she startled herself by a cry of extreme suffering. Agnes's voice behind her asked tremblingly, "Did you call me, Miss Marise?"

Marise drew a breath, and answered in a hard tone, "No." She knew that Agnes must be terrified—but what if she was? Her lifelong habit of divining another's need and ministering to it, vanished like a handful of dust in a tempest. All her energy was strained in the bitterness of keeping her soul alive till Neale should come.

If she could have Neale back again, as she had always had him, without thinking of it—if she could have her faith in him again, the skies might shrivel up like a scroll, but something eternal would remain in her life.

She heard a faint sound in the distance on the road, and her strength ran out of her like water. She tried to stand up and could not. Yes, it was the car. The two glaring headlights swept the white road, stopped and went out. For an instant the dark mass stood motionless in the starlight. Then something moved, a man's tall figure came up the path.

"Is that you, Marise?" asked Neale's voice.

She had not breath to speak, but all of her being cried out to him, silently, the question which had had all that day such a desperate meaning for her: "Is that you, Neale?"

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### Neale's Return

July 22, Evening

HE stooped to kiss her and sank down beside her, where she sat cowering in the dark. Although she could not see his face clearly, Marise knew from his manner that he was very tired.

But he spoke with a natural intonation, which he evidently tried to make cheerful: "I'm awfully glad you're still up, dear. I was afraid you'd be too tired, with the funeral coming tomorrow. But I couldn't get here any sooner. I've been clear over the mountain today. And I've done a pretty good stroke of business. You remember, don't you, how the Powers lost the title to their big woodlot? How a lawyer named Lowder—"

"I remember," said Marise, speaking for the first time—"all about it."

"Well," went on Neale, wearily but steadily, "up in Nova Scotia this time, I ran across a local tradition that, in a town about ten miles inland, some of the families were descended from Tory Yankees who'd been exiled from New England, after the Revolution."

Marise was beside herself, her heart racing wildly. She took hold of his arm and shook it with all her might: "Neale, quick, quick! What did you do?"

She could see that he was surprised by her fierce impatience. He stared at her. How slow Neale was!

He began, "But, dear, why do you care so much about it?" Then feeling her begin to tremble uncontrollably, he said hastily, "Why of course Marise, if you want to know the end first. The upshot of it is that I've got it straightened out—about the Powers' woodlot. I got track of those missing leaves from the Ashley records—found them up in Canada. I had a certified copy and tracing made of them. It's been a long, complicated business, and the things only came in yesterday's mail, after you'd been called over here. But I'd been in correspondence with Lowder, and when I had my proofs in my hand I telephoned him and made him come over. It was the biggest satisfaction I ever expect to have, when I shoved those papers under his nose and watched him curl up."

"I took him back today, myself—not to let him out of my sight till it was all settled. And finally I saw him with my own eyes burn up that fake deed. Just as soon as we can get this certified copy admitted and entered on our own town records, Gene can have possession of his woodland."

He paused and added with a tired, tolerant, kindly accent: "Now Nelly will have fourteen pairs of new shoes, each laced up higher than the others, and with heels as high as the Woolworth Building."

[Continued on page 35]

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## DeMiracle

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## The Brimming Cup

(Continued from page 34)

Marise heard nothing more of what he said, although his voice went on with words, the meaning of which she could not grasp. She could feel herself more and more unstrung and loosened like a violin string. The throbbing ache in her throat was gone. Everything was gone. Somewhere in the center of her body this ebbing of strength had run so far that it was a terrifying pain like the approach of death. It was when she heard a loud ringing in her head and saw the stars waver and grow dim, that she knew she was fainting.

Then she was lying on the sofa in Cousin Hetty's sitting-room, Neale bending over her with a handkerchief that smelled of ammonia, and Agnes saying: "It's because she hasn't eaten a thing all day. It's been awful to see her."

Marise's head felt quite clear and lucid now. She tried to sit up and smile. She felt very apologetic, and weak.

Neale sat down by her now and put his arm around her. His face was grave and solicitous, but not frightened. He said to Agnes, "Give me that cup of cocoa." And when it came he held it to Marise's lips.

Marise was amazed to find that the hot, sweet smell of the cocoa aroused in her a keen sensation of hunger. She drank eagerly, and began to eat, with a child's appetite. When she finished, she leaned against his shoulder with a long, contented breath.

"Well, for Heaven's sake!" said Neale, looking down at her.

"I know it," she said. "I'm an awful fool."

"No, you're not," he contradicted. "That's what makes me so provoked with you now, going without eating all day."

Then he remembered suddenly: "By George, I haven't had anything to eat since noon myself. I guess I haven't any stones to throw!"

Agnes ran to get him another cup of cocoa and more bread and butter. Marise leaned back on the sofa and watched him eat. She was aware of a physical release from tension that was like a new birth. She looked at her husband as she had not looked at him for years.

In the lucidity of her just-retained consciousness she saw what she was not to forget, something like a visible steady light, which was Neale's life. That was Neale himself. And as she looked at him silently, she thought it no wonder that she had been almost frightened to death by the mere possibility that it had not existed.

He looked up, found her eyes on him and smiled at her. She found the sweetness of his eyes suddenly so touching that she felt the tears mounting to her own.

There was a moment's silence, Neale frankly very tired. Then Agnes said, showing a shamed, nervous old face: "I never was in the house with a dead body before, Mr. Crittenden. If I'm alone in a room for a minute seems 's though—I don't know what might happen."

"I won't leave you alone, Agnes, till it is all over," said Marise, and this time she kept contempt not only out of her voice but out of her heart.

Marise closed her eyes for a moment. It had suddenly come to her that this promise meant that she could not see Neale alone till after the funeral—tomorrow. And she found that she had immensely wanted to see him alone now. She opened her eyes and saw Neale standing up, his cap in his hand, looking at her—Neale, rough and brown and tall and tired and strong and familiar; as much a part of her, as her own hand.

As their eyes met in the profound look of intimate interpenetration which can pass only between a man and woman who have been part of each other, she felt herself putting to him clearly, piercingly, the question which till then she had not known how to form: "Neale, what do you want me to do?"

She must have said it aloud, for she saw him turn very white, saw his eyes deepen, his chest lift in a great heave. He came toward her, not able to speak for a moment. Then he took her hands—the memory of a thousand other times was in his touch. He looked at her as though he could never turn his eyes away. The corners of his mouth twitched and drew down.

In a deep, trembling, solemn voice, he said: "Marise, my darling, I want you always to do what is best for you to do."

He drew a deep, deep breath, as though it had taken all his strength to say that. "What is deepest and most living in you—that is what must go on living."

He released one hand and held it out toward her, as though he were taking an oath.

[To be continued in the March McCall's]

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## In the Fields of Boaz

[Continued from page 9]

momentarily against the vivid vision, he said half aloud.

"Poor girl! Knowing might not help you at all. It 'gets' you—either way." Then, determinedly putting away all thought of the things that were past, he quickened his step to a long stride and went whistling back to the house.

When he called on Mrs. Waring and her guests a few days later, Mrs. Waring presented him to Ruth quite as she did to the bevy of pretty girls, from which he inferred that Ruth had not mentioned the encounter in the fields. But neither that nor Ruth's quiet abandonment of him to the merry flirtatiousness of the younger girls disturbed him. Indeed, he was conscious of a distinct little feeling of satisfaction which just missed being a glow at the heart.

A day or two later, Stephen found Ruth standing at the Waring fence, looking off across his brother's fields. She had heard his step and turned as he came up to her. She said: "If you could be persuaded to take me over to that group of water-maps in the pasture—I am not at all afraid of cows, but their stare invariably undermines my self-confidence. And I am sure the shadows of those maps in the creek must be lovely."

"They are," said Stephen, holding the bottom wire up out of her way—"I was over there this morning."

Ruth stopped by a shock of corn—they were in the Lindley field by this time. "Make another pipe-o'-Pan, won't you? I would like to hear that desert song again."

Stephen ran a selective glance over the pyramid of brown stalks, going through his pockets as he did so. Then he shook his head. "I haven't my knife. Sorry. But I have written to my musician buddy about the piano score for you; he will surely send it."

There was not a hint in his voice that her request had revealed to him the real reason for her wish that he would appear in Joe's eighty-acre corn patch! Neither was there any visible sign in his voice or manner, as they continued their slow stroll toward the pasture, that quite suddenly, to the growing desire of his heart, was added the definite and acknowledged purpose of his mind to win her from that preoccupation with the past.

He sauntered along half a dozen paces behind her, the short distance to the leafless red maples. And when she dropped down on the brown grass, he did not sit down beside her, but went over to settle his shoulders against a splendid young maple. Then, looking at her speculatively, he selected and lit a cigarette and said, as he tossed the match away:

"You mustn't sit there long, Ruth. The ground is cold. This is not Indian summer." It was the first time he had said her name without a slight, quizzical pause and it bothered Ruth. But Stephen seemed unaware of having said it at all. It was best to ignore it.

"Influenza is extremely unbecoming to most people," he urged, and smiled straight into her eyes.

She smiled back before she realized it. "But the sun is warm on my back. And the ground isn't really cold at all. You sound just like my aunt!"

"But I really think you ought not to sit on that cold ground!" he finished, laughing.

"Very well, then"—resignedly—"I'll get up from this cold ground when that fleet of little white clouds has crossed that band of jade-green sky."

Stephen shifted his position in order to see, and shook his head. "You can watch the clouds as we go back to the house," he suggested. "It is turning colder, and I'm beginning to think of tea."

When they were back in the house Ruth said, as she tossed her coat and hat aside, "You go poke up the fire in the living-room while I set things going for tea."

Five minutes later a voice hailed him from the kitchen. And, when he presented himself in the doorway—"I can't get the lid off this jar of jam," Ruth said, handing it to him. "I've decided to make muffins and to save time, you may help. You'll find the tea-cart in the dining-room and the cups and things out here."

Stephen had the cart "set" in time to beat the muffins for her; and so, a little later, he observed complacently, "We make very good muffins."

"Yes. Don't I? All you did was beat them."

"You know perfectly well that it is half—at the very least—in the beating," remarked Stephen severely.

[Continued on page 37]



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## In the Fields of Boaz

[Continued from page 36]

"What's the matter here?" demanded Helen, appearing by way of the kitchen.

"We are fighting," explained Stephen. "Mrs. Mantell is being extremely horrid. I'm glad you came."

"It has begun to rain," Helen said. "I shouldn't be one bit surprised if it turned into a beastly fall rain lasting for days."

"I hope it drizzles tomorrow," announced Ruth unfeelingly. "If it does, I shall have a ride! I love to ride in a slow, misty rain. I love the cold feel of it in my face—and the wide emotionless sound of it."

"Grace has asked us over to dinner tomorrow," said Helen. "So if you ride, you'd better ride in the morning."

"May I go 'long?" asked Stephen. "I like to ride in the rain, too."

"I don't think you'd better," decided Ruth. "Remember—influenza!"

"Mrs. Mantell," said Stephen, "you have hurt my feelings and I am going home. But I enjoyed our muffins. They consoled me for your behavior."

Swinging along through the misty rain, thinking of the frank friendliness of Ruth's eyes, Stephen told himself that if only a miracle could happen to take away that dull terror—which haunts such countless thousands of women, remembering their soldier dead—if only a miracle could happen, he could bring a warmer light to those eyes. . . . Stephen's lips softened to a smile of rare tenderness as he went up the path to his brother's house in the early dusk. And unexpectedly something happened within him, like the sudden breaking up of arctic ice. He stopped abruptly to consider it.

For Stephen—who had been trying for weeks to get a clear idea for a cottage that Joe had asked him to plan and could think of nothing but the shallow insecure trenches of the desert—Stephen, who had said to himself that he simply couldn't do it; who had despaired of regaining the old enthusiasm for his work and the old mastery of skill at it—Stephen, standing there in the path, oblivious to the rain which was no longer a mere mist—had seen in startling minuteness of detail the house he would like to build for Ruth. He raced buoyantly up the path and into the house. In response to his sister-in-law's "What on earth were you just standing out there in the rain for?" he replied gaily:

"Sister o' mine! Have no fears! That was the reincarnation of my architectural avatar you just witnessed. And listen: your heart is going to be gladdened with plans for a cottage that will cause you to rise up and call me blessed."

To his amazement Grace flung both arms around him and burst out crying, stammering against his coat. "Oh, Stephen! I am so glad. We have been so scared about you—Joe and I."

Patting her shoulder affectionately, Stephen looked across at Joe with his faint smile of his eyes and admitted gravely.

"I've been rather 'scared' about myself—in a way. But it is all over now. I've got the hang of normal work again, and I can think of it now without a desire to curse or laugh—or both. I am mighty proud to know you would weep for me—but I like best to have you smile at me!"

Ruth in a gown of honey-colored chiffon over silk of misty amethyst with a velvet girdle the green of the great emerald on the hand she held out to him, was a new Ruth to Stephen.

"I do believe," he said, holding the hand an instant longer than the ritual of the hand-shake demanded—"I do believe I have been thinking you lived in field-togs and sensible boots! I am not really sure you are you!"

Ruth laughed, withdrawing her hand. "There are persons who believe I live only in frivolous togs and teetery slippers."

Later, when they were all sitting before the fire, the conversation got clear away from them—as firelight conversations are often wont to do. Quite suddenly, Stephen found himself facing the question: "How about the men who died? Not those particular men, but all men: any man! Was there no fear, no bitterness—always that indomitable 'Carry on?' No matter how—tortured the men—the man?"

A moment of tense silence followed. Stephen was looking at Ruth, who sat across the hearth from him, her face in shadow.

"I've wondered, often, just what the 'killed in action' of the official message means," Ruth went on. "Instantly, always; or does it include fatally—all who die on the field, whether instantly or after long—"

[Continued on page 38]

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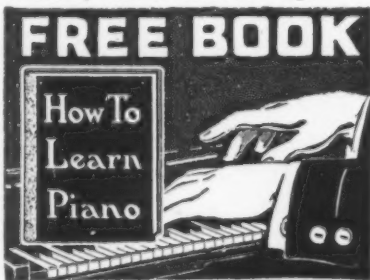


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## In the Fields of Boaz

(Continued from page 37)

hopeless—hours: wishing, perhaps, for someone they have—cared for . . . ?  
Going at last—uncomforted?"

She gave him the key to her own inability to be comforted. Stephen, looking steadily into the fire, began in a voice winnowed of every trace of emotion, talking slowly, but with few pauses.

"Killed in action," he said quietly, "means died on the field, whether instantly or before help reached them. And—"

"No one—to do—anything for them . . . ?"

"Not in the way you mean," he admitted frankly. "But of this I am very certain: could the person cared most for by any man that I saw die, have been with him at the very last, there would never have been a single exception. I remember one man I stopped to lift into a bit easier position as I was passing. For my clumsiness he had a reassuring smile; for my blundering words, a pat on my hand. I cannot tell you how it was, but it was he who comforted me. His eyes had a look as though he had suddenly seen through some tremendous hoax, which he would share with me, if only he could be sure I could understand.

"Another time it was a mere boy; a boy never before used to any hardship. As I unscrewed the cap from a canteen, he looked up at me and smiled; and he said without a tremor—indeed with a little glimmer of sheer boyish fun—'We, who are about to die, salute you!' As he raised his head a little to take his last drink of water he gave me a singularly straight look and toasted 'To the valley of the shadow!' It was not bravado. There was no flippancy in it. . . . He meant me to understand the rest of the passage: *Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.* When he had his drink, he said, perfectly naturally: 'Thanks! And now, if you will just fish a letter out of my pocket to mail for me? And you might send a line to the same address, when you get around to it, to piece out the official notice. You see I am in the know!' Then he added, 'Nothing driving, you know! Just a line to say you happened along, and I sent my love. Good-by! Good luck!'"

There was no sound in the big shadowy room except Stephen's low voice and the whispering of the fire.

"Even those who went off their heads from thirst and fever—or just from the ebbing of the life we know—and talked a bit wild, never failed to assure anyone who tried to make things a little easier for them that it was 'all right.'"

Stephen went on, after a moment. "And then there was that Turkish kid—in the scrap at Gaza. . . . There was hand-to-hand fighting there. Someone yelled: 'Look out, Steve!' and I whirled. I could just as well have shoved that youngster out of my way, but my experience had been that the Turk was no man to dally with—and I had struck, as I turned.

Stephen's face was as expressionless as his voice, but about his lips and across his forehead, beads of perspiration were forming with painful slowness.

" . . . and then to realize that this was only a boy. Less than fifteen. Fighting an unequal fight against men.

I suppose I was low on morale that day—for it simply got me. . . . That and the bewildered surprise in his eyes, looking so intently at me, as he fell. Anyway, I dropped down on my knees beside him and lifted him up in my arms. He resisted for a second, not knowing what I might be up to, but when he understood he relaxed, leaning his cheek against my shoulder like a tired boy against his father.

And he met my eyes with a rueful smile, saying in his own tongue what I judged by the tone to be the Turkish equivalent of 'You beat me to it!' . . . He listened to my incoherent babel for an instant, then put his hand against my lips and shook his head, smiling again, but a very different smile this time—and the look we had grown to know crept into his eyes—as though he had seen through something that remained opaque to us. It was a smile of understanding—forgiveness—comforting reassurance.

He died a minute or two after that, with one arm around my neck and his cheek pressed close against mine. Stephen unconsciously raised a lean brown hand, rubbing it back across his cheek. Then he turned slowly, looking directly at Ruth for the first time since he had begun to talk.

"It was as though the men—any man—who died, came into some secret immunity

(Continued on page 39)



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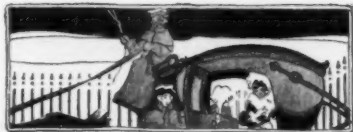
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## In the Fields of Boaz

[Continued from page 38]

to fear or apprehension. It was not a sentimental affair, nor even a religious one. It was as though they could look steadily at something from which we are in the habit of turning away, and by their steadiness of vision saw suddenly that it was not a fearsome thing at all. We? Comfort them? Ah, no. We did what we could, but the great compassion came from them to us, always."

For a little time they all sat looking into the fire. The mellow, measured striking of a clock seemed to liberate them as from some spell. There was the stir of shifted positions and Ruth got uncertainly to her feet.

During the week that followed, Stephen caught an occasional glimpse of Ruth sauntering about Hal Waring's fields, but she did not come near the fence along the highway, and he was wise enough to leave her to herself. One morning Grace told him Ruth was going home the next day.

Stephen smiled at her elaborate nonchalance in telling him—and went over in the afternoon.

"Go on in!" said Helen gaily, as he paused to watch Hal's bored activities on behalf of some roses Helen was determined should not be winter-killed. "Don't ring. Ruth is packing. She must be about through, though, so you'd better just wait. Run along and poke up the fire."

When Ruth came downstairs she did not see Stephen, such was the position of the big chair which he occupied in most unsoldierly relaxation; and so absorbed was he in a volume of Conrad, that he was not aware of her presence in the room until she began humming to herself. Getting to his feet, he turned to speak to her; but she was standing at the window, her back toward him, wigwagging derision at Hal, and after a second of silent amusement, he sat down again without saying anything. She went to the piano and began to play, very softly, to herself. Stephen sat listening for perhaps a half-hour before Ruth's attention was drawn to the fireplace by a sudden gay scherzo of burning pitch. She caught a glimpse of the toe of a shapely shoe, and, by leaning a little forward, an unmistakable tweed sleeve.

"Why hel-lo!" she exclaimed, leaving the piano to peer around the big chair, as she had first come peering around a shock of corn. How long have you been here?"

"Just offhand," he told her, getting up to shake hands. "I should say 'for ages'—but it has probably been about an hour."

And how is Ruth?"

"Ruth is happier than she has been for a long, long time," she said very gravely. And that was the only reference she ever made to the talk by Joe Lindley's fire.

"I'm glad," said Stephen, just as simply; and continued after a moment of kindly silence, "Grace tells me you are going home. So I came over for two reasons. To see you, of course;"—making her a merry little bow—and to ask for your address. I'll be wanting to forward that music to you one of these days. And then I might want to wire you when spring brings the coral veil to the maples down by the 'crick,' and the pussy willows lure 'Pan' from a winter of work, in the hope that you will follow a wire, as well as a pipe, across the fields."

So she gave him the address, and turned away again to the window, saying:

"Hal must be nearly done with his unwelcome job, poor dear! He hates puttery things so. Oh, come look!"

Hal was hobbling off with a barrow of tools; but Stephen, standing just back of Ruth, forgot his host and hostess, tempted by Ruth's nearness to an impulsive gesture, which he arrested with an effort, jamming his hands deep into his coat pockets. For a minute longer they stood so. Then Ruth moved away from the window with a word about having tea ready when Hal came in, and Stephen went back to the fire—not dreaming that a blue spruce just outside the window had made a mirror of the thick plate glass, and that she had seen with startling distinctness that arrested gesture. That he did not touch her, through sheer power of will, caused her to realize his utter sincerity, and at the same instant brought home to her the truth that at twenty-eight most of one's life is yet to be lived; and though she rejected it with the vehemence of mental panic, she knew in her heart that those arms would not always be denied. It was then that she moved away rather abruptly, on the pretext of having tea ready for Hal; and when he came in, she devoted herself entirely to him, leaving Stephen to Helen, until he rose to go, saying tentatively:

[Continued on page 40]



## The nursing mother

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### In the Fields of Boaz

[Continued from page 39]

"Do I say good-by now, or do we have one more saunter in the fields?"  
"You say good-by now," she told him.  
"I shall be busy all morning."

At first Ruth had been afraid Stephen would write, but the weeks passed, and even Christmas brought no other word than his card in a great box of roses. She wrote a little note thanking him—and then began to be afraid he would not write. He did not, until late in January, and then only a brief letter to accompany the script of the desert song.

February brought great masses of the earliest hothouse jonquils, but no personal word on the enclosed card.

Early in March she had a letter from Helen Waring.

Stephen Lindley is over at his brother's. He came about a week ago, and what do you suppose? He actually plowed Joe's "east eighty" himself. He looks hard as nails. He did not ask about you at all, but Grace did, and the way he listened to my replies! He did not say anything—just sat looking into the fire, very tranquilly, in spite of that odd, not-quite-a-smile of his which always brings a lump into my throat. I'm perishing to know if you ever hear from him, but the oyster is a garrulous beast compared to you! You make me furious!

Until that March afternoon, as she stood staring out into the windy, rain-swept street, she had not realized how hard it must have been for him; how much more than generous he had been to revive in his own mind the bleak austerity of his sorrow, to soothe her grief. So she wove this new insight into Love—that for the second time in her life had shown her its gentleness, its understanding, by its unselfishness.

It was on a sunny morning in April that two letters were brought to her as she was untying a box of fragrant, long-stemmed English violets, and she sat down to read them, leaving Stephen's until she had read Helen's.

I may as well tell you that Stephen is back again for a few days, she wrote. He was over this afternoon for an hour. I told him I was going to ask you down, and he sprang a smile on me I'd never seen before and said, "That is what I came over for! To ask you to ask her!" Be a dear, and wire me when to meet you.

Laughing to herself, Ruth picked up Stephen's letter and read:

The maples in the pasture are in bloom and the corn is "in." I put it in myself—to grow into shocks and pipes-o'-Pan for a girl that I love well. I wonder if I shall see her soon, coming across the fields in the spring twilight—to me. All winter I have wanted to simply go and get her—but I knew she would be happier if I waited until she found she could come to me of her own will.

STEPHEN.

And so, at half-past eight on a warm spring evening, Ruth turned at the door to make a merry little moue at her hostess, and then stepped out into the fragrant twilight and sped off to the pasture fence just opposite the red maples.

As she stood peering through the vague light to where the maples, limned softly against the evening sky, made a deeper shadow in the swift darkness that falls just before moonrise, she told herself that Stephen was not there! Then she saw the blue spurt of a lighted match and caught the vaguest glimpse of a face, bent to the flame, and lost again in the darkness.

A minute and a half later she paused a yard away from the firefly glow of a cigaret, asking tentatively: "Are you Pan?"

The firefly glow became a red arc which went out with a tiny *Tst!* in the shallow stream.

"No. No—I am not Pan. Are you Demeter?"

"No. Oh, no! No one so important as Demeter. I am—Ruth."

"Then," remembered the amused voice—"then of course I am Boaz."

"I came," said Ruth, coming half a step nearer—"to—to say—"

"Yes?" prompted Stephen when she stopped—"You came to say—?"

"To say Why have I found grace in thine eyes?" She finished a little breathlessly, but she did not fall on her face and bow herself to the ground, for she found herself gathered close, into arms comfortingly strong, reassuringly gentle.

"Because you are you, Sweetheart," was Stephen's very modern answer to the very ancient query from the romance of that other Ruth who had known happiness, and lost it—and found it again.



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## Dainty Marie

[Continued from page 6]

One evenin', not so long afore this evenin' that I'm tellin' you about, while we was waitin' to dress, Marie and I was strollin' around the grounds, when I hears loud talkin' over behind the cook tent—a lot of cussin' and all. And here's two of the animal acts snappin' at each other fit to kill. Young Steve Daley and Professor Boris Bludenoff was at it hot and heavy.

"Here," I says to 'em, "cut out that cussin'; they's ladies present. Can it!"

Well, Daley turned around and got red as a beet, and old Bloody, as the boys called him, raises his hat and bows low. "My humble apologies, Miss Marie," he says. "I'm sorry I let my temper get the best of me, especially with such a thing as a ape trainer."

He turns and walks away dignified-like, and Daley pulls off his cap while Marie is still smilin' after Bloody.

"I'm sorry, Marie," he says. "That—that feller was sneerin' at my act."

Then he walks off, too, still red. Marie looks after him with a funny face.

"I don't much blame Mr. Bludenoff," she says. "I hate apes."

"Daley's a nice young feller," I says. "Much better man than Bloody, I think."

"Do you?" she says, and then starts to talk about somethin' else.

Well, this evenin' that I'm tellin' you about—after a bit the wild bears finished up their gyrations, with the big old one pretending to get mad and slappin' out at Bloody, like always; and Bloody drawin' his big pistol for to protect hisself and finally subduin' the bear and retirin' amidst the applaudits of the multitude. Young Daley was so busy chinnin' at Marie that he missed the whistle, and Bloody was right at the entrance before old Quiggins blew a second toot. Then Daley starts toward the ring with Hamlet, arm in arm, like they always made their entrance. As they starts out, Hamlet grabs ahold of Marie's skirt.

Well, sir, she jumps away from him like she's been shot.

"Take that awful beast away!" she hollers.

Just for a minute I thought Daley was goin' to answer back. He didn't, though—went on out without sayin' nothin'. But half-way out to the ring he looks back, and there was Dainty Marie standin' in the shadows at the entrance, gazin' up into Bloody's face and talkin' like everything.

"Gee," thinks I, "that poor Daley's got it even worse then most of 'em." I felt sorry, for he was a fine, straight-standin' young feller.

After the show I got ahold of Daley and faced him, man for man.

"Looky here," I says, "what's the trouble betwixt you and this here Bloody?"

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. It's a lot of things. First place, we had a couple of growls about his bears and my ape. Then he goes to work and tells me what a devil he is with the women, and boasts to me that he's goin' to marry Dainty Marie. To me, mind you!" he says, gettin' red. "Me that loves her more'n anything in the world! That's what the row was about when you and her come up that evenin'!"

"Shucks!" I says. "You ain't no more in love with her than lots of the others. Ain't he got a right?"

"No, he ain't," he snaps—"because he's only doin' it 'cause he thinks old Devlin's got a lot of coin stowed away. He said so. Oh, we used to be thick when we first joined, this spring," he says.

Well, I decided I'd put an eye more close-like on this here Bloody, and see what kind of a guy he is for sure. Mebbe I'd better put old Joe Devlin—God rest his soul—wise to the way the wind was blowin', I thinks.

Next mornin' I didn't see Dainty Marie till we was pretty near ready for the parade. She rode on top of a wagon, all her own, and she was standin' beside it when I bid her the time o' day. Thinks I, "We may's well break the news to her right now—" so I winks at her.

"I'm ready to name the man," I says, with a knowin' smile. "Shall I do it?" "Do it and welcome if you can, Spike, you silly old thing," she says—"but if you're right, I may not tell you."

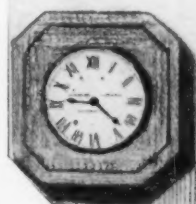
"You don't have to," I says—"it's this here Boris Bludenoff."

Well, sir, she laughed till I thought she'd bust a blood vessel or somethin'.

"Oh, Spike," she says, "you're the silliest man I ever did see!"

Just then this young Daley guy comes along and touches his hat polite; but, by

[Continued on page 66]



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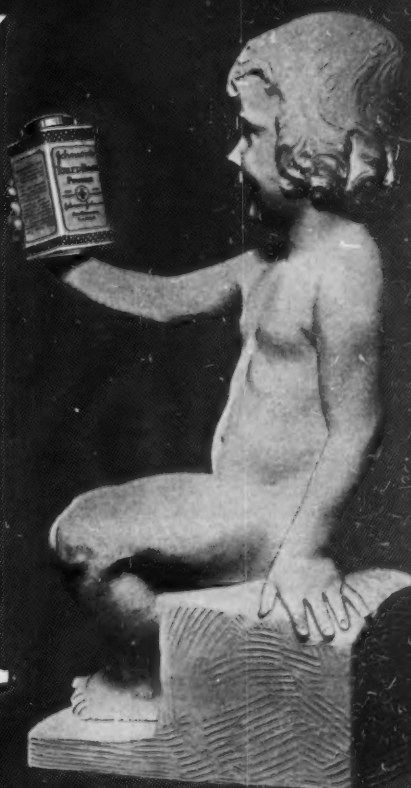
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An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 19 years.

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We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

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Twenty millions of users of Watkins Products in the last 52 years. We announce a line of exquisite GARDIA TOILETRIES, led by GARDIA FACE POWDER. Sold direct to users in cities and country by over 4,000 salespeople. If one has not called recently write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

Established 1879

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It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

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If you will follow my methods you can on your first attempt build a delicious angel food cake and many other kinds—cakes that will immediately give you a wonderful reputation.

**Your Chance for Profit**—One woman I taught sold 300 cakes, made by my methods, for \$3 each. I have thousands of letters from thankful women who are making cakes by the

**Osborn Cake Making System**—My methods are original. You cannot fail with them. They are easy to learn and you are sure of success the first time. Just tear off the coupon, fill it out and mail it in. I will send you particulars right away with no obligation on your part.

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Send me without obligation full particulars about the famous Osborn Cake System.

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## Big Business—Or Marriage?

[Continued from page 16]

preference, unless their services were of such unusual value that they could punctuate their careers with long vacations. This is scarcely compatible with good business, for it implies a division of interests. It may be possible, but it is not probable. In looking about at the few women I know who have risen to positions of prominence in business, I find that either they are single, widows, or, where married, childless.

The individual housewife-mother-slave is a passing tradition, a remnant of an outworn order. Business in the future may know no sex; its vast extensions may involve more and more women; and it may adapt itself to the peculiar needs of the woman worker, who in the new society, may take a stated leave from her job for the period of childbirth and nutrition, even as a man takes a vacation.

If married women, deprived of motherhood, wish to work, they should. The more, since modern housekeeping affords large spaces of unutilized time. The most eligible married-woman workers are those wives over forty who have led full lives, have raised their families successfully, who desire some useful outlet for their mental energies.

All single women should work. No human being has the right to live idly by the labor of others.

It is my intention to educate my daughters for some useful work. What that work will be, their talents will dictate, but each must choose a vocation worth while and remunerative enough to support her comfortably. And whether there is necessity or not, they will, as far as I am able to insist, work until they are married.

In this analysis of the possibilities awaiting women in big business, I have endeavored to show with what women have to contend—both their attributes for success and those conditions which might militate against it. Given a woman of integrity, a well-defined purpose to succeed, the determination for a career, an average intelligence, patience, a flair for study and hard work, her results may be no less successful than those of a man with the same qualities. I think I have shown that much.

It is difficult, however, to crystallize a true conclusion, for woman's power in all walks of life outside of the home is still an untouched treasure-house. It is for each individual woman to establish her own pace, set her own goal.

## Milly of Langmore Street

[Continued from page 21]

asked, in the most casual sort of a tone. "Why—why—no I didn't," said Milly. "Then," her father said, "let's all have lunch."

Her father led the way into another taxi, back to the Blackstone. Milly and Eric exchanged glances during that ride. They were questioning glances. Neither of them could guess Mr. Baird's intention. Indeed, Mr. Baird was most leisurely. At the Blackstone, he took great pains in ordering a luncheon. But when, at last, the waiter had gone on his numerous errands, Mr. Baird spoke.

"I owe you both an apology," he said. "I realize that you didn't invite me. But—well—" he turned to Eric—"you see, I'm fond of her myself."

Eric colored. "I am sure," Eric said, "we should have invited you if we'd had the least notion you'd come."

It was Mr. Baird's turn to color. "I'll be honest," he said. "Perhaps I wouldn't have come—if you had invited me."

"But how did you know?" Milly asked. Her father smiled.

"It was your habit of writing things down, Milly," he said. "I just happened to pick up a slip of paper on which you had written 'Boston 10:05,' a great many times. And then you had scribbled 'Blackstone' and 'high noon' and 'September 1' and all the rest of it. And so when you went to Boston I followed you, and when you got on the 10:05 I got on, though I must say you didn't give me much time. And then I almost lost you in Englewood—you were so quick getting off the train."

"But why—why didn't you stop me?" Her father paused and took a long breath. "I suppose," he said, "I must have sympathized with you—a little."

"Oh," said Milly, and bit her lip to keep the tears back.

Her father's hand closed over hers. "Are you going to invite me to the wedding, Milly?" he asked.

"I—I—I thought you didn't understand," Milly said. "I thought I could never make you see I was really in love with Eric and I'd promised him and so I—I ran away—and—don't you see?"

"I think I see, now, Milly," he said.

"And you haven't any objection?" "Well," said Mr. Baird judiciously, "I wouldn't go so far as to say I haven't any objection. I think I should object to any man who wanted to marry you."

He gave Eric a quizzical look.

"But from what I have learned—I think perhaps I object less to Eric Bullen than to any other man I know."

"But Mother?" Milly cried.

"I think," said Mr. Baird, "that if we were all to go down to Broad Haven and give your mother a chance to know Eric, and to decide what kind of a wedding Milly should have, and how many bridesmaids, and to get used to the idea of Milly as Mrs. Eric Bullen—I think she might—well, she might remember she was a bride herself once."

They laughed, and yet the tears came into all their eyes.

"Will you come, Milly?" asked her father.

He needed no answer. Milly looked at Eric, and no words could say as well how she would like that chance.

She hesitated, "Do you suppose Mother will—?"

"Never mind about your mother," said her father—"after all, a husband does have a little influence with his wife. Now let's enjoy ourselves."

"I'll never wish I hadn't come," said Eric. "Will you?" And brazenly, in front of her father, he crooked his little finger into one of Milly's on the hand that was somewhat shakily playing with a fork.

She looked hard into his searching eyes. As he looked, she stopped being a runaway girl, and suddenly grew into a woman.

"No, neither will I," said Milly of Langmore Street.

And as a matter of fact she never did.

## Cradle Slackers

[Continued from page 7]

I realize that I am building up future trouble for myself because I'm trying to remain infallible as long as possible. There have been times when the difficulties were tremendous. In a single afternoon I have met: "How does the zebra go?" "How does the kangaroo go?" "How does the llama go?" and "How does the lion go?"

I can roar a little, but I haven't an idea as to how the others "go," or even whether they "go" at all. So far, "Cluck-cluck," "Boom-boom," and "Woof-woof" have served; but sometime or other, Heywood, third, will meet some animal or other which does say "Woof-woof," and I am ruined.

I'm a little afraid that in trying to work up an interesting world for Heywood, third, I have allowed no little misconception to creep in. Living near the Central Park zoo, it seemed to be no more than fitting that he should receive an early introduction to the rest of God's creatures who were going to share the world with him. The only trouble is that he hasn't quite got their proportionate share straight in his mind. Without doubt he thinks that hippopotamuses are as common in New York as poodle-dogs. Only the other day he said, "The hippopotamus is coming to see Woodie."

[Continued on page 48]



## For Beautiful Floors

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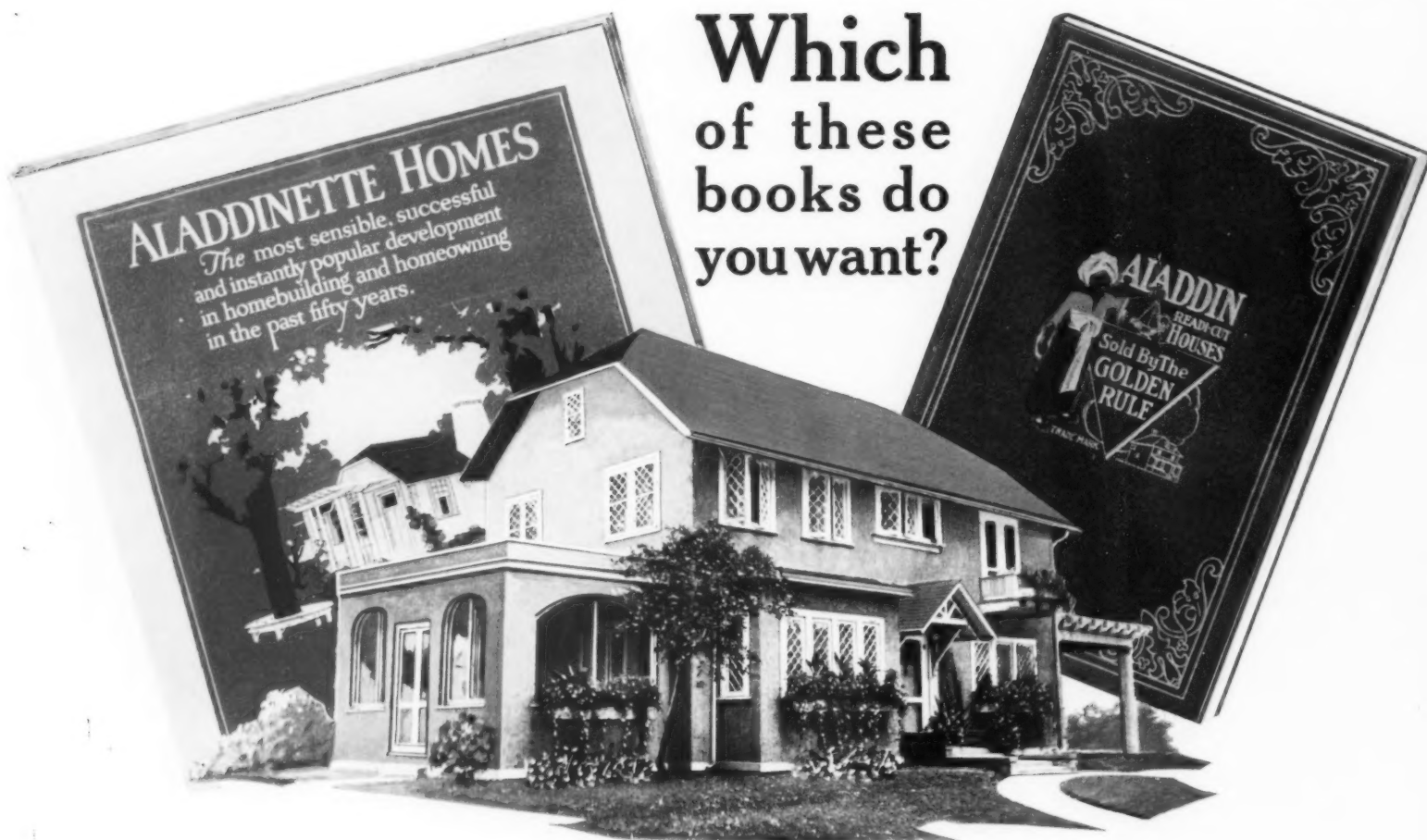
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### All Material Shipped Complete

When the material for my home was delivered by freight it came in one complete shipment. Not only the lumber, but the nails, locks, hinges, lath, plaster, window frames, doors, paint—everything in fact, came in one sealed box car. I have heard enough of the difficulties people encounter in getting delivery of this or that necessary item when they buy material from various sources. I bought all my material complete from one source and never had a single worry or a moment's delay on account of needing some missing article.

### House Quickly Erected

In twenty-one working days after unloading the material the house was finished and ready for occupancy. During those twenty-one days I kept accurate record of every dollar expended. As the days went by I saw clearly I was going to undercut the lowest bid that had been offered me before I discovered the Aladdin System of homebuilding. My complete saving amounts to at least \$1,000, about one-third of the bill of material.

### Send for Book of Homes

Originally I had intended to employ an architect, but a friend loaned me a book of plans from which I selected a very suitable design. Local builders gave me estimates of the cost to build a house of the design I had selected. Just before closing a deal an advertisement I saw caused me to send for a catalog of Read-cut houses. The catalog came in prompt response to my request. I found

in it a design a trifle larger but substantially the same as the one on which I had received estimates. The catalog price caused me to write at once to the manufacturers for full particulars.

### All Material Cut-to-Fit

I learned that the lumber for Read-cut houses is all cut-to-fit according to standardized methods. This system eliminates the wastage of odd pieces that ordinarily would occur where the sawing is done on the site of the building. The saving amounts to 18% of the lumber costs. The factory method of cutting the lumber by gang-saws, mitre-machines and other labor-saving devices reduces carpenter costs on the job by at least 30%.

### Practically Wholesale Price

The Aladdin Company manufactures houses in enormous quantities, thus selling the houses direct to the homebuilder at an immense saving under local retail prices in which so many middleman profits have been included. I was convinced that it was safe, sure and economical to buy an Aladdin Read-cut Home and the results have more than justified my faith.

### Is a Satisfied Customer

I am satisfied with my dealings with The Aladdin Company. My home has attracted favorable comment here and it meets all my expectations. If I ever build again I will build another Aladdin Home because I know in advance I shall get more for my money than I could otherwise."

### Homebuilders to the Nation

This is the story of hundreds, yes, even thousands of other homebuilders. Aladdin Homes are known from Maine to California, from Puget Sound to the Gulf, and wherever they have been built they have brought satisfaction. No matter where you live there is an Aladdin Home near you.

### Wonderful Advantages Offered

Aladdin Homes are sold to the individual buyer at prices that are equivalent to what would be wholesale prices in ordinary merchandise. Aladdin lumber comes direct from the great lumber producers, and is bought in tremendous quantities at a great saving in price.

Aladdin's use of standardized lengths and scientific cutting eliminates wastage, which in the old way of building amounted to 20% of the total cost of the lumber for which the homebuilder paid.

All the material required for an Aladdin Home is furnished complete as specified and according to the plans. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

### Quick Service from Mills

Aladdin Mills and distributing offices are located in the four greatest timber-producing areas of this country, so that house material is shipped direct from the forest by the shortest possible haul, making quick service. Short hauls mean low costs.

Aladdin designs include arrangements and architecture to suit everyone. The plans are the result of highest talent and long experience, and there is a large variety to choose from.

Aladdin is referred to as the National Homebuilding Service. It is the American way of saving dollars for fellow Americans, modern production (by original method) of a better product for less cost than has ever been accomplished before.

### Send for "145 Aladdin Homes"

Do you own a home of your own? Do you intend to build? Ask Aladdin for a copy of the book that has led others to success in homebuilding. It is called "145 Aladdin Homes."

### Or Send for Book Aladdinette Homes

The Aladdinette design will appeal to you as being a great step forward in economical home construction. In California and the West, this type is practically the only kind built. A real home with astonishing advantages for the buyer. It will interest you greatly. Tell us to send the book of Aladdinette Homes No. 145 to your address.

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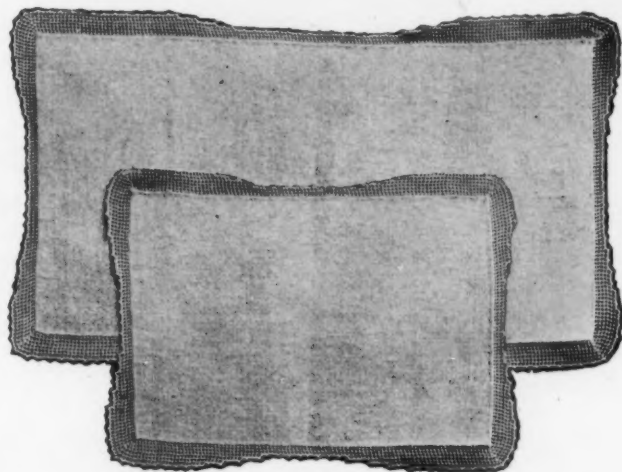
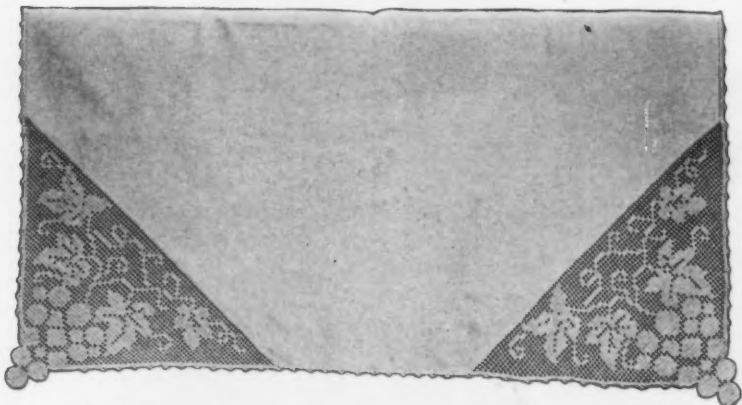
# ALADDIN

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HOMES

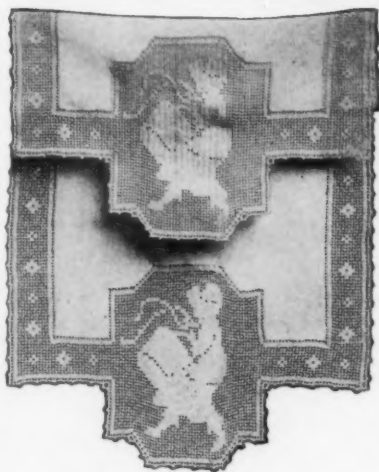


## Filet Designs of the Newest Type

By Elisabeth May Blondel

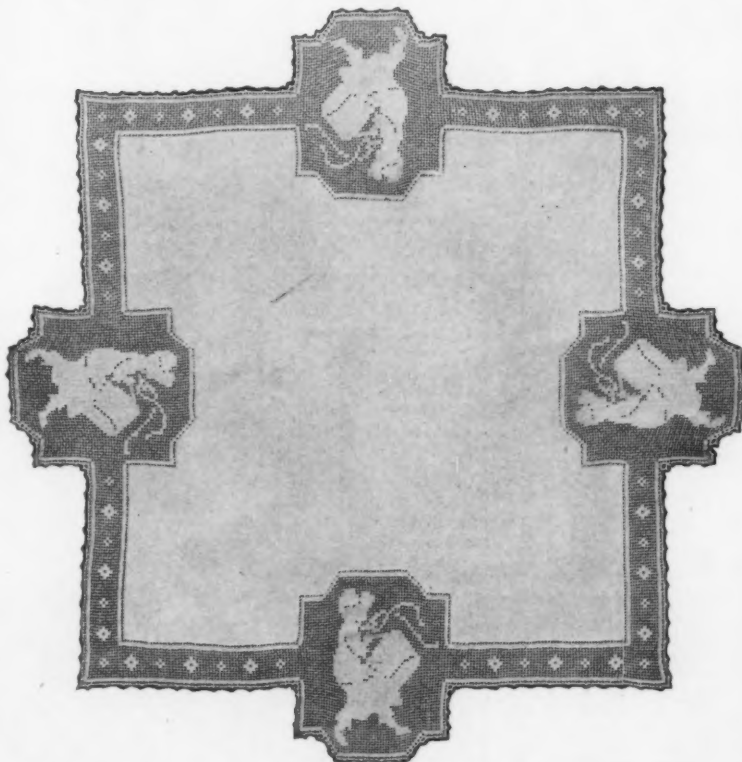


The sprightly action of the quaint little hat-box maid is captured in the lace with delightful reality. That this type of design is very new and charming will be recognized at once by those who have succumbed to the fascination of filet crochet. White linen and cotton number 70 were used for this set of centerpiece and scarf. The scarf is 16 inches wide, the centerpiece 34 inches across. See Editor's Note below.



The grape design pictured above makes a handsome motif for the corners of a table cover. A touch of novelty is added by the extending grapes at the points.

The oblong centerpiece and doily (shown above) edged with plain filet mesh, are in smartest style for informal meals. Coarse linen and crochet thread should be used for the set to give the proper effect. See Editor's Note below.



Editor's Note.—Directions and block pattern for crocheting these four filet designs are all printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 138. Price, 15 cents. To obtain this, send money or stamps, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



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Camphor Ice

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## Camphor Ice



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NOW you can use a face powder that cannot spill. The powder is in cake form, covered with porous cloth. You can drop it on the floor and the compact will be just as perfect for use. You wipe the puff on the cloth covering of the compact and the powder comes through as needed. You could powder your nose in the dark and you would not get too much powder, and you are sure not to spray your clothes with powder. This new, perfect way to use face powder was invented by the specialist who perfected the famous, harmless La-may Powder. The package contains enough pure La-may Powder to last you for generous use for about two months.

There are two qualities of packages. Both are very flat and convenient to carry. One box with compact and puff sells for fifty cents. The other, a dainty Vanity Box with hinged cover and two-inch mirror, containing compact and flat lamb's wool puff, sells for only one dollar and fifty cents. This beautiful box is of the same material of which vanity boxes are made that sell for at least three dollars. This attractive Vanity Box will not tarnish. It will last a lifetime. When this better box is empty you refill it by asking your dealer for a fifty-cent La-may compact. The compact and puff from the fifty-cent package is made to fit the La-may Vanity Box. Ask your face powder dealer to show you this splendid new idea. Remember, here, at last, is a compact that will not crumble and spill. And, the powder comes out so evenly, you could powder your face in the dark. La-may Face Powder is also sold in the loose form for thirty-five and sixty cents. La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless. Because it is pure, and because it stays on so well,

it is now used by over a million American women. If your dealer refuses to get you a La-may Vanity Box, you may order by mail from Herbert Roystone, 16 East 18th Street, New York City. There is also a delightful La-may Talcum that sells in a beautiful large package for only thirty cents.





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# THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

NO meat for dinner, mother? Gracious goodness, I don't call that a meal at all." Thus High School Jerry complains about the repast where eggs or cheese or nuts replace the usual roast. And father grumbles softly, even though in the end he has to refuse dessert because he ate so much of the cheese soufflé.

"My family is never satisfied unless they have meat," one woman says to another sadly at a food demonstration of meat substitutes. So it goes, and the butcher bills grow bigger and bigger. But the truth of the matter probably is that it's the flavor of the lamb or veal or pork or beef—that and the idea—rather than the meat itself which the family craves. That discovery clears the road to economy. Give them their meat but s-t-r-e-t-c-h it so that a little goes a long distance.

In devising ways to do this, think of combinations with vegetables—potatoes, carrots, turnips, celery and onion. They are used most frequently and are abundant and economical; but do not let the "choice rest here. Have you ever tried parsnips with pork, or cabbage, either the whole head or leaves, stuffed with a meat mixture? There is no vegetable which combines better with meats than tomato, either in a casserole, fried or as a sauce; and there are endless varieties of delicious things which may be made with rice, macaroni or spaghetti with meat combinations.

Of course we always stuff a fowl to make it go farther, but did you ever make a stuffing to serve with lamb or pork or veal? Make it just as you would your stuffing for poultry, put it in a greased baking dish and bake it in the oven with the roast, basting it with some of the dripping. When you buy a breast of lamb or veal always have a pocket put in it for stuffing. A flank steak stuffed and rolled like a jelly roll is an economical and delectable main dish for a dinner.

## WITH FRUIT TOO

Fruits of various kinds combined with meats make alluring dishes. The apple is an old friend for that purpose, fried or in apple sauce with goose and pork; but for a novelty pare the apple, core it and cut in slices and cook slowly not to spoil the shape; serve laid on a platter alternately with pork chops, cut thin and deliciously broiled. Large winter pears quartered and cooked in water with a little lemon juice or vinegar, spice and a trifle of sugar, are delicious served with lamb. A broiled loin chop served on a thin slice of pineapple is still a novelty in many places, and pineapple under slices of sausage makes a delicate and unusual flavor.

Too much cannot be said for the fancy cuts of meat which are so inexpensive and so unusual. Hearts, liver, kidneys, brains, tongues, tails, feet and sweetbreads should often be used for the meat course. We often think of beef tongues, but those of the lamb, veal and pig are equally delicious. Try cooking the tongue of the lamb in water with a little lemon juice. The liver of chicken, turkey and, of course, goose may be combined with many other foods to make a dish which will serve a family of at least four persons.

The marrow bone is another distinctive meat flavor. The bone may be split and the marrow delicately broiled; or it may be boiled and served on rounds of toast. Another way is to remove the marrow from the bone and cut in strips and broil or fry, or dip them in batter and make rich and luxurious fritters. Still another way is to dip the strips in flour first, then egg and crumb them and fry in deep fat like a croquette. Then again one may seal the marrow into the bone with a bit of moistened flour, boil and serve in the bone.

Meats wedded to cereals are another happy pair. Corn-meal scrapple is worth remembering. Various chopped meats, sweetbreads, brains and kidneys in large muffins,

## Half the Meat Goes Twice Around

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

the centers of which have been scooped out, make an attractive dish.

### CURRY OF VEAL

2 pounds veal cut in small pieces 1/2 teaspoonful pepper  
4 tablespoonfuls fat 2 teaspoonfuls salt  
1 teaspoonful salt 1 1/2 cupfuls milk or stock  
1 1/2 tablespoonfuls flour

Brown the veal in 1/2 the fat. Make a sauce of the other ingredients, mixing the curry with the flour. Put veal in sauce and simmer gently until tender. Serve on hot platter with border of rice.

### TOMATO SAUCE

4 tablespoonfuls fat 1 cupful canned tomato  
1 slice onion 1/2 teaspoonful salt  
1 slice carrot 1/2 teaspoonful pepper  
1 stalk celery cut fine 1 1/2 cupfuls hot water  
1/2 bay leaf or stock  
1 teaspoonful poultry seasoning 4 tablespoonfuls flour  
1 teaspoonful parsley

baking, if necessary. Make a gravy from the drippings in the pan.

### MEAT A LA ROYAL

1 1/2 cupfuls cold meat 1 1/2 cupfuls cooked macaroni  
seasonings 1 1/2 cupfuls milk  
3 eggs

Beat the eggs slightly, add the meat and macaroni and season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Add the milk and turn into a well greased baking dish; cook very slowly until the mixture is firm.

### CASSEROLE OF LAMB

2 pounds of lamb cut in inch pieces 1 teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce  
1/2 cupful carrots diced 2 cloves  
1/2 cupful celery cut fine 1/4 of a bay leaf  
2 tablespoonfuls onion 1/2 teaspoonful salt  
chopped 1/2 teaspoonful pepper  
2 tablespoonfuls fat 2 cupfuls boiling water

out. Brown the leaves in the rest of the fat, add 1/2 cupful hot water, cover and simmer for an hour. Serve with some kind of sauce, such as tomato or brown sauce.

### HUNGARIAN GOULASH

1 pound beef 1 1/2 cupfuls potatoes  
1 1/2 tablespoonfuls fat 1/2 cupfuls diced  
2 teaspoonfuls salt 4 peppercorns  
1 onion chopped fine 1/2 bay leaf  
1 ripe red or green 1/2 teaspoonful paprika  
pepper shredded 1 cupful tomatoes

Fry the onion in the fat; add the meat cut fine and brown; add the pepper, seasonings and the tomato. Cook until the meat is tender adding water as the liquid boils away. Add the potatoes; cook until tender.

### METHODS OF PREPARING BRAINS FOR COOKING

Remove the skin that covers the brains and fibers. Place in a dish and add the juice of one-half lemon and cover with cold water for two hours, changing the water twice in this time. Now place the brains in a saucepan, adding:

1 bay leaf 1 onion minced fine  
1 teaspoonful poultry seasoning Sufficient boiling water to cover

Bring to a boil and cook slowly 15 minutes, drain and cool, then cut each brain into five pieces.

### BEEF BRAINS IN CORN PATTIES

Remove a slice from top of large corn muffins. Now, with a spoon remove the center of the muffin, leaving a thin wall of crisp corn bread. Prepare the brains as directed above, cutting in 1-inch pieces. Now prepare 1 cupful of thin cream sauce, adding:

1 1/2 teaspoonfuls of salt  
1/2 teaspoonful paprika  
2 teaspoonfuls grated onion  
1 tablespoonful finely minced parsley  
Juice of 1/2 lemon

Mix and then add the prepared brains. Bring to the boiling point. Fill the prepared corn casseroles and sprinkle the tops with finely grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for 12 minutes.

These are delicious and may be served for luncheon or dinner when you are entertaining the most critical guests.



THERE'S A MEATY FRAGRANCE TO THE POTATO-CROWNED CASSEROLE



CABBAGE LEAVES STUFFED WITH MEAT

Brown the onion in the fat. Remove the pieces, and add the flour; stir until brown.

Cook the tomato with the seasonings and other vegetables; strain and add the water. Add this mixture slowly to the flour and fat; boil for 3 minutes.

### CALF'S HEAD A LA TERRAPIN

Wash and clean a calf's head, and cook until tender in boiling water to cover. Cool and cut meat from cheek into small cubes. To two cupfuls meat diced add one cupful sauce made of two tablespoonfuls fat, two tablespoonfuls flour, and one cupful of white stock, seasoned with one-half teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper and a few grains cayenne. Add one-half cupful rich milk and yolks of two eggs slightly beaten; cook two minutes and add two teaspoonfuls Worcestershire sauce.

### ROLLED FLANK STEAK

Rub the steak with a little vinegar and let stand one hour. Stuff with:

1 teaspoonful onion chopped  
1 cupful crumbs 2 tablespoonfuls finely chopped salt pork  
1/2 teaspoonful salt 1/4 teaspoonful pepper  
1 egg

Mix and add water to make of stuffing consistency. Spread the steak with this and roll up like jelly roll and skewer so it cannot unroll. Or tie up with white string. Put in a baking pan with a cup of hot water, cover, and cook very slowly two hours; uncover the last 1/2 hour and let brown. Add more water during the

Brown the vegetables, except the potatoes, in the fat; remove the vegetables and brown the meat. Put the meat in the casserole with the water and seasonings. Cook very slowly 1 1/2 hours; add the vegetables and cook 3/4 hour longer. More water may be added if it cooks away.

### CORN-MEAL SCRAPPLE

1 1/2 pounds shin of beef 1 cupful corn-meal  
1 onion 1/2 teaspoonful salt  
2 quarts cold water 1/2 teaspoonful pepper

Slice the onion and cook it in beef suet or marrow until brown; cut the meat in two-inch pieces; add the water and the onion and cook slowly until the meat is tender. Cool; remove the fat. To the remaining liquid add water enough to make 1 quart; add the corn-meal and salt and cook one hour. Turn into a mold, cool and when perfectly cold cut in slices and fry in fat until a delicate brown.

### STUFFED CABBAGE LEAVES

12 cabbage leaves 1 cupful rice  
1/2 pound pork or beef 3 teaspoonfuls salt  
4 slices of fat bacon 1/4 teaspoonful pepper  
1 onion 1/2 teaspoonful paprika  
1 egg 4 tablespoonfuls fat

Brown the rice in 1/2 the fat and add 2 cupfuls water; cook until the rice is tender. Put the meat and onion through the meat chopper; add the egg well beaten and the seasonings, then combine with the rice, adding some of the water in which the rice was cooked to make a soft mixture. Parboil the cabbage leaves until pliable, drain, fill with the mixture and fasten, rolling over the ends and using a toothpick to prevent the mixture's coming

### LAMB TUCKED IN WITH VEGETABLES AND GRAVY

#### GRILLED OX TAILS

Prepare 2 ox tails. Place in a saucepan and add: 2 cupfuls water, 1 onion.

Steam until tender, then lift and drain. Place in baking dish, season with salt and pepper and little grated cheese. Cover with strips of bacon and place in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve with curry of rice.

#### CALF'S HEART STUFFED

Wash the heart. Remove the veins and arteries. Stuff the arteries with:

2 tablespoonfuls bread 1 tablespoonful suet  
crumbs 1 tablespoonful parsley  
1 teaspoonful mixed herbs 1/2 teaspoonful salt  
1 tablespoonful milk

Dredge the heart with salt and pepper and flour. Cover the top of heart with paper. Put in the stew pan 2 tablespoonfuls of dripping; when hot add the heart. Cover; simmer over back of range 2 hours, turning once in a while, or bake in the oven.

#### CANNELON

1 pound uncooked beef 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice  
chopped fine 1/2 cupful salt  
Yolk of 1 egg 1 teaspoonful salt  
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley A little white pepper  
1 tablespoonful butter 1 tablespoonful bread crumbs

Mix all the ingredients together, then form into a roll six inches long. Wrap in greased paper; put in a baking pan, bake in a quick oven 30 minutes, basting twice with dripping or melted butter. When finished remove the paper, serve on a platter with mushroom or brown sauce.

# NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT



*Like mother used to make*

Even in the days when housewives were forced to make their own mince meat at great expense of time and labor, mince pies were the great American dessert.

Now that nine-tenths of the work of pie-making has been shifted from your kitchen into ours, American homes enjoy millions more mince pies than ever before.

There's nothing quite so good as a delicious, piping hot None Such Mince Pie baked in your own oven or by a good baker.

None Such Mince Meat made in our model kitchen of a wide variety of the choicest ingredients, sterilized and protected in every way, is the same wholesome mince meat that our forefathers enjoyed way back in Colonial days.

**You add no sugar to None Such—the sugar is in it**

*Thursday is None Such Mince Pie Day,  
and as such is observed nationally.*

MERRELL-SOULE SALES CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.  
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT, Ltd., Toronto, Canada



None Such Pudding—Break into small pieces one package of NONE SUCH Mince Meat, and dust lightly with flour; add one cupful suet chopped fine. Sift together one cupful flour and two tablespoonfuls brown sugar. Then use enough milk, about one cupful, to make a thick batter. Place in individual cups covered with greased or waxed paper. Bake slowly one hour, or steam two hours. Steaming makes pudding lighter and more wholesome. Serve hot with sauce.



## Come to Tea, Informally

By Hazel B. Stevens



SUNDAY evening supper at our house was different. The way we spent it was a sort of a tradition with us. Certain unconventional methods of serving and types of dishes brought out at no other time made it a gala night.

I have suspected that it was Mother's method, living in a rough mining camp as we did, of keeping her family together on the evening when social diversion was the order. Supper was usually preceded by singing, with Mother at the piano, and Father leading with his fine mellow tenor, and all joining in.

If you want to make someone really feel at home, let him sit in the heart of your family, before the red glow of coals, in a comfy chair or on a low stool, and eat the simple things which he has helped to prepare. Before this kind of hospitality the most stubborn case of shyness or homesickness will go down. The idea is an elastic one, and will fit any crisp autumn or winter evening when a party arrives from a cold ride "chilled through." The invitation to "draw up a chair" to an open fire will get an eager response.

May I pass on some of our ideas for making these gatherings comfortable, and some of the dishes that we have found delicious yet easy to prepare?

To be in readiness we bought a set of little trays such as you may find in any five-and-ten-cent store. The trays, plates, knives and forks, spoons and small Japanese napkins (or paper napkins) are put on the large dining-room table and each one helps himself and hunts the chair of his choice.

The member of the family who makes the best coffee, cocoa or chocolate, automatically takes upon himself that responsibility. So with other details; each of us has formed the habit of going about his particular "masterpiece" and does his part with a particular friend to help and chatter and generally carry along the jollification.

Our main dish is usually something served on crackers or toast. Melted cheese forms the base of one kind of sauce to pour over, which may be a rarebit proper, or an adapted one. If it is to be a rarebit, we prefer the good old English kind, which is simply cheese melted in milk, and touched up with salt and paprika. Few know the secret that a little baking-soda added will keep the cheese and milk from separating. This rarebit may be varied by adding

catchup or chilli sauce, or finely chopped onion and green peppers.

Cream sauce may be the base of any number of dishes. With this as a starter, delicious concoctions are possible by adding oysters or minced clams; salmon and green peas; shredded tuna fish; diced left over chicken or veal or sardines. Then among the simple foreign dishes Italian spaghetti holds its place in the affections of a supper party crowd. Delicious old-fashioned Boston baked beans, too, always find a welcome along with Spanish rice with spicy tomato sauce. Another favorite of ours is tomatoes thickened with bread-crumbs or cracker-crumbs and well seasoned with salt, pepper, paprika and butter, with which a can of salmon has been cooked. This may be served with or without the toast.

As the days grow warmer, or just for variety, let simple sandwiches take the place of the cooked dish. It is not much trouble, while getting dinner, to prepare a bowl of filling, made from trimmings of the roast; cheese creamed soft, with chopped chive or nuts added, makes delightful sandwiches. The bowl may be set in a cool place, and the sandwiches made in a jiffy just before needed. Nut-bread or raisin-bread and butter, cut thin and served with tart currant jelly is delicious.

A REGULAR "party" of some numbers may be handled beautifully by adapting the method described above. Let suppertime come early, and have the guests draw for their allotted tasks, arranging it so that each man has a girl to help him. If it is a large party, some skill may be needed to find enough tasks to keep everyone busy when the meal is so simple; but it doesn't take much of a task to keep two busy, since there is much talking and foolery to be done between whiles!

For instance, two may get out the trays, napkins and silver. Two or more with musical talent may be delegated to furnish "soft music" while the work is going on. There may be supervisors, and critics who will create much diversion. Two or more "handy men" ordered around on unnecessary errands make fun. Some, delegated to clear up the dishes afterward, may be allowed to play "idle rich" beforehand.

At one such affair a couple sent to the cellar to shine apples, patched up a long-standing difference over the apple-box, and came up shinier as to eyes and redder as to cheeks than the fruit they carried.

## Cradle Slackers

[Continued from page 42]

The greatest of all possible adventures in diet, comes not from the ground but the freezer. Cortes on his lonely peak in Darien was a pigmy discoverer beside the child eating his first spoonful of ice-cream. There is the immediate frightened and angry rebellion against the coldness of it, and then the amazing sensation as the strange substance melts into magic of pleasant sweetness. The child will go on to high adventure, but I doubt whether the world holds for anyone more soul-stirring surprise than the first adventure with ice-cream. No, there is nothing dull in feeding a child.

There is less to be said for dressing a child, from the point of view of recreation. This seems to us laborious and rather tiresome, both for father and child. Still I knew one man who managed to make an adventure of it. He boasted that he had

broken all the records of the world for changing all or any part of a child's clothing. He was a skilled automobile mechanic, much in demand in races, where tires are whisked on and off. He brought his technic into the home. I saw several of his demonstrations. He was a silent man who habitually carried a mouthful of safety pins. Once the required youngster had been pointed out, he wasted no time in preliminary wheedlings but tossed her on the floor without more ado. Even before her head had bumped, he would be hard at work. With him the thrill lay in the inspiration of the competitive spirit. He endeavored always to have his task completed before the child could begin to cry. He never lost. Often the child cried afterward, but by that time my friend felt that his part of the job was completed—and would turn the youngster over to her mother.





## New Food Dainties Which Millions Now Enjoy

WE print at the right a recipe that you will want to try, and we'll send you a book containing others on request.

These recipes tell how to make new food dainties with the raisin. And they show how plain foods are raised to "luxury heights" by adding but a mere trifle to their cost.

Millions now serve foods like these and note a real saving in their bills.

For such foods are welcomed and housewives therefore can serve them as often as they like.

Learn how boiled rice, oatmeal, stewed prunes, bread pudding and other economical desserts are given a chef's touch with the raisin.

When you know you'll do as millions do—you'll use the raisin freely, you'll gain a new appreciation of this nutritious, healthful food.

### Raisin Cup Cakes

(Illustrated above)

Try this as a sample of what raisins do. Then make many other foods with raisins:

- 2 cups SUN-MAID Seedless Raisins
- 2 cups water
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 tbsp. shortening

Put together and boil for a few minutes. Let get cool. Then add:

- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. soda
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 3 cups flour

Drop mixture into cup cake pans, one tbsp. to each tin. Makes 2 dozen cakes, or one large loaf cake if desired.

## SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use plump, tender, juicy, thin-skinned SUN-MAID Raisins for home cooking. Made from finest California table grapes.

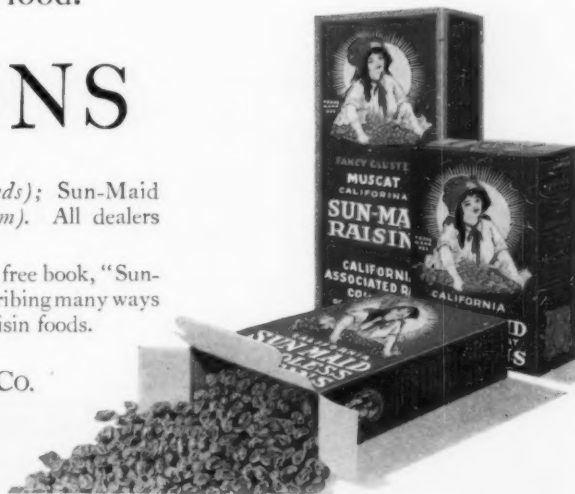
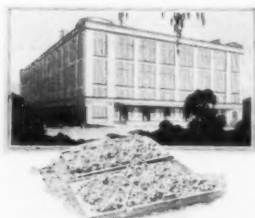
Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless

(grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem). All dealers sell them.

Send post card for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing many ways to make delicious raisin foods.

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Drying Sun-Maid Raisins





DOROTHY is five years old to-day. As usual on such occasions mamma has made up a big Cherry Jell-O dessert, and while Nan brings it on and serves it cousin Betty and Peg congratulate each other on their good fortune. Bobbie's gleeful face expresses his sentiments, and Dorothy, with her arm about him, is happy.

For little party affairs, and for big ones,

## JELL-O

has come to be regarded as almost indispensable. So many different dishes—entrees and salads as well as desserts—can be made of it that the first consideration is: "What shall we serve in Jell-O?"

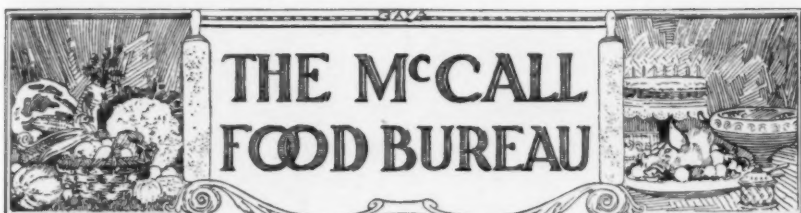
The new Jell-O Book, just out, is more beautiful and complete than any other ever issued, and it will be sent free to any woman furnishing her name and address.

There are six pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY  
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.







## Those February Tricks

By Lilian M. Gunn

**F**EBRUARY isn't noted for its weather or its wealth of days, but it has more holidays than any other month, three of them, not to mention Shrove Tuesday. It was certainly considerate of Washington and Lincoln to be born just when they were. They gave us such golden opportunities for entertainments.

Another pleasant thing about these festive occasions—Lincoln's birthday on the 12th, Valentine's Day on the 14th and Washington's birthday on the 22nd—is that they all have symbols that supply the motif for our party. There are hearts, hatchets, cherries, flags, and so forth.

For the patriotic holidays the conventional decoration of course is red, white and blue. It is very easy to choose red or white foods, but blue ones are impossible to find except in rare instances. So for the blue we must be contented with blue flowers or a blue bowl and blue candles. For Washington's birthday the

romaine, three to five cherries to each leaf. Serve with a French dressing.

### CHERRY TARTS

Make a rich pastry and bake over the bottom of large muffin cups. Fill these shells with cherries which have been cooked in a very sweet sirup. This sirup is easily made by taking the juice from a can of cherries and adding an equal quantity of sugar, boil until thick, add the cherries and cook carefully until most of the liquid has evaporated.

### IMITATION CHERRIES

Cut balls from firm apples with a French potato-cutter. Cook very slowly in a sirup until slightly tender. Drain and make stems of angelica or citron.

### PANCAKES

3 cupfuls flour 1/2 teaspoonful salt  
2 cupfuls sweet milk 1 egg  
1 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder 2 tablespoonfuls melted fat

Sift the baking-powder with the flour. Mix the milk with the well-beaten egg, add salt and pour slowly on the flour. Add melted fat. Fry on hot griddle.

### RICH LITTLE VALENTINE CAKES



A CHERRY TART AND HATCHET COOKIES

Colonial colors of blue and yellow may be used for a change, and of course cherries must appear in the menu, and food in the shape of hatchets.

For St. Valentine's Day "hearts are trumps," and may be used in many ways. They may be supplemented by cupids, arrows and pink roses. Little heart cakes, cookies and sandwiches, ice-cream molded in hearts, cupids cut out of cookie dough, or made of cardboard for decoration, are appropriate. Use valentines as place cards and pink for the color.

Shrove Tuesday is also in February, and of course pancakes must be served on this occasion. Have maple sirup to eat on them if possible; but if not, a good substitute may be made of brown sugar to which caramel is added.

### COOKIES WITHOUT CUTTERS

To make the fancy cookies for the holiday one does not need to have an array of fancy cutters. They are often hard to find and it is expensive to buy good ones. Instead take a piece of white paper, quite stiff paper is best, and draw the design you wish, cut it out and lay it on your cookie dough and cut around it with a sharp paring knife. In this way you may make your own shapes in any form you may wish.

### WASHINGTON PIE

1/4 cupful fat 1 1/2 cupfuls flour  
3/4 cupful sugar 2 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder  
2 eggs 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla  
1/2 cupful milk

Cream the fat and add the sugar and then the eggs well beaten. Sift the baking-powder with the flour and add it alternately with the milk; add the flavor last. Bake in two round tins and use raspberry jam as a filling; sift powdered sugar over the top.

### CHERRY COCKTAIL

Use red or white cherries, or both. Stone the fruit and drain. If very sweet use enough lemon juice to give a tart taste. Chill in the ice-box, serve in high glasses and sprinkle with shredded coconut.

### CHERRY SALAD

Use large white cherries. Stone and drain, chill. Just before serving put a tiny piece of pecan nut in each cherry to resemble the stone. Place on leaves of

**CORN PANCAKES**  
1 1/4 cupfuls flour 1 1/4 cupfuls boiling water  
1 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder 1 1/4 cupfuls milk  
1 1/2 teaspoonfuls salt 3 tablespoonfuls melted fat  
1 egg 1/4 cupful corn-meal

Cook the meal in the boiling water for ten minutes; add the milk. Mix and sift the dry ingredients; combine with the meal; add the well beaten egg and the fat.

### BREAD-CRUMB PANCAKES

1 1/2 cupfuls stale crumbs 2 eggs  
1 1/2 cupfuls hot milk 1/2 cupful flour  
3 tablespoonfuls melted fat 3 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder  
1/2 teaspoonful salt 1/2 teaspoonful salt

Pour the milk over the crumbs and soak until they are soft. Sift the dry ingredients, add the eggs and combine with the crumbs.

### RICE PANCAKES

2 cupfuls flour 1 egg  
1 cupful cooked rice 1 1/2 cupfuls milk  
3 tablespoonfuls baking-powder 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls melted fat  
1/2 teaspoonful salt 3 tablespoonfuls sugar

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Work the rice in with a fork, combine the moist ingredients and pour slowly over the dry ingredients. Beat well.

### RICH COOKIES

1 cupful butter 2 cupfuls sugar  
3 eggs Flour to knead  
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the lemon rind and juice, the beaten yolks and well beaten whites, and just flour enough to knead. Roll into a very thin sheet and cut into fancy shapes. Brush slightly with white of egg, spread with granulated sugar, and bake.

### PLAIN COOKIES

Rub one-half cupful of butter until creamy, gradually add one cupful of sugar, then put in one egg and beat together thoroughly. Next add, alternately, one-half cupful of milk or water and one pint of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder have been sifted. Use enough more flour to make a soft dough.



"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

## The Royal Baking Service

from  
The Royal Educational Department

**Editor's Note**—The best way to put a cake together; how to test the oven heat without a thermometer; how to make ten cakes from one easily prepared recipe—these and many other things which every woman wants to know are continually being proved by experts of the Royal Educational Department. So from time to time, we will give readers of "McCall's Magazine" the benefit of the shorter cuts and new discoveries that are being worked out daily by this Department.

### Cake Discoveries

#### Three Eggs to Make Two Cakes

Many a woman hesitates to make cakes in these days of high egg prices because she thinks it takes four or five eggs to make a really good cake. Yet illustrated here are two delicious cakes (recipes below) that any woman would be proud to say she made. The secret is this:—Use fewer eggs and more Royal; for example, in a four egg cake recipe omit two eggs and add two extra teaspoons of Royal Baking Powder. This will not alter in any way the palatability or appearance of your cake. Either the "batter" method or the method of creaming the shortening first can be successfully used in these cakes.

If butter, nut butter or other shortening is too hard to cream easily, rinse the mixing bowl with hot water, dry and add to the shortening a tablespoon of milk from the amount measured for the cake. With this assistance cold hard butter may be creamed in half the ordinary length of time.

#### Ten Cakes from One Recipe

AS many as ten cakes can be made from the recipe for Royal Drop Cakes given below. Here are a few examples—

**Chocolate Cake**—To cake batter, add two squares of melted unsweetened chocolate.

**Mocha Fruit Cake**—Use brown sugar, a half cup of strong coffee in place of half the milk, and add one cup floured and chopped raisins or dates.

### Have You the New Royal Cook Book?

It contains the recipes you have admired so much in Royal advertisements, together with other recipes and discoveries. We will send it to you free and also answer any inquiries you have on home baking. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT  
Royal Baking Powder Company, 134-B William St., New York

This is the second of the Royal Baking Service

### Cut these out and Put in Your Cook Book

#### Orange Cream Layer Cake

1/2 cup shortening 1 cup sugar  
1 egg 1 cup milk  
1 1/2 cups flour 1/2 teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
1 cup sweetened flavored whipped cream

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, one-half milk; mix well; add one-half flour sifted with salt and Royal Baking Powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour and flavoring; mix after each addition. Bake in two greased layer cake tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Spread whipped cream thickly between layers. Cover top with—

#### Orange Frosting

1 tablespoon cream  
1 cup confectioner's sugar  
1 tablespoon melted butter  
1/2 teaspoon orange extract  
Pulp and rind of 1 orange

To the cream, add the sugar slowly. Add orange pulp, rind, extract and melted butter. Beat until smooth and spread on top of cake

#### Royal Drop Cakes

1/2 cup shortening 2 cups flour  
1 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 egg extract  
3 teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder

Sift together sugar, flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt; add melted shortening to the milk, egg and flavoring, mixed together. Combine the dry and liquid ingredients. Mix well. Bake in moderate oven in a greased loaf pan 40 minutes; in layer or individual tins 20 minutes. Cover with Jelly Meringue.

#### Jelly Meringue

White of 1 egg 1/2 cup currant or grape jelly  
Put egg white and jelly together into bowl and beat with egg beater—or wire whip—until stiff.

#### Fudge Squares

3 tablespoonfuls shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg  
2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract  
1/2 cup milk  
1 cup flour  
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder  
1/2 cup nut meats chopped—not too fine

Melt shortening; add sugar and unbeaten egg; mix well; add chocolate which has been melted, vanilla and milk; add flour which has been sifted with the baking powder; add nut meats; mix well. Spread very thinly on greased shallow cake pan, and bake in slow oven from 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into 2-inch squares before removing from pan.

#### Feather Coconut Cake

1 1/2 cups flour  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder  
2 tablespoonfuls shortening  
1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
1 teaspoon lemon flavoring  
1/2 cup grated coconut

Sift flour, sugar and baking powder. Add melted shortening and beaten egg to milk and add to dry ingredients. Mix well; add flavoring and coconut, and bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Before serving, sprinkle with a little powdered sugar, or if desired, ice with white icing with grated coconut sprinkled on top.

**NOTE:** Royal Baking Powder retains its full leavening strength until the last spoonful is used. Keep your baking powder can covered and never use a damp spoon in measuring.

Royal Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste



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## A Lovely Skin

— is the result, not of the application of cosmetics, but of the general bodily health. It is clear blood which imparts the blush of youth to cheeks. Experience has taught the discerning beauty to rely upon a good aperient to clear the complexion. A dainty box of **NR Tablets** is her helpful agent. Each tablet acts pleasantly to insure better health, to keep the skin clear and free from blemishes, to help restore and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All druggists sell the 25c. box of **NR Tablets**.



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**Bring Out the Hidden Beauty**  
Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?  
**Mercolized Wax** in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.



**Kondon's  
makes your  
nose  
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## Heart of the Rose

[Continued from page 11]

complacent Rambaud, who told of brilliant rehearsals and the genius of Lanvally. All Paris was on tiptoe with interest in the play; Bultier was bragging in the cafés that it would be the hit of the season. Charpentier felt that he would go mad.

From the darkness of the second tortured night, the first glimmer of hope came to him. It was a wild, fantastic idea, delirious as night-thoughts always are, but he was desperate as a drowning man trying for the first time to swim. He feverishly wrote the Marquis de Barsan, and followed his note next day in person.

The Marquis de Barsan was the last of a family that had been powerful in France before the days of kings. Past fifty, he still retained the fine, elegant figure of his youth and, beneath his silky gray hair, his face was like that on a rare old Roman coin. He lived retired from the vulgarities of society, conserving the traditions of another age. He received Charpentier courteously but with some surprise, and listened to his story with growing amazement and indignation.

"Truly, that Rambaud interests me," he said. "He is a rare species of *canaille*. But you ask me, monsieur, to deceive a woman."

"I am asking you to do for the greatest service; to prevent her from doing an infamous thing," Charpentier urged, haggard with emotion. "Monsieur, I beg you to help me, for the sake of the woman whose life she would ruin." He thought of Georgina, but he was aware that his host was thinking of Arlette.

"If it would not soil my sword, I would much prefer to protect her by removing Rambaud from the earth he poisons," M. de Barsan mused. "*Mais enfin, monsieur, you are right.*"

That afternoon, during the entr'acte of a fashionable concert, the Marquis de Barsan bowed over the hand of Vivette Lanvally, who, intoxicated by this sudden glory, bloomed like a flower in the sunshine of his compliments.

"Oh, you flatter me!" she cried archly, aware of the gaze of all the brilliant, moving throng around them. "Why should you admire poor little me, when you know so many great actresses? One hears that you give beautiful plays in your chateau."

"I hope, mademoiselle, that you will one day consent to honor them with your talent."

"I would be delighted," she said breathlessly.

"You have only to let me know when you will be so gracious, mademoiselle," Charpentier, watching in the distance, saw her eyes brighten and her cheeks flush.

On the afternoon of the sixth day before the opening of *Heart of the Rose*, Vivette Lanvally, sat drinking tea in M. de Barsan's little salon. The pictured faces of the long-dead marquises de Barsan looked down upon her from the walls. Emperors had drunk from the cup she held. The withered little old lady in threadbare garments, who talked with Charpentier, bore a name that had caused Vivette's impudent self-confidence to desert her abruptly.

"I am so happy to receive you here, mademoiselle," M. de Barsan was saying. "You must promise me to come again, not only to my little theater, but as a friend."

"Oh," she murmured, "you have so many friends. You—wouldn't know whether one little actress was among them or not."

"Indeed I should, mademoiselle. A true friendship with a good and beautiful woman is the greatest joy an old man can have. Your face, my dear, tells me that your soul is no less beautiful."

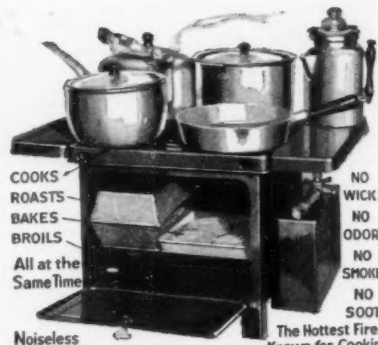
Vivette's eyes dropped. She rose, and it seemed to Charpentier that her farewell was something like a flight. He walked with her down the quiet street. "The play is going well, mademoiselle?"

"Don't talk about it!" she exclaimed furiously, then gave him a charming smile. "Good-by, monsieur. Here is my car."

Five days left. Charpentier, admitted as Rambaud's friend to watch the rehearsals of his play, saw that every day a flowering plant from M. de Barsan's gardens arrived for Vivette Lanvally. Her temper was atrocious. She quarreled with the stage-manager, stormed at her maid, and even spoke sharply to Bultier. To the young man the days were like the nightmare existence of a prisoner before his execution. Rehearsals went on; Rambaud grew more complacent, Bultier more delighted at the prospect of a big money-making success. The morning of the dress-rehearsal arrived.

"At least, tomorrow I can kill Rambaud," Charpentier thought, almost with relief. He stood beside Lanvally in the wings. On the stage, Rambaud was giving

[Continued on page 53]



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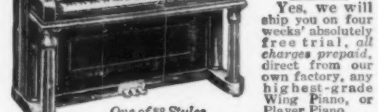
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## Heart of the Rose

[Continued from page 52]

his last instructions to the actors. He approved the dress of the actress who was to represent Arlette. He ordered the leading man to cut his hair in the fashion adopted by Robert d'Ormenge.

The stage-manager arrived, beaming. "Everybody's talking about the play. There's not a seat left for the first night. More than twelve thousand francs taken in already at the box-office! It's going to be a knockout!"

"It certainly is!" Bultier rejoiced. He took the stage-manager's arm and disappeared into his office.

"Looks promising, doesn't it?" said Charpentier, almost strangling on the words. Lanvally, tapping the floor with her foot, did not reply. "It will be the biggest scandal Paris has seen for years," he went on. "A duel, perhaps. What do you think?"

"Oh, no! Do you think so?" Lanvally turned startled eyes upon him.

"Probably," he replied. "There are some things no gentleman—" But Lanvally had turned her gaze on the stage. Rambaud was inspecting the man who was to play the part of the Marquis de Barsan. "As for you, remember you are a member of an old family, elegant a little old fashioned. No, don't wear a monacle. Where's Lanvally?"

As she came toward him, he looked at her with malicious enjoyment. "I needn't give you any instructions. Simply be yourself."

Charpentier saw her smile up at him, evidently delighted. Rambaud, drunk with the approaching success of his plan, went on. "Already it's going to be a triumph! Paris will go mad about you, little one. And you deserve it."

"Really?" said Vivette, lifting her remarkably long lashes above a tantalizing gleam. Rambaud answered it with a fatuous smile. They turned, walking off the stage together; and Charpentier was smothered with a sense of infinite weary disgust.

"You really think so?" Vivette was repeating coaxingly.

"Ah, but you're pretty enough to drive any man mad!"

"You think so?"

"You know very well I do."

"But," she murmured, lifting her lashes again. "You've never told me—"

"Diable!" exclaimed Rambaud. "If you look at me like that—!" They were alone together behind a screen.

A wild shriek rose suddenly. Vivette was screaming, "Beast! Beast!" Actors and stage-hands came running. Bultier, wild-eyed, burst from his office. Vivette fled to him, sobbing.

"Oh, if I were a man! The beast, the brute! He insults me. He kissed me! He dares—!"

"What's this? What's this?" cried Bultier, rushing at the disheveled, stammering Rambaud. He waited for no reply. He was old and fat, but he had begun life in an iron foundry. His left fist smashed Rambaud's nose, his right one knocked him down.

Around the struggling body he danced, yelling, "Get up! Get up and let me hit you again!" At these words Rambaud stopped moving and lay flat. The stage-manager and the leading man were trying to hold Bultier. Charpentier, in a haze, hindered them as much as possible.

"Out of my theater!" stormed Bultier, beside himself with fury. Rambaud, white and panting, got to his feet, trying to stanch the blood that poured from his swelling nose. "My seconds will call on you today," he said.

"Ah, ha! Challenge me! Go on! I'll fight you with my fists," yelled Bultier!

"I withdraw my play."

"Withdraw it? Withdraw it? I'll throw it after you!" Bultier replied. The leading man had one of his arms. Vivette flung herself upon the other. They led him, cursing, into his office. Charpentier, not waiting for his cane, ran from the theater and frantically called a taxi.

Georgina was at home. "The play's withdrawn!" he cried without a word of greeting. With Georgina, there were no half-way measures; she wholeheartedly flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"But I'm such a dub about things," he mourned half an hour later. "And Georgina, now the play is gone, I have no money at all."

"You are a dear stupid," she replied. "Do you think women love men for their fortunes?"



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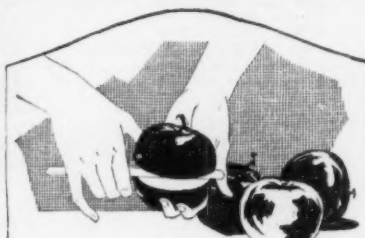
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# FORGET-ME-NOT

By MARGUERITE BLISS

Illustration by EDWARD C. CASWELL



Suddenly the curtains parted and some one came in—just a slender slip of a some one.

FOR three dances the little girl in white had remained in the dressing room. Even the last sighingly-sweet waltz had not claimed her. First her hair, then a dress-fastening, now a loosened slipper buckle to be sewed on. The maid was beginning to regard her curiously.

As flower-like a face as any had the little girl in white; her hair was soft and fair, her eyes wide and blue-gray.

But a color expert would have said her pale skin should never come near white, for the result was simply an unbecoming pallor.

As for the frock itself—

"O, dear, O dear!" murmured the little girl. "Even an idiot would have known that a skimpy white voile worn to last year's church 'sociables' in Auburndale would hardly grace a smart country-club dance here. Sleeves! (she twitched them angrily) I'm the only girl in the place with them! The neck is miles too high, the blue girle is faded! And I wouldn't walk in front of that long mirror for a new feather fan, for I'm morally certain the skirt hangs in a peak behind."

"Well, this buckle will keep me busy this dance! But after that I won't go out and be a wall-flower any longer. And I can't stay here all evening!" She peeped at her programme.

"Only one more—but that's with him—if I could only—"

She bent closer over the work. "It isn't Alicia's fault, of course. She naturally supposed, after introducing me to six men, I'd have partners all evening. But when you are wearing something ugly and awkward and tight—you feel that way inside, and you act like it, too. Your partner just says 'Beautiful evening,' and 'Thank you' and takes you back to your chaperon in a hurry. O—"

The little buckle flinched from an angry "jab."

"I never dreamed girls wore such lovely things! Still—" the needle paused thoughtfully—"when one looks closely they aren't elaborate. Take Alicia's buttercup gown now. That French modiste seemed to think she was conferring a favor upon her by letting her pay eighty-five dollars for it. But there's not an inch over four yards in it and silk prices have come down, so even that beautiful quality could be bought for four dollars a yard. It's made simply—if I could cut and fit, that long basque effect and square neck wouldn't be hard to copy."

"I suppose that modiste added twenty-five dollars for that spattering of hand embroidery, but it's the easy kind that could be done in a few hours, if one just knew the trick of the stitches. And another twenty-five for those ivory and yellow ribbons knotted at the waist. Wish I knew how to make bows—I'm tempted to run away and apprentice myself to a good dressmaker. But they say an apprentice runs errands and pulls bastings the first year."

"Those poppy dresses, too, are simple as simple can be! Just a plain founda-

tion with straight flounces tacked on. And even that exquisite orchid frock is nothing but a straight satin slip, with that swirl of violet and lavender drapery from the shoulders and the fluffy tunic caught up with those little flat silver roses. If I could make the slip and the roses, then it would be easy to put it on a form and drape it. I do know how things should look—if I could only sew—"

"There, the dance is ending! I don't want to stay here—I know—headache—fresh air—where's Alicia's cape?"

With feverish haste she flung it about her—darted to the door—but a reflection in the long glass startled her.

"Why, blue must be my color!"

Who would have thought a few folds of turquoise could make such a transformation? She was radiant, her cheeks delicately glowing. And what grace the lines of the wrap gave! Up came the silver-gold head!

OUTSIDE the moonlight was lovely but she sought a dim corner and a friendly pillar.

"Well, Marjorie Manning!" she scolded herself. "Lovely situation, isn't it? President of the Senior Class, basketball captain and the rest—sitting out here alone with a perfectly good dance going on inside. What would the girls at school say?"

Marjorie had been a leader at the quiet boarding school to which her mother had managed, through strict economy, to send her. But at boarding school, with its prescribed uniform, clothes didn't matter.

How happy she and mother had been to move this year to the city where mother's two old schoolmates lived. Women of wealth and fashion now, they loved mother as of yore. One had a daughter, the other a nephew.

"It will be Alicia's first season," wrote Mrs. Burns. "She will be happy to have Marjorie here."

"Hugh will be home," wrote Mrs. MacDonald. "I hope Marjorie will like him."

Like him!—with his athletic record in her scrap book, his picture on her desk! (Not even mother knew she had carried away to school the one Aunt Kate had sent.)

And here was his name on her programme—the dance just beginning—

"O, what's the use," drearily, "He didn't even notice me when Aunt Kate introduced him. He was watching that orchid girl."

It was very quiet there in the dark corner for a while. Then a half sob—"I beg your pardon!"

She started.

"No, please don't go. I'm—is there anything I can do?"

Such a sympathetic voice.

"No—no," Marjorie's laugh was a little shaky. "I'm just dropping a tear on the grave of a vanished—er—dream. The obsequies are over now, thank you."

"I'm truly sorry. Need a bit of sympathy myself. You see, a girl—er—evaded—a dance with me."

"Why, how could she?"

"Thanks. That helps some."

"Have you looked everywhere? What did she wear?" suggested Marjorie practically.

"Why—I—ah—hardly noticed. Just a little girl in white I believe. Protégé of Aunt Kate's, but she can't find her."

Again the girl started. "Well, you'd better go or you'll commit the same crime," she remarked stidily. "Another dance is beginning."

"O, that's all right" was the unperturbed reply. "I've that with Alicia. I made mud pies with her and I know her favorite chocolates. I'll fix that up tomorrow. May I come around here?"

"Don't the girls look like flowers tonight?" she asked. "There's a rose girl, and one with poppy skirts."

"They always do," he smiled. "And you?" he peered closer. "Why, you're the forget-me-not girl! Because no one ever could forget you, of course."

Then, it seemed but a moment—"Home, Sweet Home" sounded. And the forget-me-not girl was fleeing.

"Here—I forgot to ask your name—I want to write. I'm leaving tomorrow, western business for the firm—"

Across the veranda she shook her head saucily.

"I'm due. I disappear at twelve, you know."

"But how can I find you—can't you even drop a slipper or something?"

She stooped—for the second time that night the buckle came off. Something flashed in the moonlight and dropped at his feet. He was alone, staring dazedly at the small winking oval.

Her mother and Alicia found her already in the Burns' car. She was very silent, while Alicia chattered. Then—what was Alicia saying?

"Yes, she did, Aunt Elsie. That lovely orchid-toned gown, all herself—"

"Who? How?" demanded Marjorie.

SOME weeks later the postmistress in a western town narrowly escaped a bear-hug when she handed a strange young man a card signed simply, "Forget-me-not."

Back east, Marjorie became busy and cheerful. In November Alicia reported a wild sort of letter from Hugh.

"Wants to know what girl in my set wears a big blue cape and small oval silver slipper buckles. I'm to wire if I know. The idea! I can't imagine whom he means."

"Used to have buckles like that myself," said Marjorie innocently, "but I lost one."

HOME again in late December, Hugh was anxiously watching the arrivals at the New Year's dance.

Suddenly the curtains parted and some one stepped in—just a slender slip of a some one. The velvet draperies fell heavily behind her and she stood silhouetted against the soft dark background.

And then, whether by coincidence or because the picture was compelling, sweet gay voices were hushed and every eye was turned in that direction.

The small shining head was lifted, one white arm raised to the curtain and one drawing back the quaintly flared skirts.

Some witchery—was it the shimmering blue bit of a gown she wore?—cast opalescent tints, oddly beautiful, over the fair skin and gave a haunting grace to the figure. By some mystery of cut, the blue skirts fell in petal-like scallops, the bodice was folded scallop-wise about the gleaming shoulders, and caught in the blue meshes of gauze and velvet at the waist, a great golden rosette glowed like the heart of a flower.

Gravely-sweet, the wide eyes searched the throng, half-expectant, half-fearful. A flower-sprite she might have been, paused for a moment's glimpse of earth.

"And her face it is the fairest."

That e'er the sun shone on."

crooned the violins, while the watchers held their breath.

Then—some enterprising youth stepped forward and the spell was ended. The sprite was instantly the center of a group of admirers, distributing smiles, repartee and dances in a most mortal-like manner.

As he approached, Hugh noted final convincing details, tiny blue velvet blossoms that circled the shoulders and bound the bright hair.

After that, he forgot the world—for deep in the gray-blue eyes he glimpsed the message "Welcome home!"

Possessively he led her aside. (Was it accident that her first three dances were free?)

"I'm looking for the owner of this"—displaying a small silver oval. Silently she dropped its mate into his hand and they drifted out of doors.

"Now, tell me," he commanded, "All this mystery—why you wouldn't dance that evening, nor tell your name? And those maddening cards with no address! How did I know I'd find you here? You might have been gone—married—anything—" He wiped his forehead (in December!)

"O—I didn't know you c-cared," her voice trembled. "There's no mystery

about it. I just didn't want you to see me till I had some pretty clothes."

"Clothes! Why, you looked like an angel that night!"

"In Alicia's blue cape," laughed the forget-me-not girl. "But this one is my own!"

Gently he folded it about her, all creamy velvet and lace.

"Mother has such a tiny income I couldn't worry her," she began. "But I wanted pretty clothes, as all girls do. I knew there must be some way out for me—there always is. And—do you know—that very night I found it."

"There is a school that has a wonderful way of teaching you at home, no matter where you live, to make all kinds of dainty, becoming clothes, so I wrote the Woman's Institute at once and in a little while became a member. I knew it would help if I could only make house dresses. But imagine—after five weeks I made a most glorified house dress, a pretty baby-checked blue gingham with a white organdy collar and big white butterfly sash. Some of my friends saw it and begged me to make them some, so I've paid for my Course as I went along."

"Finally I dared try an afternoon gown. I got one of those lovely transparent crepes, all blue corn flowers blurred against a midnight blue background. I draped it simply from a square neck and twisted loosely about it a long sash of heavy black satin weighted with gold tassels. And I borrowed mother's beautiful old jet and gold beads."

"And, do you know, last week Alicia made me wear it when we poured at Mrs. Van Zandt's reception. She had on the brown chiffon her cousin brought from Paris, but we shared compliments equally."

"Mother had a wee scrap of wonderful old lace, enough for a jabot. And a jabot just clamors for big flaring cuffs and revers, for Directoire collar and heavy rich braiding. But doesn't this bore you?"

"No—No! Go on—I love to hear you!"

"I found an old dress of grandmother's, fortunately with full skirt, a relic of the days when they made real silk that wouldn't fray or split. I cut and pieced—and now you just ought to see my visiting costume, dark blue braided in black, with a tiny touch of old gold in the lining of cuffs and revers!"

"And if this evening you meet a little lady who might have stepped from a picture, wearing what you'll probably mistake for the famous cloud with silver lining, her cheeks furnishing the tint she insists belongs with gray—why, it'll be mother in the first dress I made for her!"

"There's my new blue tricotine, too, embroidered in dull red silk and copper beads. Alicia honors it with her choicest new adjective, 'swank.' With my blue toque and fox fur—I'm hoping some one will ask me to go walking—"

"I'm asking now for every day," was the prompt response.

"And my spring suit—O, it's wonderful!" with a happy sigh.

"Wonderful," breathed the tender voice beside her. "Now tell me—can't you, you, make a satin dress with orange blossoms and a veil—you know, Forget-me-not?"

He had to come very close to get her answer. No one else could possibly have heard. Maybe she didn't reply in words at all. But the moon—yes, the same old moon!—reported to the tall pine on the hill-top that the answer was entirely satisfactory!

FORGET-ME-NOT's way can be yours. More than 85,000 delighted women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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It costs you nothing to find out all about the Institute and what it can do for you. Simply send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world.

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Dept. 3-P, Scranton, Penna.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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# FASHIONS

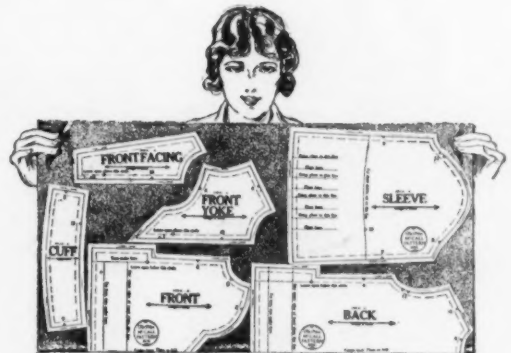
The Wonderful New McCall Pattern



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2066 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents

No. 2066, LADIES' BLOUSE; two styles of sleeve; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch or 2¼ yards of 40-inch material. The front sections are gathered at shoulders, and the blouse may be made with surplice closing, or at center-front with belt all the way around.

**How to Obtain McCall Patterns**  
Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order.



"It's Printed"

IMAGINE—Madame—a Pattern that eliminates all the puzzling study of circles and perforations—a Pattern that you can take right out of the envelop and know immediately what part is what, and lay it on the cloth without wondering wearily which way!

That is the New McCall Pattern—with words printed right on the Pattern, instead of the old circles—the most wonderful new invention for the sewing-room since the Sewing-Machine. A Pattern that not only makes sewing easier, more simple, and more accurate, but a Pattern that saves the Home Dressmaker time!

New McCall  
Printed Patterns  
are numbered  
from 2000 to  
3000.



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2067 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 40 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1077  
Price, 40 cents

No. 2067, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt with or without loose panels attached at low waistline; 33-inch length from waistline. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, and 2 yards of 36-inch contrasting for vest and underskirt. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1077, in yellow or blue, for eyelet embroidery.

No. 2061, LADIES' DRESS; surplice closing; with shield; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt, with or without tunic attached to lining. Size 36 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material and 1¼ yards of 40-inch for collar and sash. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Very prettily developed in foulard.

No. 2040, LADIES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; with chemisette; two styles of sleeve; with or without loose side tunics. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 18-inch for vest. The width is 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1084, in yellow, for darning-stitch.

No. 2068, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; raglan sleeves; two-piece skirt, with or without side panels caught under at lower edge. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1022, in yellow, for braiding or beads.



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2068 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 40 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1022  
Price, 25 cents

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2040 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 40 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1084  
Price, 40 cents



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2061 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 40 cents

## Designs of Every Description For Indoors and Out



9789 Redingote Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents

No. 9789, LADIES' REDINGOTE DRESS; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch foulard and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch georgette. The width is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 9799, LADIES' DRESS; sleeveless overdress to be slipped on over the head. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer Pattern No. 982, in yellow, for satin- and darning-stitch.

No. 9791, LADIES' OVERDRESS; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by puff sleeves. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for puff sleeves. Transfer Pattern No. 1022, in yellow, for beading, braiding or French knots.

No. 9675, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; to be worn with overdress. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material for skirt and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 40-inch for camisole. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 9805, LADIES' COAT. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material and  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch lining. This model is single-breasted and has a panel front and inverted pleat at center-back. Developed in tweed, jersey cloth or serge.

9791 Overdress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1022  
Price, 25 cents  
9675 Camisole Skirt  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents

No. 9788, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette; two styles of sleeve; four-piece skirt with or without loose side panels. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 9806, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE. Small size, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Pattern No. 863, in yellow or blue, for braiding.

No. 9761, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1073, in yellow for beading.



9788 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents

9806 Cape  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 863  
Price, 20 cents



9790 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents

9805 Coat  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents  
9675 Camisole Skirt  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents

No. 9790, LADIES' DRESS, with inset vest; two styles of sleeve; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards.



9791 9675 9805 9789 9788 9790 9806 9761

9799 Dress  
5 sizes, 34-42  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 982  
Price, 30 cents



## Many Designs from Which to Select One's Wardrobe



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2063 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 40 cents

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2061 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 40 cents

No. 2029, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve; four-piece skirt attached at low waistline. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 2 3/4 yards.

No. 2063, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves, lengthened by two styles of cuff; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, and 3 yards of 9-inch ribbon for the sash. The width is 1 1/2 yards.

COSTUME NOS. 2062-9675.—Size 36 requires 4 5/8 yards of 40-inch material and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2062, LADIES' OVERDRESS; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Pendent beads are used effectively, as trimming.

No. 9675, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; to be worn with overdress. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1 1/4 yards.



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2062 Overdress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents  
9675 Camisole Skirt  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2029 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 40 cents



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2022 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 40 cents

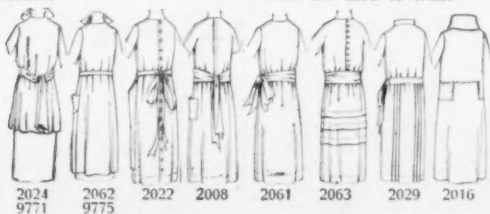
No. 2061, LADIES' DRESS; surplice closing; with shield; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt, with or without tunic. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width 1 1/2 yards.

No. 2016, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The collar and cuffs are of fur, and the fulness at the front is confined by a belt, while the back is loose and hangs from shoulders.

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2016 Coat  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents

No. 2022, LADIES' DRESS; with or without loose panels. Size 36 requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch material. Width 1 5/8 yards. Transfer Design No. 796, in yellow or blue, for satin- and outline-stitch and beads.

No. 2008, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by bell sleeves; two-piece skirt attached to waist. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 5/8 yards. Rows of buttons are used to trim.



COSTUME NOS. 2024-9771.—The medium size requires 5 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. No. 2024, LADIES' BLOUSE; in two lengths; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 799, in

yellow or blue, for cross-stitch. No. 9771, LADIES' SKIRT; with side pocket sections; 35-inch length. Size 26 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1 1/4 yards.

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2024 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 799  
Price, 30 cents  
9771 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36  
Price, 25 cents



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The NEW  
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2058 Billie  
Burke Pajamas  
Small, medium,  
large  
Price, 30 cents  
View A



## What Every Woman Knows—and Approves

The NEW McCall Pattern  
2058 Billie  
Burke Pajamas  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 30 cents  
View B

No. 2073, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN; two styles of yoke and sleeve. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 356, in blue, for satin-stitch, outline-stitch, or eyelets. For the scalloped edge, use Transfer Pattern No. 317, in blue.



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2073 Nightgown  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 25 cents  
Transfer Patterns Nos. 356  
and 317  
Price, 15 cents each

No. 2058, LADIES' AND MISSES' BILLIE BURKE PAJAMAS; kimono sleeves; trousers attached to camisole. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. View A, the small size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of lace for band and 1 yard of 1-inch ribbon for shoulder straps; View B requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 9 yards of lace for bands.

The NEW McCall Pattern  
2019 Camisole  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 25 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 354  
Price, 15 cents  
The NEW McCall Pattern  
2049 Bloomers  
5 sizes, 24-32  
Price, 25 cents



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2064 House Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2059 Pajamas  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 30 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 947  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2059, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE PAJAMAS; two styles of sleeve. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Pattern No. 947, in yellow or blue, is a lovely rose design.

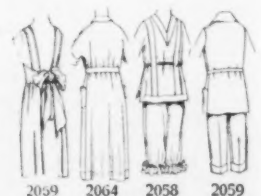
No. 2019, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAMISOLE. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires 1 yard of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 354, in blue, for eyelets or satin-stitch.

No. 2049, LADIES' BLOOMERS; ankle or knee length; open or closed; with dropped back. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Very prettily developed in wash satin or crepe de Chine.

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2069 Apron  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2069, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON; in two lengths. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. This is a very attractive model, having a practical cut and a smart appearance.

No. 2064, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by cuffs. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 1¾ yards.





## New Qualities Found in Skirts and Blouses

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2028 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents



Transfer Pattern No. 830  
Price, 20 cents



9801 2065 9800 9781



9803 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 25 cents



9682 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 983  
Price, 20 cents

No. 9682, LADIES' BLOUSE; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 983, in yellow, for wool, silk or cotton.



9385 9682



9385 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 25 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 744  
Price, 20 cents



2066 9803

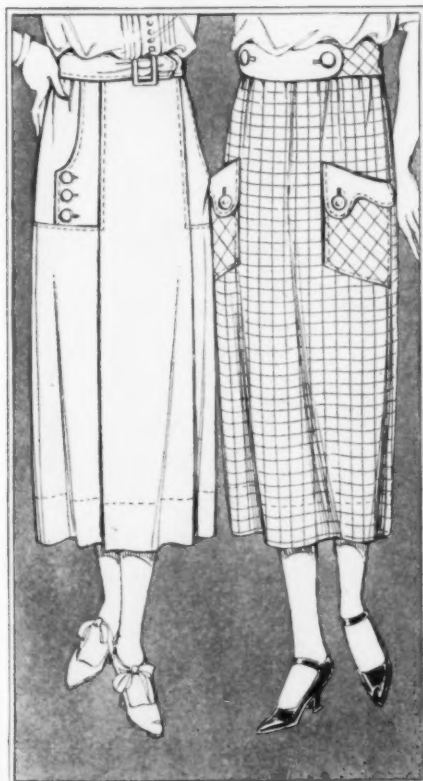
No. 9385, LADIES' KIMONO BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 744, in yellow or blue.



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2066 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents



9796 Shirtwaist  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 25 cents



9781 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36  
Price, 25 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern  
2065 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36. Price, 30 cents

No. 2028, LADIES' BLOUSE; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 830, in yellow or blue.

No. 9796, LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 42-inch material.

No. 2066, LADIES' BLOUSE; two styles of sleeve; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Worn with a leather belt.

No. 9803, LADIES' BLOUSE OR WAIST; raglan sleeves, gathered into band, or in bell effect. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9801, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; with side tunics. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 9800, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with inset section at sides. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material, and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for insets. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2065, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; two styles of pocket. Size 26 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9781, LADIES' SKIRT; with side yoke sections; with or without pocket pieces. Size 26 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 2 yards.



9800 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36  
Price, 25 cents

9801 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36  
Price, 25 cents

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THE GUMS**

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WITH IT**

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GUMS**

MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

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**GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

## Costumes Graced by Youthfulness



9797 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents

No. 9797, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by puff sleeves; two-piece tucked skirt. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 9798, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with chemisette. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 901, in yellow or blue.

COSTUME NOS. 9752-9703.—Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch and 2¼ yards of 36-inch for the cuffs, chemisette and skirt.

No. 9752, MISSES' BLOUSE; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 1084, in yellow.

No. 9703, MISSES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for camisole. Width, 1¾ yards.



9787 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents

9752 Blouse  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 25 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1084  
Price, 40 cents  
9703 Camisole Skirt  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 25 cents



9748 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 822  
Price, 20 cents

9802 Jacket  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
9774 Skirt  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 20 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 927  
Price, 25 cents



9798 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 901  
Price, 20 cents

COSTUME NOS. 9776-9145.—Size 16 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material.

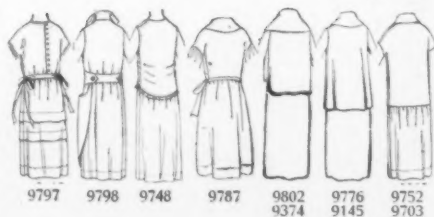
No. 9776, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material. Fur is used on collar, cuffs and pockets.

No. 9145, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women; high waistline; in two lengths. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch or 1½ yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1¾ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9802-9374.—Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 927, in yellow or blue.

No. 9802, MISSES' JACKET; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9374, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16, 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.



No. 9748, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; basque closing on shoulder and at underarm. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width is 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 822, in yellow or blue, four of which are required.

No. 9787, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by accordion-pleated puffs. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 1¾ yards.



## Embroidery and Sashes, Features of the Day



The NEW McCall Pattern  
2067 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 40 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 936  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2067, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch and 3 yards of ribbon. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 936, in yellow or blue.



9804 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents

No. 9804, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material, 1¼ yards of 21-inch for insets, and 11 yards of braid. The sash requires 3 yards of 9-inch ribbon. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9751, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; in two lengths. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Fashioned of checked serge.



9751 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents

No. 9747, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; blouse with kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. The width is 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 890, in yellow or blue.



9707 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 307  
Price, 20 cents

No. 9707, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; closing at side-front. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 307, in yellow or blue.



The NEW McCall Pattern  
2068 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 40 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 969  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2068, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; raglan sleeves. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 45-inch material. For sash, use 2½ yards of 10-inch ribbon. The width is 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 969, in yellow, four of which are used in illustration.

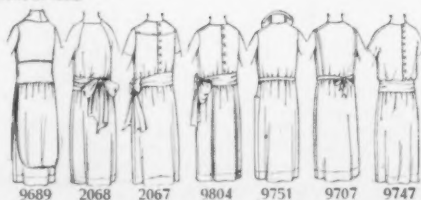


9747 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 890  
Price, 20 cents



9689 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 927  
Price, 25 cents

No. 9689, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards of 44-inch material, 2½ yards of 36-inch contrasting, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for vest. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 927, in yellow or blue, for braiding.



## Keep Your Skin Soft and Smooth

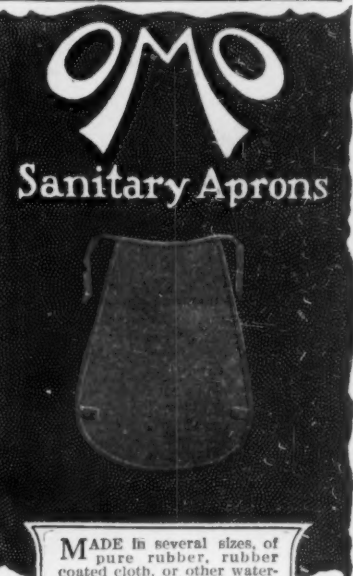


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## A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

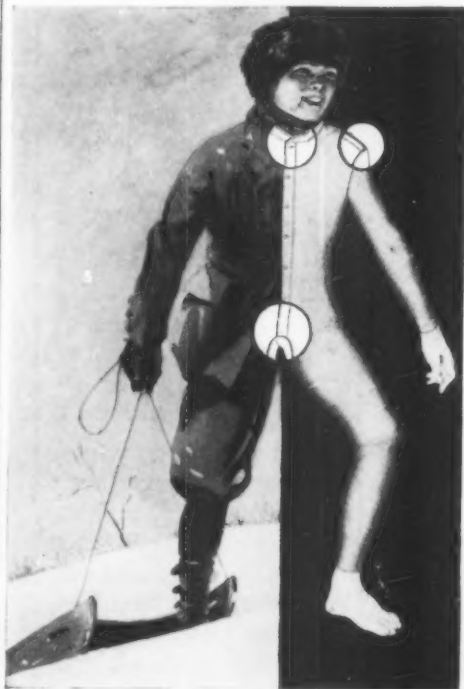
These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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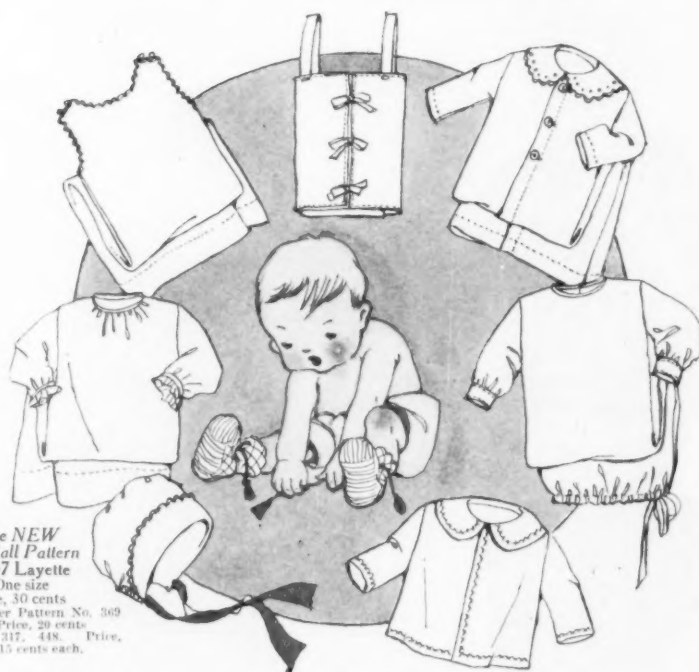
Every quality-fact that's true of the Boys' Union Suits is true of "Hanes" Men's Winter weight Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers and the new medium weight Union Suit.

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## Variations of Style and Size



### The NEW McCall Pattern 2057 Layette

One size  
Price, 50 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 369  
Nos. 317, 448. Price,  
15 cents each.

No. 2074, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT; gathered at knee or straight hanging; dropped back. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Size 14 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch or 2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2057, INFANT'S BACK-CLOSING LAYETTE. Using 36-inch material,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards are required for petticoat;  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard for sacque;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards for dress;  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard for cap;  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 48-inch for coat;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 27-inch for two bands. Transfer Patterns Nos. 369, 317 and 448, in blue.



### The NEW McCall Pattern 2047 Princess Slip

7 sizes, 2-14  
Price, 25 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 632. Price, 20 cents

No. 2047, GIRL'S PRINCESS SLIP; back in two styles. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 632 in blue.

### The NEW McCall Pattern 2074

Undergarment  
7 sizes, 2-14  
Price, 25 cents

### The NEW McCall Pattern 2060 Doll's Set

5 sizes, 14-30-inch doll  
Price, 30 cents

No. 2060, DOLL'S SET. Using 36-inch material, size 26 requires  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard for coat and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard for dress with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard contrasting;  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard for step-in undergarment.

No. 2072, GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN; two styles of sleeve and trimming band. Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Size 14 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch.



## New Straw Hats for Old

Suppose some one would offer to give you a new straw hat for your old one—wouldn't you jump at the chance?

That's the exchange thousands of women are making this spring. They have learned that their old straw hats, whose surface has become soiled and faded, can be brought back to the vivid freshness of the latest fashionable color with no trouble and expense, beyond a few minutes of their time and a bottle of Colorite.

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## Lots of Things for the Little Ones

No. 2017, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Size 5 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A serviceable garment developed in chambray.



9793 Romper  
5 sizes, 2-6  
Price, 20 cents

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2017 Romper  
5 sizes, 2-6  
Price, 25 cents

No. 9793, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 9794, CHILD'S COAT; with or without cape; convertible collar. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 42-inch material.

No. 2034, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch plain, and 1½ yards of 32-inch plaid.

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2034 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price 30 cents

No. 2021, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch for the blouse and 1½ yards of 36-inch for the skirt.

9794 Coat  
5 sizes, 2-10  
Price 25 cents



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2056 Overcoat  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price 30 cents

No. 2056, BOY'S OVERCOAT; two styles of collar. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material for the coat with 2½ yards of 36-inch lining. Chinchilla would be suitable for development.



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2071 Dress  
5 sizes, 4-12  
Price 30 cents

No. 2071, GIRL'S DRESS; with bloomers attached to lining; with or without side pocket sections. Size 12 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar.



2056 2071 2034 9794 2017

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2021 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price, 30 cents



9793 2021



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No. 9640 Dress  
6 sizes, 1-6  
Price, 25 cents

No. 9639 Dress  
6 sizes, 1-6  
Price, 25 cents



No. 9639, CHILD'S DRESS; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by gathered sleeves. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material, and 5/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting for insets and pleating.

No. 9795, CHILD'S DRESS; two-piece lower section box-pleated. Size 6 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. The pipings may be of the same material, or contrasting.

No. 2009, CHILD'S DRESS; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by gathered sleeves; two-piece straight skirt attached to waist. Size 6 requires 1 7/8 yards of 36-inch material.

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2009 Dress  
7 sizes, 2-10  
Price, 25 cents



No. 9792 Dress  
5 sizes, 1-8  
Price, 20 cents

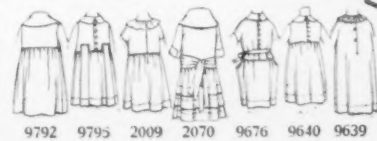


Dress  
9676  
5 sizes,  
6-14  
Price,  
25 cents

No. 9676, GIRL'S DRESS; kimono sleeves; short or lengthened by gathered sleeves; two-piece peg-top skirt; with or without peplum. Size 8 requires 2 1/8 yards of 36-inch material. The tie-belt may be of self material or contrasting ribbon.

The NEW  
McCall  
Pattern  
2070 Dress  
6 sizes, 4-14  
Price, 30 cents

No. 9792, GIRL'S COAT; with convertible collar. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 44-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs and 2 yards of 36-inch lining.



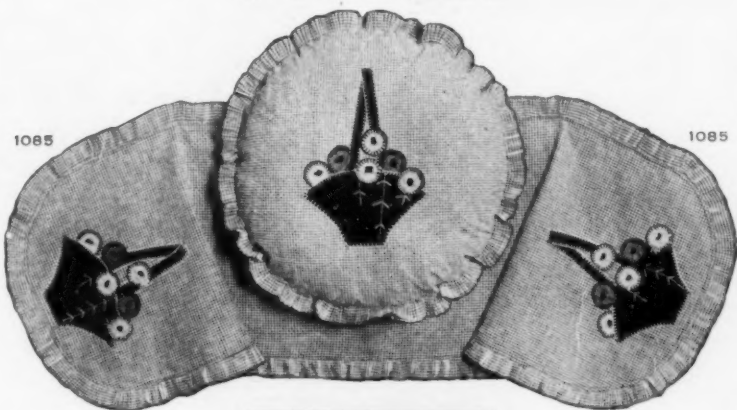
9792 9795 2009 2070 9676 9640 9639

No. 2070, GIRL'S TIE-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt with tucks, or plain, attached to lining. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 5/8 yard of 36-inch, contrasting for the collar and cuffs

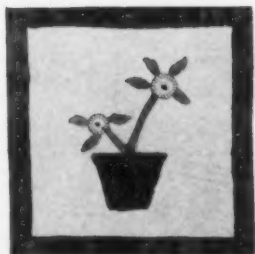


## Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron On Any Desired Material

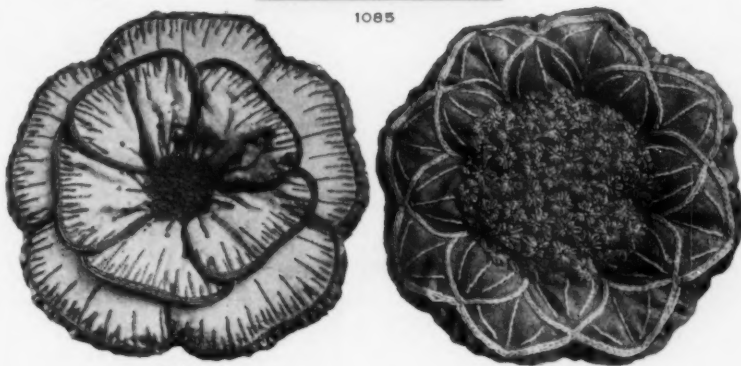
By Elisabeth May Blondel



1082—Transfer Pattern for Pillow. Made of pink sateen, satin or linen, and embroidered in outline-stitch and French knots in the rose shade with wool or silk floss, this gives the alluring effect of a huge wild rose. Design fits a 22-inch round pillow. Directions included. Requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for front, back and gathered strip at edge. Price, 35 cents. Blue or yellow.



1085—Transfer Pattern for appliqué motifs. Includes 6 baskets, 9 x 7 inches, 6 flower pots, 7 1/2 x 6 inches. Developed in gingham, chambray or sateen, these make smart decorations for pillows, scarfs, curtains, quilts, etc. Black baskets, and bright flowers button-holed on black and white checked gingham, are charming. Price, 30 cents. Blue or yellow.



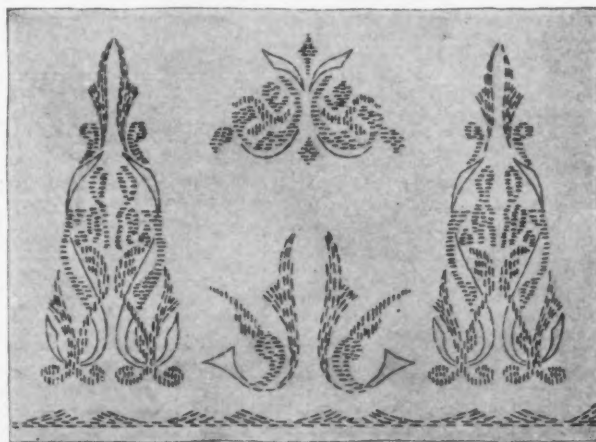
1080—Transfer Pattern for 24 1/2-inch Centerpiece. To be worked in outline and single-stitch, in white on green or blue linen, or in delft-blue on white material. Price, 25 cents. Blue.

1081—Transfer Pattern for Scarf, 17 1/2 x 48 1/2 or 56 inches. Price, 30 cents. Blue.

1083—Transfer Pattern for Pillow. This carries out the novel effect of a large bunch of violets when stamped on leaf-green sateen or linen with lazy-daisy-stitch violets of wool or silk floss. Directions included. Price, 30 cents. Yellow. Requires 3/4 of a yard of 36-inch material.



1084—Transfer Pattern for Dress Trimming. For darning- and outline-stitch. Includes 6 skirt motifs, 8 1/4 x 21 inches; 6 waist motifs and 8 yards of 3/4-inch-wide banding. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.



**How to obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns**  
Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City, stating number desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order.

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## Dainty Marie

[Continued from page 41]

golly, Marie turned her shoulder to him and tilted up her little nose and gives a kind of sniff.

"Why the chilly glare, Marie?" I asks. "Oh," she says, "he ain't human. I don't like him. He's so wrapped up in that monkey of his that he's just a kind of monkey himself." And she laughs again.

"May I know the joke?" says Bloody, comin' up just then and grinnin' at Marie.

"That monkey man—he's it," she says, puttin' her foot on the ladder beside the wagon.

"Well," says I, "you don't hate the man no worse than I hate the monkey; but I'll say this much for 'em both: Daley's got his critter trained—he's the most wonderful thing at imitatin' I ever did see."

"So?" asks Bloody, interested. "I've never paid much attention to the creature."

"Well, he's there, all right," I says. "Just do somethin' in front of him once, and he can do it right over again," I says.

"How interestin'," says Bloody. "I'll have to give this here big ape the once over," says he.

Old Quiggins was passin' just then and I stepped over to speak to him. When I turns back, I see Bloody bend down and kiss Marie—right smack on the mouth! She kinda draws away—and just then up runs this here Daley.

"What the — — — do you mean by annoyin' this young lady?" he hollers; and pow! he lands a smack alongside Bloody's jaw that sounded like the crack of old Quiggins' ring whip.

It landed light, just as the word comes to fall in. Bloody's place was up front, and he has to run off without waitin'—holdin' his jaw and lookin' black—and Marie starts up the wagon-ladder. Halfway she stops, with her pretty little knees on a level with our heads and her golden hair shinin' against the gilt of the wagon-ladder.

"Mr. Daley," she says, "I s'pose you meant well, so thank you for interfin'. But how did you know," she says, "that Mr. Bludenoff didn't have the right to do what he done?"

With that she flounced her little knee-skirt and goes on up, leavin' poor Daley standin' there with his mouth open.

Well, a week passed after that without nothin' happenin', 'cept that Dainty Marie was sweeter and sweeter to Bloody and nastier and nastier to Daley. But Bloody kinda forgot all about the fuss and got real friendly with the kid. One afternoon he goes right up to Daley in the dressin' tent—before all the crowd—and sticks his hand out.

"Daley," he says, "I been rotten. I wanten apologize. Let's shake and be friends. That ape Hamlet's so wonderful he's been interestin' me like everything."

Well, they shook, and Daley seemed pleased as anything when Bloody praised Hamlet. And after that, them two used to get together and watch Hamlet, and Bloody even tried to teach the ape a couple of tricks.

Then come the point of the whole business, like a bolt out of a clear sky, as the sayin' goes; and it dern near stunned me.

Even in them days Quiggins' Shows was way ahead of the times, same as now, and had two rings and a stage. But nowadays the stage is used for posin' horses and Jap jugglers and things like that, whereas our stage was barred in and used for the animal acts and that sort of stuff. F'in-stance: Bloody'd always ride in with his bears in a big cage and lead 'em through the gratin' to the stage, where they could do their stunts without makin' the women afraid of 'em gettin' loose. And Daley followed Bloody with Hamlet, see?

Well, one night Bloody makes his grand entrance with the Aggergation of Bears, and goes through his act, same as ever, with the pistol-firin' and all; and then the whistle blows and he starts out. Just before the act ends, Dainty Marie comes runnin' to the entrance and was standin' there watchin', when young Daley and Hamlet started out to the ring. He never paid no more heed to her than if she hadn't been there; and I was thinkin' how good sense the kid was gettin', when Bloody comes by.

"You seem to be in a hurry," I says, for he was beatin' it fast for the animal top, with only a nod to Marie.

"I am," he says, without stoppin'. "Nap's sick tonight and I got to go in the cage and fix him up."

I shakes my head. "Your job's not for me," I says—"gun or no gun."

He just laughs. "Shucks," he says, "I don't need no gun. Nap's all right."

[Continued on page 67]

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## Dainty Marie

[Continued from page 66]

'Nap was Napoleon the First, a big old grizzly what looked like von Hindenburg, only not so ugly, and had a awful eye. But shucks, I knowed Bloody could handle him at that, so I just goes on out for my bit with Daley's act, while Marie still stands in the entrance watchin'. She was the big act, see, and she was three turns later, so she was all dressed in her wire clothes—knee skirt what she shed later, pink tights and white blouse, with a big pink bow on her hair—kind of kid costume, you know.

Well, as I was sayin', the act went along smooth and nice, and Hamlet did all his tricks good as ever. Right near the end of the act, I always pertended to butt in, and Daley and me would have a bit of pantomime stuff, while Hamlet could do as he pleased. Most always he done somethin' comical that made the people laugh. But that night he was over on the other side of the cage, and all of a sudden I seen him handlin' somethin'—shiny. Just for a minute I couldn't make it out—then I seen it was Bloody's big pistol, and the darned monkey was twistin' it around so he could hold it! Bloody musta showed him and left it there a purpose, see?

"The monkey!" I yells at Daley. "Get that gun!" Usually, of course, Bloody loaded with blanks, but I just happened to remember how interested he'd been about that ape imitatin' things, and how he and Daley'd scrapped and Daley'd hit him and I wondered if there might be a ca'tridge in that gun. Your mind works real fast in a time like that.

Well, Daley catches on. He spins around with a yell and starts for Hamlet, and I guess the critter was sort of scared. Anyways he pulls the trigger, and then begins to chatter and holler, as Daley tumbles all of a heap to the floor.

Well, sir, right then pandemons broke loose, as the papers said next day—but I jumped for the cage. Before I could get to it, though, something knocked me aside and rushes in hollerin', "Oh, my darlin'! Are you dead? Are you dead?" like that. And I wish I may never chop another ticket for Quiggins if it wasn't Dainty Marie! Yes, sirc, there she was down on the floor, ruinin' them pretty pink tights and holdin' Daley's head in her lap and cryin' so she couldn't see.

About five minutes after that, we had things pretty quiet again and Daley was over in the train, with a sawbones tinkerin' at him. The bullet had gone through his shoulder, but the doc said he'd be all right soon.

Then I stepped out and went on a still hunt for Bloody. I wanted to ask him how that ca'tridge got in his gun. Over at the animal-top entrance I meets Quiggins. "See Bloody?" I asks.

"Bloody?" he says. "Why, ain't you heard? It's awful," he says. "Bloody went in to doctor up that big grizzly that was sick and the bear clawed him to pieces. He's dead. The poor feller mighta saved himself if he'd had his gun. He musta left it in the ring by accident."

"No doubt," I says, and went back and found Daley and Marie holdin' hands at Daley's bunk. I says to her:

"Marie Devlin, answer me: why is this, after actin' like you did toward this here young man?"

"Spoke," she says, "why are men such fools when it comes to knowin' the ways of a woman? Hamlet is to blame."

"You see," says Daley, "Marie wanted me to can Hamlet and double on the wire with her before she'd promise to marry me. I wasn't goin' to do it—but now we've compromised."

"Yes," says Marie, "he's goin' on the wire and Hamlet's going to be our clown—no offense to you, Spike."

Then I tells 'em about Bloody, and Daley seemed real depressed.

"Poor Bloody!" he says, patten' Marie's hand. "He forgot his gun I guess. Ain't it a pity?"

"Well," says I, "seem' how everythin' turned out for you and Marie, I can't say as I agree with you."

"By the way," he says, "come to think of it, he taught Hamlet to fire that gun himself—this afternoon. Ain't that queer?"

"Ain't it, though?" I says.

"Now you run away, Spike," says Dainty Marie, blushin'. "I've been dyin' to kiss Steve for two months—and I'm goin' to do it now."

Yes, sir, women is all queer creatures—but the oddness of none I ever seen could hold a candle to the oddness of Dainty Marie.

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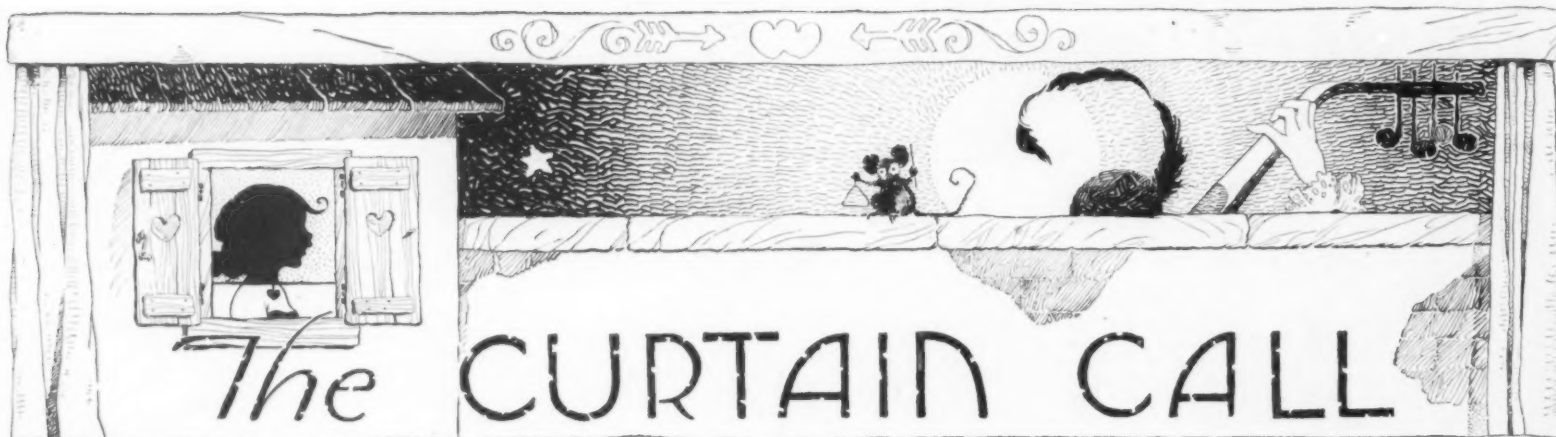
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—CHARLOTTE BECKER.

### Fifty-Fifty



**A**LLIE and her brother were on their way to the store, when a small dog dashed out of a yard and commenced to bark furiously. Allie stood still and could not be persuaded to move.

"Oh, come on," said her brother in exasperation, "he won't hurt you; can't you see he's wagging his tail?"

"Yes," sniffed Allie, "but he's a-barking too; an' I don't know which end to believe."

### Cruel Truth?

**A**RE women proportionately as successful as men? What is the meaning of success, anyway? Success, in the masculine world, hinges on salary. What is woman's attitude? Why doesn't she "get on" in the same way? There are three good reasons; three differences in the attitude of men and women toward their work, says the *Suffragist*. "In the first place a girl subconsciously values the approval of her employer more than she does the possession of her pay-envelope. A man has a certain toughness of feelings so that he can stand a good deal of injustice so long as he can jingle his pay in his pocket. But girls whom I have known, have broken under the 'hurt-feelings' of injustice. Injustice is nothing but extreme 'disapproval.' Few girls will be held in a job by money if they are harassed by unjust criticism. In working toward the goal of prosperity this is a handicap.

"Approval is so valuable to a woman that it handicaps. It generates the grateful feeling known as loyalty. Loyalty is a motive for further work. The man either accepts approval as a by-product of his pay-envelope or expects it to be converted into a promotion. This loyalty-motive lays the woman worker open to easy exploitation. If loyalty is valuable, it should be paid for.

"In the third place 'money' is never the goal-symbol to the girl that it is to the man. To the man his salary is the foundation of his prosperity, and it is invested as the beginning of his acquisition of the 'main goal'—success. Woman unconsciously ignores her salary as an object-goal, but uses it only too often as a mere device to make someone else happy. She spends it in her home at a time when her brother is saving his for a purpose." Well, these are great questions. The Woman's Party is preparing to meet this February to confer on woman, and what she shall do next. Until then—let us rest.

### Song

(To be sung looking backward)

**O**H, the perfectly awful prices  
Of flats in imperial Rome,  
Marred the otherwise classic  
Peace of the Ancient Home.

And the simply undisciplined flapper  
Tormented parental nerves,  
By jiggling and jumping and jazzing  
In shockingly Grecian curves.

Frightfully unknown people  
Made millions in Punic ships,  
Gave perfectly splendid dinners—  
Made simply terrific slips.

There are no new horrors, dear lady;  
Two hundred decades back,  
The Roman matrons were fussing  
And grumbling and moaning the lack  
Of the old polite perfection,  
Lamenting the new and the rude—  
"An excellent ball at the Caesars,"  
They said, "but, oh Julius is crude!"

### A Rich Reward

**L**AST February there appeared in McCall's an article called *Books Will Find You Out*. It told the story of the traveling library, which finds its way to homes that are remote from any established library branch. These traveling libraries are sent out by state commissions or county centers, and in some instances are taken about in book-wagons or autos equipped for library service.

Not long after the article appeared, its author, Mary Frank of the New York Public Library, received a letter from a widow living in a swamp down in North Carolina, the mother of seven children. She had seen in McCall's that books would find you out and so she wanted to know how she could get books the "cheapest" for her children. Miss Frank wrote to Miss Mary Palmer of the North Carolina Library Commission in her behalf, and a traveling library was sent as a result, for the use of the widow and her neighbors. Last June her oldest girl wrote this letter:

"There is seven in our family and we read lots of them books. I am fifteen years old and only 4 feet 8 and 1/2 inches high and a girl. I have read most all of your books and went to school. The books which I liked the best are: Tedy, Her Book. Felicia, More Than Conquerors and A Successful Venture, and some others. My name is Mary Gladys.

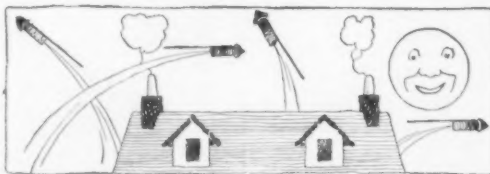
"I would of sent the Library back last week but Mother was sick and I had to do all the work and didn't get time to do it, with two extra people on my hands to do for. We will appreciate another Library very much. Hope it will reach your hands safe. Close with best wishes to you."

The latest news is that Mary Gladys has read more than one hundred books contained in the three traveling libraries that have been sent to her home.

### Advice to Lovers

**R**OMANTIC young people, remember this,  
Whenever you're blowing a bubble of bliss,  
If you blow it too big, not content with its size,  
Puff—it is gone, and there's soap in your eyes.

### The Lion's Share



**I**T was the night of the Fourth. Mr. Robertson, Blankville's wealthiest citizen, had more fireworks than all the other townspeople together. Chinese lanterns illuminated his lawn, red fire blazed before his gateway, Roman candles spouted from his veranda, rockets hissed from his back-yard.

Little Willie Jones, enviously watching this pyrotechnical display, suddenly saw another brilliant object over Mr. Robertson's roof.

"Will you look at that!" he exclaimed with admiring awe. "Those Robertsons have even got the moon!"

### A Popular Book

**I**N the time of Henry III, the price of a MS. copy of the Bible would have sufficed to build a couple of the arches of London Bridge. Today 200,000 Bibles are produced in Scotland alone. In the United States, the American Bible House publishes annually, for domestic use, 1,734,864 Bibles for the American market; through various European channels, 2,017,445. Since the founding of the American Bible House in 1816, 82,697,551 Bibles have been published in this country alone. Yet we still seem to find it awfully hard to behave ourselves.

### Sex Equality

**M**ARIO, a little Italian born late enough to escape Latin genders, suffered dreadfully while learning English. His problem in Americanization was the placing of the *he* and the *she* as the tower of Babel had ruled



One day, in the children's reading-room, he walked up to the librarian and said, pointing to a little girl about half his size:

"That little boy, he hit me."

The librarian explained that the little boy was a girl. But it did not impress Mario.

"That little boy, she hit me," he replied. "That little boy is a little girl, but he has short hair, and when I point at him, she hits me."

### Pessimistic

**G**IRLS, there's a time you'll all agree,  
When five and thirty make—twenty-three.  
But that sad day is sure to come,  
When one and eighty make eighty-one.

### The Mice in the Moon

**T**HE first question Abel asked his mother Eve was: "What is that thing up there?" And Eve told him about the Man in the Moon, or the Dog Flying over the Cow, or whatever legend Adam had told her the first night the moon came up over the Garden of Eden. People have told children varying legends about the moon ever since. They do not agree on the moon any more than upon the boundaries of Poland.

We were brought up on the story of The Man in the Moon, but we like that which the mothers of Dakota Indians tell their youngsters: When the moon is full "a great many mice begin to nibble at it and don't cease until they have eaten it all up—after which a new moon is born and grows to maturity to share the fate of its countless predecessors."

### The Big Tent

**S**TUART GIBSON, the young man whose first story *Dainty Marie* appears in this McCall's, is a newspaper reporter. He has written for you a story of the circus, convincingly actual, but with no loss of charm.

The circus is the mecca of the imagination. It is the unattainable romance, the impossible adventure. Mr. Gibson's story comforts, in that behind the scenes the magic does not die. *Dainty Marie* had a flirt's caprices, but a royal heart.

We once thought the circus the refuge of the runaway girl—to which one fled from stepmothers, typewriters and housework to join the gay band of the untrammelled tight-rope walkers. But the manager of the Biggest Show on Earth one day killed that illusion. "Girls still run away from home," he admitted, "but they ain't any nicer place to put a young girl to be raised than the circus. Not any girl who doesn't like the way her mother used her, can run away to the circus; you gotta have references. And if you was deliberatin' between sending your daughter to Vassar or sending her to the circus to be raised up and eddicated, why, you might do worse than choose the circus. There, a girl is looked after proper and sent to bed early nights."

Nevertheless, we prefer to think that the tight-rope walker and the bareback rider and the young girl who leads the tame bear, are the daughters of disobedience, the naughty pilgrims of adventure.